

LIFE



B-29s OVER FORMOSA

DECEMBER 4, 1944 **10** CENTS
YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION \$4.50

QUALITY CRAFTSMANSHIP STYLE



FORSTMANN WOOLEN COMPANY
PASSAIC, N.J.

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Gentlemen, behold!

At last we have found the man who
thinks shaving is a pleasure



But we still guarantee
that Listerine "no-hokum" Cream
won't make shaving a pleasure!

Upon his chin there is a doubtful down, and neither scrapes, nor nicks, nor cuts, nor scars, can dim the pleasure of that first shave.

But with the years come whiskers and wisdom. Intelligent men soon discover that there is no royal road for the razor... that no soap, cream, lotion, or salve, adds much merriment to mowing down the chin-weeds.

That is why we have dedicated our Listerine Shaving Cream to the proposition that shaving is a nuisance and a bore. So if you seek something which will make it fun to whisk off the whiskers, brother, pass up our cream.

We offer solace, we offer comfort, we offer a *sensible* shaving aid... nothing more. Just a little of our Listerine Shaving Cream, literally a fraction of an inch, makes great billows of moisture-laden lather. That is, it does if you keep adding water. And you should, because water and still more water is what it takes to soften the heart of the wiriest whisker.

Not every man will be persuaded to purchase by these simple, straightforward words. But on the other hand, we have uncovered an ever-growing circle of loyal friends, tickled with our promise that Listerine Shaving Cream will *not* make shaving a pleasure, tickled with what our no-hokum lather contributes to easy, nearly-painless shaving.

Want to join them? It's easy to meet our Listerine Shaving Cream face to face. Ask for it at any drug counter. The price is low, the tube lasts long; so it is just as smart to buy as it is smartless to use. LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, St. Louis, Mo.



35¢ TUBE LASTS AND L-A-S-T-S
month after month after month



REMEMBER, THERE ARE 2 TYPES OF LISTERINE SHAVING CREAM

25¢

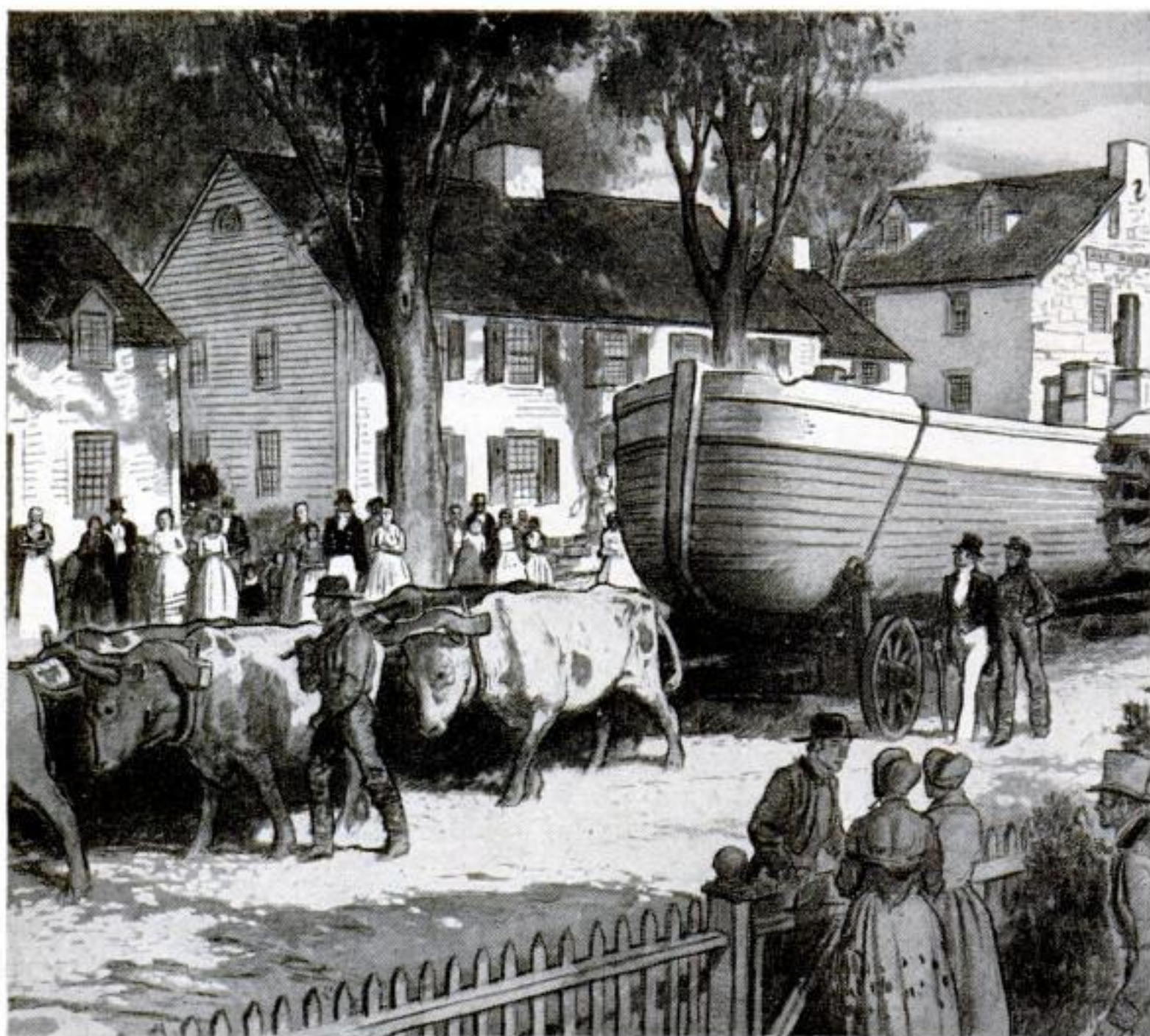
Out of this tube come comfortable shaves
for men who prefer no-brush cream

This One



T3QF-QBW-HL1H

"PROTECTING THE AMERICAN HOME"



Bellows Falls, Vermont. The falls here occasioned the construction of the first canal in America 1792-1802. In the early 1830's the boat "William Hall" made a trial trip up the Connecticut River but, being a sidewheeler, was bigger than the canal builders had visioned, and had to be drawn past the falls by means of ox-power.

It Pays to Plan Big

Whether in building a canal or in building future independence for your family, it pays to make the plan big enough to meet the possible needs of the future.

Fortunately, life insurance allows you to "think big" and "plan big" without putting an undue strain on your pocketbook. It is possible through life insurance, and only through life insurance, to set up an estate of *any size you elect*—\$10,000, \$25,000, \$50,000 or more—by the stroke of your pen.

The first annual deposit, called the premium, instantly sets up a definite money estate which is entirely paid for in the event of your death within the first year, with all future instalments cancelled.

Many men find it easier to start with life insurance of two, three or five thousand dollars and then, as rapidly as they can, increase their life insurance estate to any amount desired.

Does such a life insurance estate promise benefits for you, yourself, to enjoy? Yes, after the policy has been in force for two years it has cash values increasing each year that the policy is in force, in the same way that your investments in War Bonds become more valuable as they earn interest for you. The cash values in your life insurance may be used as an endowment to provide you with a retirement income at age 55, 60 or 65.

Why not find out more about what life insurance can do for you? Use the coupon below.

NATIONAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY HOME OFFICE — VERMONT MONTPELIER,

A Mutual Company, founded in 1850, "as solid as the granite hills of Vermont"

CLIP AND MAIL THIS COUPON

NATIONAL LIFE INSURANCE CO., DEPT. 115, MONTPELIER, VERMONT

Without obligation to me, please send more complete information as to what life insurance can do for me.

Name..... Date of Birth.....

Business or Home Address.....

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

FREEDOM OF INFORMATION

Sirs:

In the Nov. 13 issue of LIFE, Mr. Kent Cooper opens his article, "Freedom of Information," with the following statement: "Before and during the first World War the great German news agency, Wolff, was owned by the European banking house of Rothschild, which had its central headquarters in Berlin. A leading member of the firm was also Kaiser Wilhelm II's personal banker, friend and loyal subject."

The facts are the following:

1. The banking house of Rothschild never at any time had its headquarters in Berlin.
2. The Frankfurt branch of the Rothschild bank was dissolved shortly after the death of its last leading member,



THE GUY DE ROTHSCHILDS

Wilhelm-Carl von Rothschild, which occurred in 1901. After that date no male member of the family was resident in Germany.

3. No member of the firm was Kaiser Wilhelm II's personal banker.

4. The banking house of Rothschild has never at any time owned the German news agency, Wolff.

One would expect that the head of Associated Press, while crusading for unbiased news, would base his arguments on more accurate information. To me it seems as essential to fight for freedom from false information as for freedom of information.

BARONESS GUY DE
ROTHSCHILD

New York, N.Y.

● The Baroness Guy de Rothschild belongs to the French branch of the family. Her husband, now a lieutenant in the French army, is the only son of

(continued on p. 4)

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LIFE
December 4, 1944

Volume 17
Number 23



They're

TENTING TONIGHT

... with Modern
Improvements

The Army's new hospital tent has many up-to-the-minute improvements. The side walls are screened with nylon to admit air and shut out insects. The roof has a cheerful, sanitary white lining that keeps it warm in winter and cool in summer. And by adding or taking out sections—like leaves in a table—the whole tent can be made larger or smaller as required.

These modern improvements are attached with Lift-the-Dots... the familiar fastener that every soldier has on his ammunition belt and canteen cover.

United-Carr's original Lift-the-Dot was a widely used domestic fastener long before the war. When it is mustered out again after V-Day, there will be many a new peacetime job for it in every walk of life.

United-Carr Fastener Corp., Cambridge 42, Mass.

DOT FASTENERS

The Watch that "Times the Stars"

"THE bigger they are, the nicer they are!"... You've often heard that said about stars of stage, screen and radio. Whether it's a rehearsal, a shooting on a set, a benefit performance, or a social appointment, you'll find that the most successful people rarely keep others waiting.

Thoughtfulness and consideration aren't inborn qualities reserved for a fortunate few. They're merely the realization and UTILIZATION of the importance of time.

As one well known feminine star so aptly phrased it—"The wrong time is worse than no time at all—that's why I wear and depend upon my exquisite HARVEL WATCH."



"The sweetest music this side of heaven' ... is timed to split-second accuracy with my *Harvel Watch*. It is truly a beautiful time-piece."

GUY LOMBARDO

*Famous Orchestra Leader of Stage, Screen and Radio
featured on the "Musical Autographs Program"*



"I want a watch with exquisite design—I need a watch with dependable accuracy. My *Harvel*, I'm happy to say, is both stunning and dependable."

HELEN MENKEN

Talented dramatic actress of Stage and Radio



"Along with my heavy radio schedule, I take care of my little baby, Judy Ann. Thanks to my dependable *Harvel*, I keep even my busiest days well managed."

JOAN EDWARDS

Beautiful Singing Star of "Your Hit Parade"



"Traveling with a band isn't easy—but it's certainly simplified by my *Harvel Watch*. I like its dependability—its certain precision—its handsome design."

SAMMY KAYE

*Popular Maestro—Creator of
"So You Want To Lead A Band?"*



"The new *Harvel Watches* are outstandingly attractive in design."

JAMES MELTON

*Noted tenor of the Metropolitan,
currently heard on the "Tezaco Star Theatre" Show*



"I know the importance of a faultless performance. That's why I so highly admire my *Harvel*—its precision, dependability... Its beautiful performance."

HILDEGARDE

*Star of Swank Hotel Plaza's Persian Room
and the "Raleigh Room" show over NBC*



"I honestly don't know which to praise more highly—the stunning beauty of my *Harvel Watch*... or its unfailing accuracy."

HELEN JEPSON

Glamorous Soprano of the Metropolitan Opera



"During the course of the day, I'm always checking my wrist for the time—my *Harvel* certainly keeps me accurately posted."

BERT LYTELL

*Dramatic star and brilliant host of radio's
"Stage Door Canteen"*

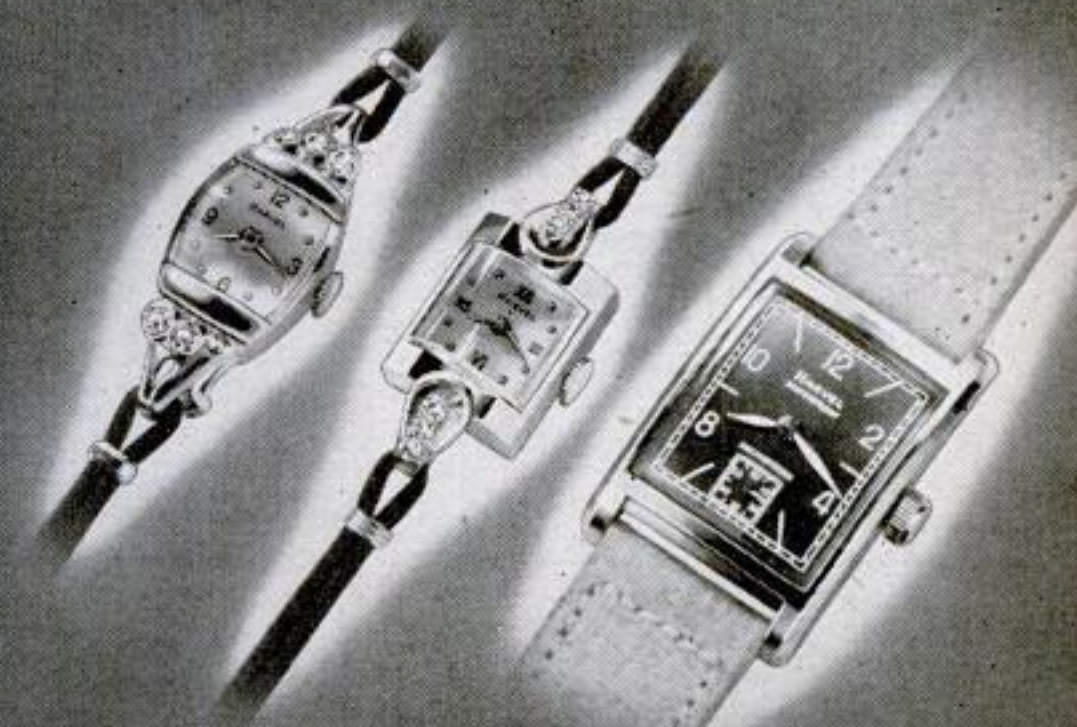
HARVEL One of the World's Fine Watches



Every HARVEL WATCH features the famous Nivarox hairspring and self-compensating beryllium balance. Every HARVEL WATCH has specific purpose jewels. Each movement is precision-processed by exclusive methods for freedom from friction. These factors help insure accuracy and long life.

There is a style for every variant of good taste... a price for every purse. In 17 jewels, from \$37.50 at many fine jewelers... Write today for a free copy of the interesting, illustrated booklet, "Time on Their Hands."

HARVEL WATCH COMPANY, ROCKEFELLER CENTER, NEW YORK 20



THE YEAR'S GREATEST EVENTS
IN ONE HOME MOVIE

Own CASTLE FILMS' "NEWS PARADE OF THE YEAR"

8 mm.

16 mm.



OWN IN ONE FILM, the only complete and authentic home movie record of the world's most momentous events of an entire year! Show on your own screen the crushing land, sea and sky blows dooming Germany and Japan. See never-to-be-forgotten combat action filmed under fire 'round the world. See the liberation of enslaved peoples—headline events molding the future of civilization. An astounding movie every projector owner will treasure. Own it! Give it to friends!

FREE!

New DeLuxe Castle Films' Catalog describing 125 thrilling home movies! Historic war films! Sports! Thrills! Adventure! Travel! Fun cartoons! Profusely illustrated. A thrill in itself. Use it as your shopping guide this Christmas. Send coupon for it now!

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SAN FRANCISCO

OWN ALL THIS
IN ONE FILM!

- ★ Yanks Invade Germany
- ★ MacArthur Returns to Philippines
- ★ Allies Free France, Belgium and Holland
- ★ Japs Smashed in Marianas
- ★ Robot Bombs over England
- ★ Soviet's Blazing Front
- ★ U.S. Presidential Election

(Events subject to change)
See Your PHOTO DEALER or Send this Handy Order Form
TODAY!

ORDER FORM

8 mm.	
<input type="checkbox"/> 50 feet . . .	\$1.75
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Send Castle Films' "NEWS PARADE OF THE YEAR" (1944) in the size and length indicated.

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Remittance enclosed ☐

Ship C. O. D. ☐

Send Castle Films' FREE De Luxe Catalog ☐

L-12

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

CONTINUED

Baron Edouard and financial heir to the French banking interests. To her charges Mr. Cooper replies: "I did not mean to infer that Wolff was owned by Rothschild's proper. Wolff was owned, however, by Dr. Paul von Schwabach, senior partner of Bleichröder, a private banking house internationally known as Rothschild's powerful Berlin affiliate. Von Schwabach was also the personal banker of Kaiser Wilhelm II."—ED.

Sirs:

Mr. Cooper has received your hospitality for his "Freedom of Information" crusade. Some of his statements, however, call for criticism and correction.

He asserts that King Albert's intervention could not free Belgium from the "domination" of Havas and Reuter. He forgets that after World War I the Belgians formed their own news agency, Belga. This agency had agreements with Havas and Reuter as well as had its own correspondents in European capitals and was therefore able to give fairly unbiased service. Leading newspapers also had correspondents in Paris, London and Berlin to complete or correct Belga news.

Mr. Cooper makes another curious statement: he says that the underground papers in occupied countries enabled Europeans to read "free and unbiased foreign news." These underground papers published information which they received through Allied radios, severely censored and with a definite stamp of Allied propaganda. His remark is, moreover, a regrettable slur on the whole prewar European press to which many European colleagues and myself must take exception.

This being said, all decent European journalists will applaud Mr. Cooper's crusade. The Belgian Constitution has had, since 1831, a four-word article stating, "The Press Is Free." It has always been strongly upheld, notwithstanding Mr. Cooper's implied skepticism.

HENRI FAST

Former editor in chief,
L'Indépendance Belge, Brussels
Former chairman, Belgian
Liberal Journalists' Association

New York, N.Y.

● Mr. Cooper's reply: The agreements of the Belgian news agency with Havas and Reuter were exclusive and rigorously maintained as such in the international cartel. For instance, the Belgian news agency could not exchange news with any German or American newspaper without the consent of both Havas and Reuter, nor with any foreign news agency other than those approved by Havas and Reuter. Thus to whatever extent the Belgian newspapers relied upon the Belgian news agency, which received its news through the Reuter-Havas cartel, they lacked the boon of freedom of information."—ED.

VAN JOHNSON

Sirs:

Let's have more of these Van Johnsons (LIFE, Nov. 13). It's about time we girls on the homefront are getting some pin-up pictures of our own! It's pretty tiresome to look at women all the time.

SYLVIA WARD

Grosse Pointe Farms, Mich.

Sirs:

Thank you for your simply dreamy article on Van Johnson.

JOAN O'BRIEN

Bayonne, N.J.

(continued on p. 7)

*Rabhor
Robes*

PRESENTS

"THE TAILORED
★ ARALAC"



Endorsed
BY THE
DOUBLE
SQUARE

A smart, well-tailored robe, lined across the shoulders. Made of a fine Merrimack Manufacturing Co. fabric of rayon and ARALAC. Maroon or blue . . . small, medium, large and extra large

\$12.95

At your favorite store

THE RABHOR CO., INC.

Empire State Building, New York 1, N. Y.

★ T. M. Reg. By ARALAC, INC.,

a division of

NATIONAL DAIRY PRODUCTS CORP.



Many evenings last summer, the Wares discussed "house plans," while Carol, 4½, looked on. Mrs. Ware took over the Glassboro postmastership last year when illness forced Mr. Ware to retire. Their son, Charles, 21, is in the Air Force.



The Wares' home. Said Mrs. Ware, "During the past months, we've sketched out all sorts of ideas for remodeling. But the first thing we talked about was an *all-electric* kitchen! Just think of the time and steps it'll save!"

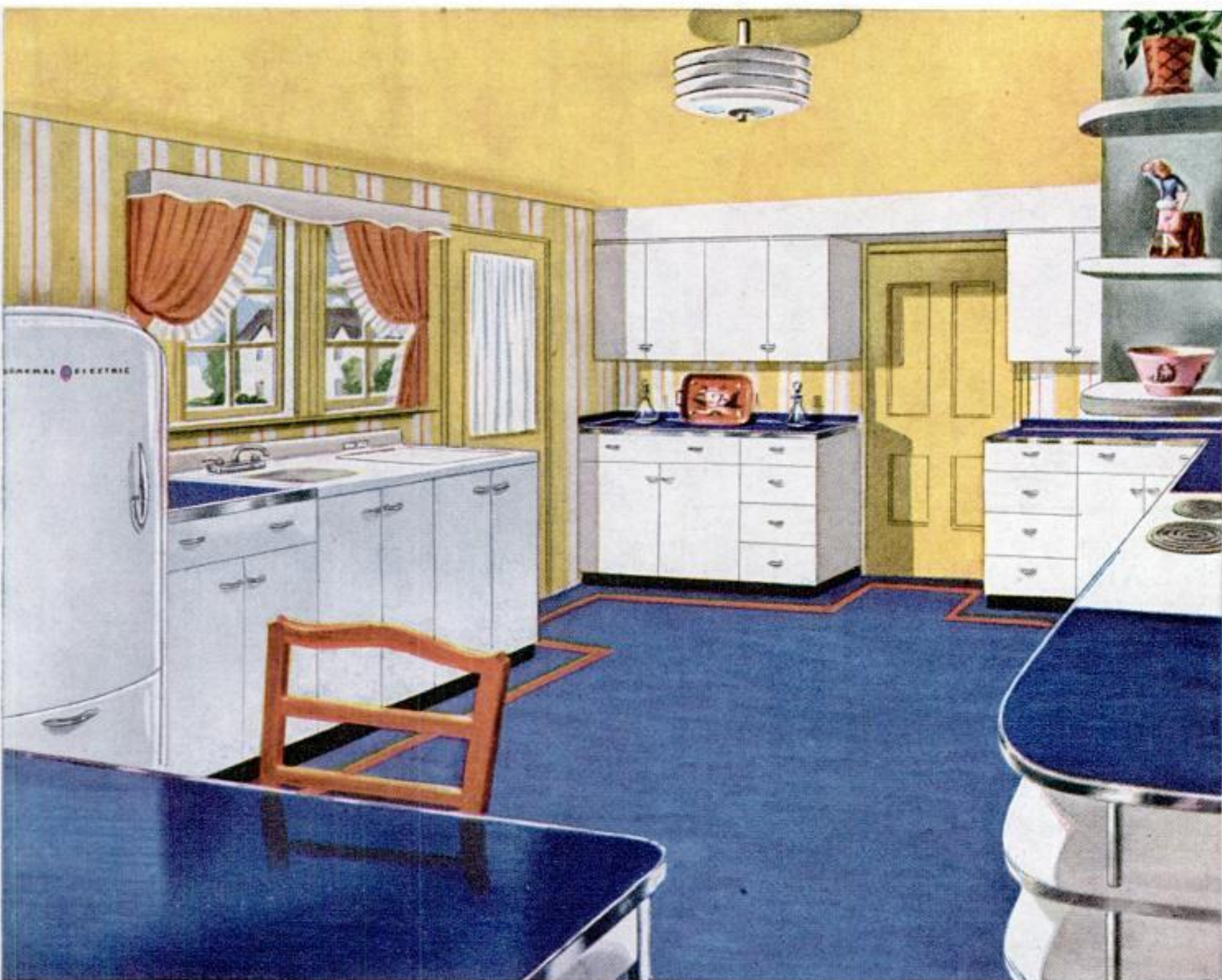
The C. L. Wares, of Glassboro, N. J.,
let you in on some *extra-special*

Kitchen Plans!



Before

Above, their kitchen as it is today. Notice the monitor-top General Electric refrigerator. The Wares bought it 15 years ago, and they'll tell you enthusiastically, "Next to Charlie, our G. E.'s the best soldier in the family . . . gives wonderful service, every day!"



After

And here, as designed for the future by the General Electric Home Bureau, is the same kitchen . . . converted into a *G-E all-electric kitchen*! Its cost will be surprisingly little . . . and in it there'll be these work-saving G-E joys . . .

G-E dishwasher. With the flip of a switch, stacks of dirty dishes vanish! Speedily washed, rinsed in steaming-hot water, they dry themselves!

G-E Disposall. Lets you say, "Good-bye, garbage can." Grinds up every scrap—even bones—and washes it all down the drain!

G-E Cabinets styled to match the appliances, and designed to give worlds of roomy storage space.

G-E range and refrigerator . . . to make health-packed meals a breeze to prepare! And the smaller G-E blessings, such as . . .



Completely Automatic Coffee Maker. All you do is just set it! G. E.'s Automatic Coffee Maker does the rest . . . faithfully turns out flavorful, full-bodied coffee. Makes 2 cups or 8 just as deliciously, and keeps the rich brew warm as long as you want it. The *only* completely automatic glass coffee maker!

TUNE IN: "The G-E All-Girl Orchestra," Sunday 10 p. m., E. W. T., NBC — "The World Today" news, every weekday, 6:45 p. m., E. W. T., CBS.

FOR VICTORY—BUY AND HOLD WAR BONDS!



All-Electric Kitchen

Everything Electrical for After-Victory Homes

GENERAL ELECTRIC



Give her a

Gift from Hollywood

WHETHER she is blonde, brunette, brownette or redhead... there is a "Gift from Hollywood" containing the correct Color Harmony Make-Up for her as created by *Max Factor Hollywood*.



PAN-CAKE MAKE-UP SET

Glamour in a holiday box... *Max Factor Hollywood* Pan-Cake Make-Up, Rouge and Tru-Color Lipstick..... **\$3.00**



COLOR HARMONY MAKE-UP SET

Correct shades for "her" type... *Max Factor Hollywood* Powder, Rouge, Tru-Color Lipstick, **\$4.55**



AUTOGRAPHED MAKE-UP SET

"My Make-Up Secret"... autographed by famous screen stars. *Max Factor Hollywood* Powder, Rouge, Tru-Color Lipstick. **\$2.50**

Max Factor • Hollywood



"What a wonderful gift
a RAINFAIR would make! It's
the smartest raincoat
you see, here at the RITZ"

says attractive Miss Kay Monroe,
check-room girl at New York's exclusive
Ritz-Carlton Hotel.

Every man needs a coat that can take
all kinds of weather. That's why Rainfair
is a gift that's sure to please. Rainfairs
are showerproofed. And because they're
well-tailored from the finest fabrics,
they're coats to wear proudly after the
sun comes out. Put "Rainfair" at the top
of your gift list... you'll find a selection
at better stores everywhere.



Grafton... \$11.50 Out-
standing balmacaan-type
coat in fine gabardine...
showerproofed against
the rain. Beautifully
tailored shoulders, seams,
fly front. Three smart
colors: fawn, light olive,
taupe.

Free Booklet... how to
make your raincoat last...
Our new free booklet
gives you detailed instruc-
tions, and illustrates the
latest Rainfair styles.
Write for it...and for the
name of your nearest
dealer...today!

buy war bonds first

smart as
a topcoat...
and ready
for rain

Watch for Rainfair's V-Seal
and Zephyr Plastic-Coated Rainwear
RAINFAIR, INC., Racine, Wisconsin

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

CONTINUED

Sirs:

Comparing Van Johnson with Frank
Sinatra is like comparing a beautiful,
sunny day with a dreary, rainy day.

PEGGY HENRICKSON
Queens Village, N. Y.

Sirs:

Sinatra can cook spaghetti; Van
Johnson can't even make his own bed.

GILLETTE HOLCOMB
MARIE JOY

ROSEMARY JANSE

MARY MARCINOWSKI

MARJORIE BALL

EVELYN THOMAS

Amherst, Mass.

Sirs:

I have written a poem. It is as
follows:

That Johnson Guy!!

*I'm a member of the bobby-sox brigade—
Sinatra's popularity will surely fade
If LIFE will print more pictures of Van,
For he's the teen-agers favorite man!
Gable's mustache has no appeal;
It's Johnson's freckles and grin that make
me squeal!!!*

DOODLES HARGROVE
Newellton, La.



DOODLES' SQUEALMAKER

BROADWAY

Sirs:

Equal in morale to a blonde model
visiting a South Pacific island, your
story, "Broadway" (LIFE, Nov. 13), is
just the nostalgic touch a serviceman
needs while away from home. The pic-
tures represent one large view of Amer-
ica.

SP. (A) 1/c HENRY P. DAIN III
Newport, R. I.

Sirs:

"Broadway Sam" Roth shelved his
carnation the day after election and sub-
stituted a chest-covering metal sign re-
minding his loving public that there were
no available seats in the White House
either. The sign read, "I told you so."

ROBERT E. CHAFFEE
New York, N. Y.

Sirs:

I believe Watling Street, which was
built by the Romans and still remains,
is much longer than Broadway. Watling
Street extends from Dover, England to
Scotland.

JOE TASHINO

Miami Beach, Fla.

● LIFE doffs its seven-league boots.
Just as Broadway stretched to its
limits is 150 miles, so Watling Street
stretched to its limits, from Dover to
Chester, is 269 miles.—ED.

BATHING SUITS

Sirs:

My morals may be peculiar but—
after the bathing fashions (LIFE, Nov.
13)—I'd have a lot less to confess on
Saturday night if I had seen 5,000 abso-
lutely nude women and girls of all ages,
sizes and shapes on the beach than I
would if I saw five of those three-
cornered outfits!

ARNOLD BENNETT
Newport News, Va.

(continued on next page)

A Lesson in Charm...

Old things are okay when they're good
—like this sweater, Mom. Jeppers—
two years old and still glamour-making!
But definitely...

But definitely, darling, my Pepperell
Sheets make me feel glamorous—and how
durable they are! Wasn't I clever when
I bought them five years ago?



CHARMING IS... as charming does.

Yes, if you bought Pepperell Sheets before
the shortage... if you can find them now... you're
as lucky as a four-leaf clover. Our Pepperell
beauties are woven close and firm of strong,
even-spun threads of purest cotton. Their
tensile strength is high... their light weight
means easy handling, easy washing. Pepperell Sheets
are marked with handy Tell-Mark tabs to indicate
their size... Finished with Tapered Tape
selvages to guard against tearing...

FINE PEPPERELL PERCALES. These beautiful
sheets are noted for their smooth, lustrous
texture... as well as their exceptional
wearing qualities and very light weight.

PEPPERELL LUXURY MUSLINS. Up to four
extra threads in each square inch means
longer wear, and a delightfully soft finish...
to combine beauty with durability.

Pepperell Manufacturing Company, Boston, Mass.



PEPPERELL SHEETS

*Lady Pepperell * Duchess * Countess * Abbotsford*

No other Pipe has it!



Pat. No. 2,166,537

**It's the pipe to give
for Christmas**

Smoking will hold new enjoyment for the lucky man who gets a Smokemaster. This fine pipe effectively eliminates **MOISTURE**—the one thing that so often ruins the pleasure of smoking.

In the Smokemaster, the moisture is not merely trapped—it is *side-tracked from the smoke passage*. Smoke is drawn through a clean, dry passage—never through rank, biting moisture.

Smoke passes through a specially designed stem in which an ordinary pipe cleaner is inserted. This pipe cleaner absorbs all the moisture from the smoke passage as fast as it forms. The bowl stays dry, the stem stays dry—not a whiff of staleness mixes with fresh tobacco flavor.

Select your gift Smokemaster now. In many handsome models of native briar. At leading dealers.

Smokemaster, Custom-made \$1.50

Smokemaster, Standard \$1.00

BRIARCRAFT, INC., 347 Fifth Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

Briarcraft Smokemaster

The pipe that sidetracks moisture
Keeps itself clean

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS CONTINUED

Sirs:

After long, careful and deliberate consideration based on an extensive survey of the truly athletic type of American beauty, we of the physical-training staff at this advanced amphibious base vote unanimously for Blanche Grady for the title of "Modern Diana."

SP. (A) 3/C DAN MAROWITZ

SP. (A) 3/C CHARLES RAY

SP. (A) 3/C HARRY G. POPKIN

SP. (A) 3/C

JAMES P. MUSSELMAN

CP. SP. (A) GEORGE MITCHELL

Fort Pierce, Fla.

Sirs:

Request you publish vital statistics on the lady in the bathing suit, Miss Blanche Grady. Give us straight dope. Please, no press-agent figures!

SGT. GEORGE V. DOUGLAS

PVT. R. LEE RIGGS JR.

SGT. W. PAUL HOWLAND

CPL. JAMES L. SNYDER

PVT. CHARLES R. BELL JR.

SGT. E. K. REDINGS

Camp Swift, Texas

● Vital statistics: size, 12; height, 5 ft. 8½ in.; weight, 120 lb.; waist, 25 in.; hips, 35 in.; eyes, green; hair, dark blonde.—ED.

Sirs:

Is Blanche Grady also a wrestler?

SNAZ RAYMOND

Niagara Falls, N. Y.

Sirs:

I was wondering how this jungle woman ever was photographed for LIFE.

PVT. JAMES BALDWIN

Fort Devens, Mass.

Sirs:

Could you print a picture in your column of Blanche Grady fully clothed in a street outfit?

DR. H. G. JACKSON

Boonville, Ind.



FULLY CLOTHED

PRISONERS OF WAR

Sirs:

I was interested to note that the German prisoners ("LIFE visits a Prisoner-of-War Camp" LIFE, Nov. 13) seem to be well supplied with good American cigarettes—full, unopened packages within easy reach for bunk smoking.

A Senate investigation might not call this "coddling," but the millions of us poor civilians who have taken to rolling our own would.

H. L. DUDLEY

Huntsville, Ala.

● Prisoners of war are allowed to buy cigarettes out of their earnings by the rules of the Geneva Convention, Num-

Faces as old as his



feel practically young as his



after a cool, cool Ingram's shave...



● The best shaving creams burst into thick, whisker-wilting lather in a hurry. Ingram's does that. But *much* more! It helps condition your skin for shaving. Soothes and cools shaving burns and stings. And Ingram's refreshing coolness lingers on! Treat yourself to a fresh-feeling face. Get Ingram's today. Tube or jar.



INGRAM'S
SHAVING CREAM

Product of Bristol-Myers

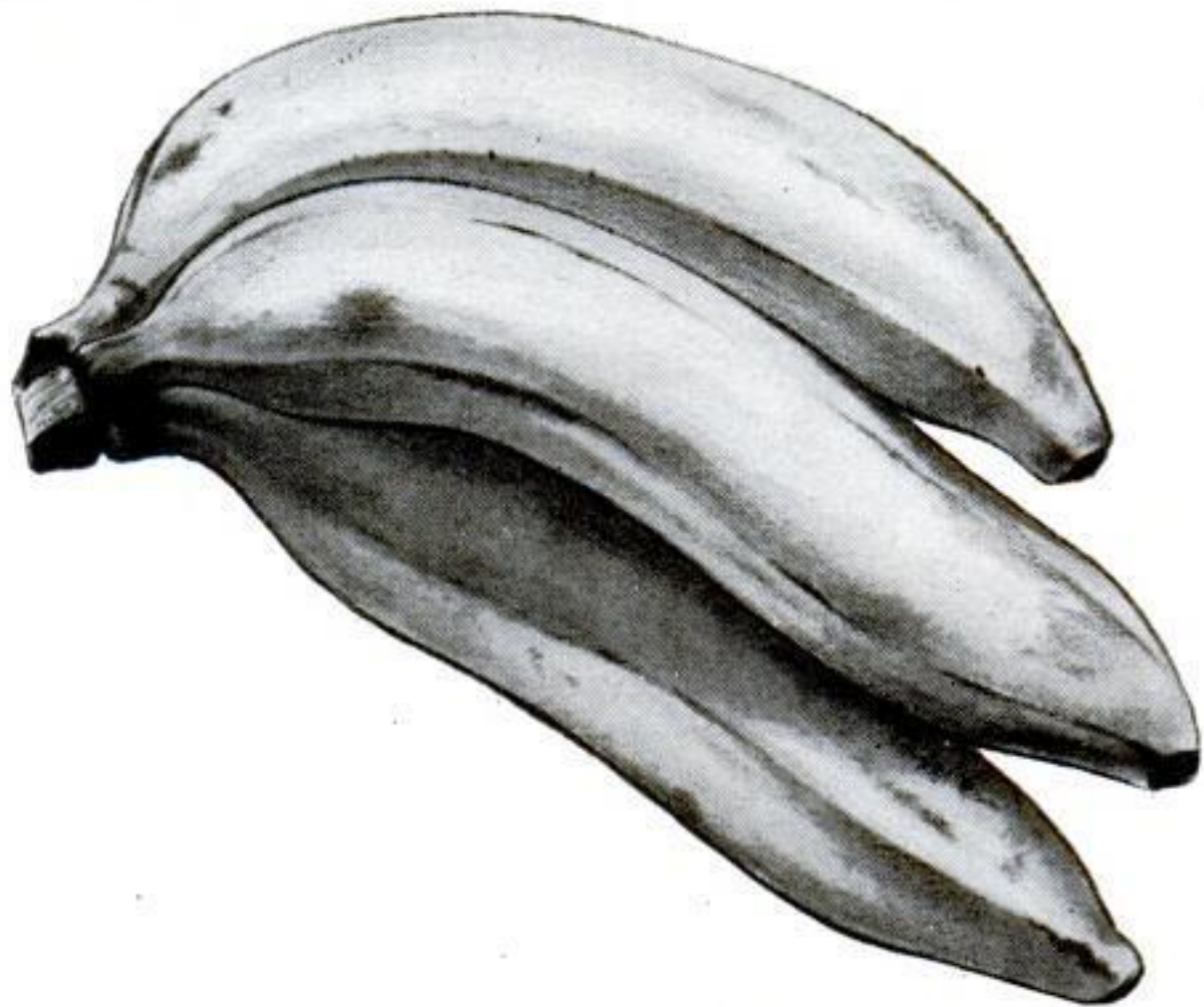
(continued on p. 10)

*Congress Playing Cards
are a compliment to your
guests... a witness to your
good taste... an asset to
your game*

THE UNITED STATES PLAYING CARD COMPANY,
Cincinnati 12, Ohio



You choose the slow-ripened
GOLDEN BANANAS



and enjoy the slow flavor-aging in
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Ever bite into a green banana—hard, starchy, almost tasteless? Then taste a ripe one—with its creamy, delicate tropical flavor?

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LETTERS TO THE EDITORS CONTINUED

bers of packages available depend on the total supply, since U. S. troops are supplied first. When the supply runs low they, too, roll their own. —ED.

Sirs:

I was much interested in your story, "LIFE Visits a Prisoner-of-War Camp," particularly in the caption under the posters of German cities which reads, "Home-town posters deck camp. Prisoners from Hamburg sent frantic cables when Allies dumped tons of bombs on city in one week, July 1943."

Sent cables to whom? Their families in Hamburg? Is the privilege of sending cables prescribed by the terms of the Geneva Convention? Or is this just an added courtesy, quite outside the realm of the rules of the convention, that our American hospitality affords our enforced guests?

JANE C. FALES

Rochester, N. Y.

● The Geneva Convention allows prisoners of war to send cables at the usual charge in cases of "acknowledged urgency." —ED.

PICASSO ART?

Sirs:

A study of the article, "New French Art" (LIFE, Nov. 13), has stirred once more my wonder at the serious attention such art receives in a magazine of as high standard as LIFE.

For example, the figure by Picasso which I take to represent a woman contains not one characteristic rule of art. There is no perspective; proportion is distorted in every direction; symmetry is disposed of by making the whole figure lopsided; coloring seems to be merely incidental to the other violations such as the misplaced eyes, absence of ears and substituting a crazy geometric design for the mouth.

I will stick with the school of realism and truth.

JUDSON DE GRAFF

Gouverneur, N. Y.

Sirs:

Webster calls art "application of skill and taste to production according to esthetic principles." When you leave out the "skill," the "taste" and the esthetic principles, what have you left? Picasso.

H. NORMAN McCULLOUGH
Freeport, N. Y.

Sirs:

Why fill your pages with the tripe he and his pals are doing when we have right here in this wonderful country of ours a painter who makes Pablo look like 2¢—I mean Norman Rockwell.

MARGARET M. CARSON
Detroit, Mich.

B-17'S FATE

Sirs:

Your report, "Bombing Accident over Berlin" (LIFE, Nov. 13), says that the Flying Fortress plunged toward the earth after having half her tail sheared off. The Douglas (Ariz.) Dispatch, Nov. 8, stated that the mishap was not fatal and the ship completed its mission and arrived safely at its home base.

Did the plane complete its mission or not?

ARTHUR P. BELL

Douglas, Ariz.

● LIFE is sorry to report that the Army, after a thorough check, announced that the tailless B-17 did not return. —ED.



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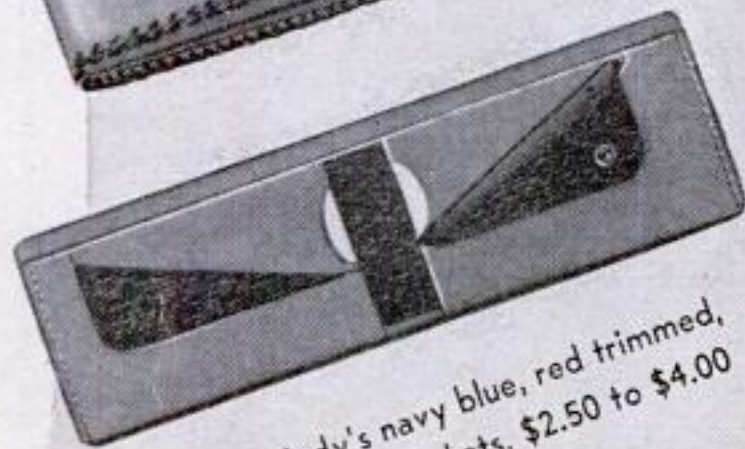
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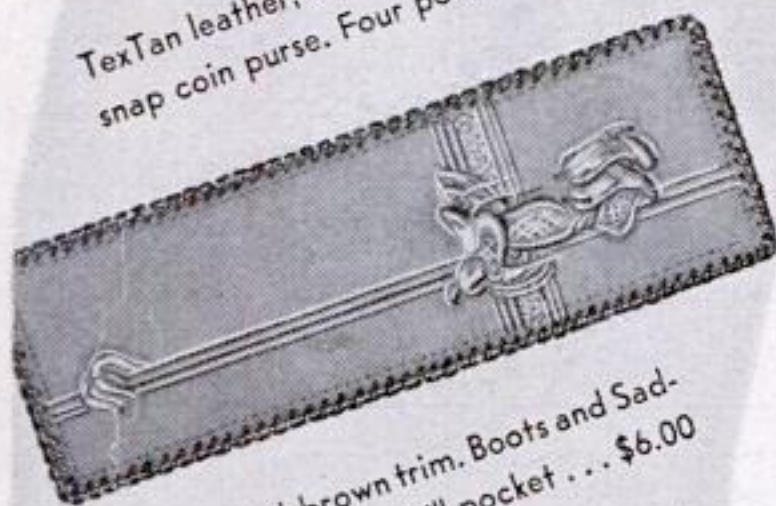
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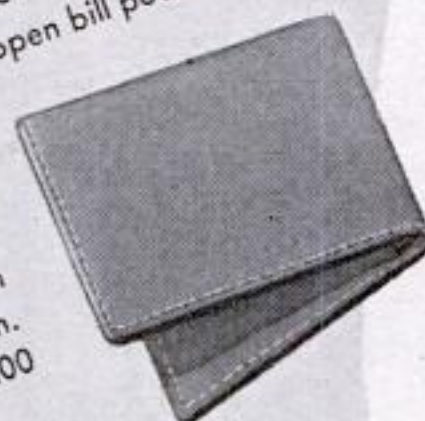
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LIFE'S COVER

Last week the great, gleaming B-29s of the global 20th Air Force made their first raid on Tokyo and their first raid from Saipan. It was the second air attack of the war for Tokyo and the 16th for the B-29s. Both will see many more. On the cover, through the nose of a B-29, is the cloud-blanketed island of Formosa, which was raided by the super-bombers on Oct. 14. At the top of the picture, approaching the target with both bomb bays open is the lead plane in the formation.

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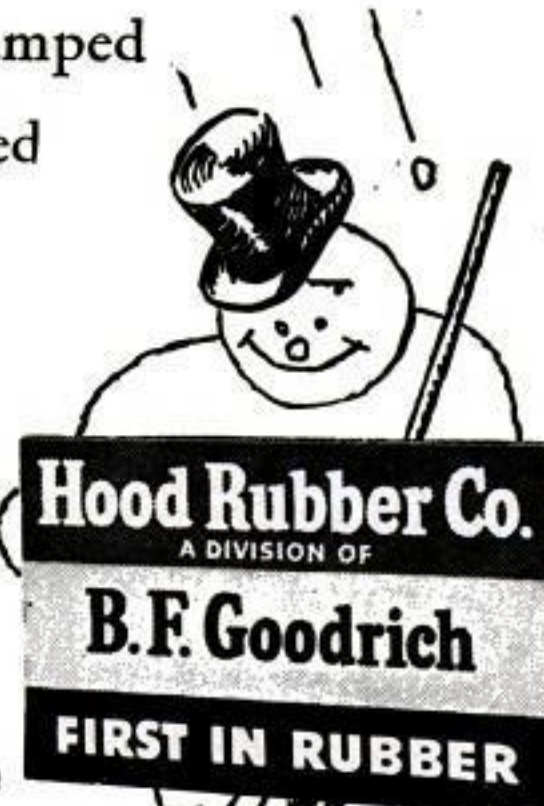
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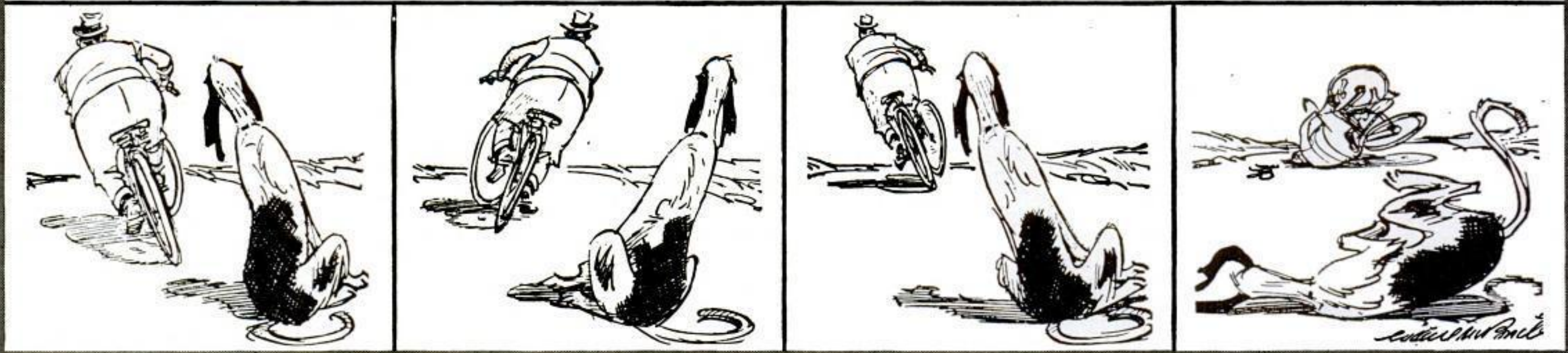
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SPEAKING OF PICTURES . . .

. . . ARTIST IS MODEL FOR HIS OWN COMIC-STRIP DOG

Napoleon, the dog hero of the comic strip *Napoleon and Uncle Elby*, is not, like Mickey Mouse, world-famous, but the millions of readers who follow the strip in more than 80 U. S. papers consider Napoleon one of the great animal characters of our time. They take it for granted that Clifford McBride, who draws Napoleon, is a deep student of dog psychology. Actually McBride, while he loves Napoleon, finds real dogs dull. He dreams up situations and uses himself as the model in portraying Napoleon's varied emotions (*below*). In drawing the dog he screws his own

face up into the expression he wants for Napoleon, then transfers the expression to paper. By this method Napoleon emerges in the great tradition of animals like Mickey Mouse and Krazy Kat who owe their fame to the human qualities they portray.

Napoleon's cartoon usually concerns the misadventures of a fat, pompous, kindly character called Uncle Elby and the reactions of the big dog to his master's plight (*above*). McBride has a real uncle who resembles Uncle Elby but he insists that he gets no inspiration from his uncle who is "absolutely devoid of a sense of humor."



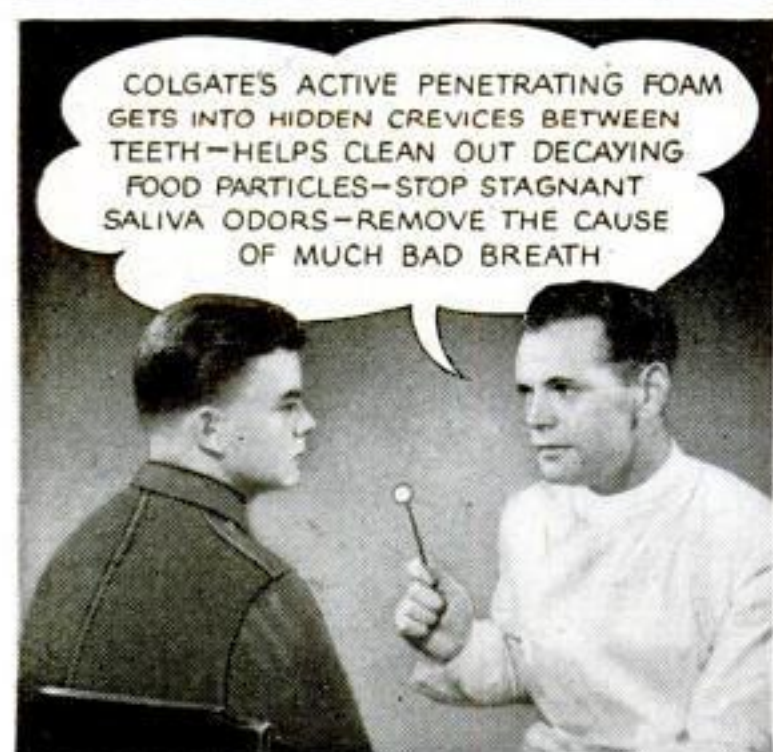
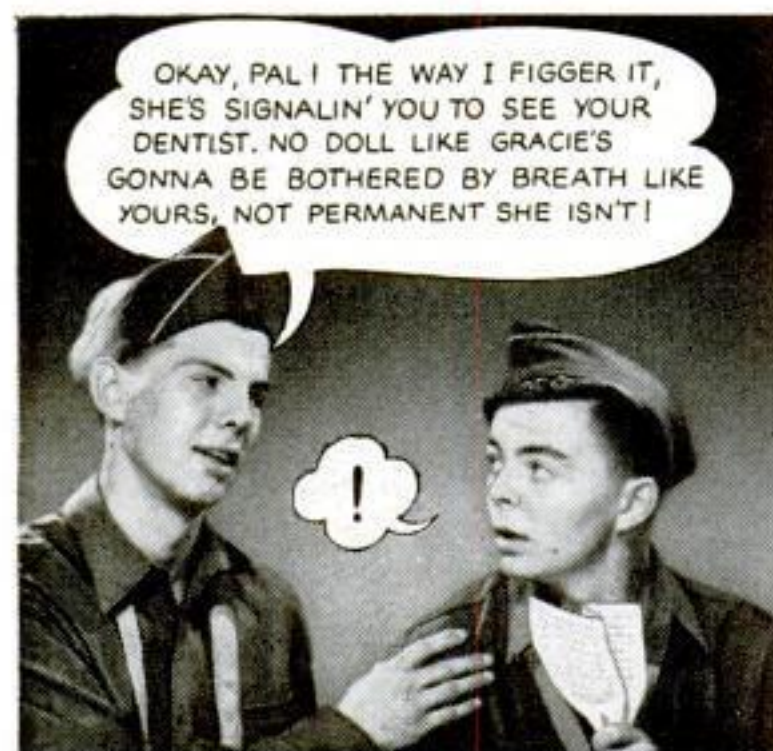
Emotions registered by McBride and then transferred to Napoleon's face are shown in these pictures. In the top row McBride portrays humility and mirth, in the middle row amazement

and a leer, in the bottom row sophistication and suspicion. Note undoglike eyebrows on Napoleon which McBride claims are the secret of his success in expressing subtle human reactions.



A self-inspired artist, McBride gets desired dog expression on his own face, then copies reflection in mirror. Much of his drawing is done before mirror in his bedroom. He believes that no

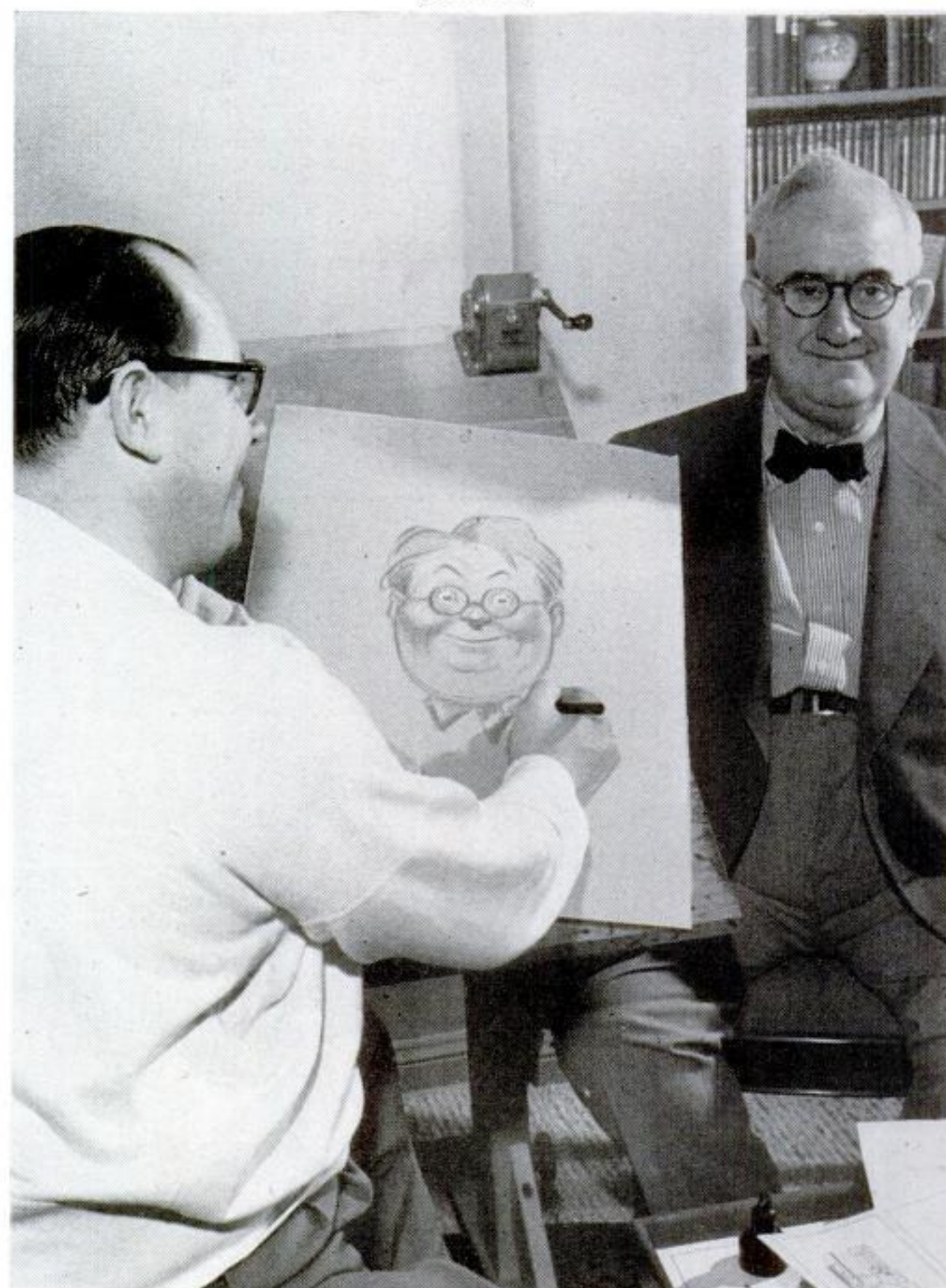
dog ever resembled Napoleon very closely but that the Irish wolfhound is closest in general appearance. McBride doesn't like dogs but has one of his own because his readers expect him to.



Tune In! CAN YOU TOP THIS? Saturday Night—NBC Network

SPEAKING OF PICTURES

(continued)



McBride's Uncle Elby (posing) used to resemble comic-strip Elby closely. He lost 80 lb. recently. Now artist looks more like rotund cartoon character than his uncle.



Bedroom studio in Pasadena home is where McBride works. He often lounges about barefoot in pajamas trying to get energy to work, starts 30 minutes before deadline.

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LIFE'S PICTURES

The remarkable pictures on pages 62-64 were taken by Photographer's Mate Third Class Orville L. Jenkins, 38. On duty aboard the carrier *Couper*, his camera loaded with color film, Jenkins recently found himself in perfect position to photograph the landing of a flaming Hellcat and the fast battle to extinguish the fire. No buck-fever victim, the former Marshalltown, Iowa movie operator coolly recorded a superb picture sequence.

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ADV. BY H. W. AYER

I'm glad we had this election!

Yes, I voted.

Whether the man I voted for won or lost, I think he's the better man.

That's my privilege.

Here in America my one vote might have decided the whole election.

It could have been *me* who really selected our President.

It could have been *me* who effected the kind of peace we are going to have.

It could have been *me* who had the giant responsibility of influencing the future of our twelve million men and women in uniform—our millions of families here at home—and the millions on millions of Americans yet to be born.

Or it might have been the one vote of any other American.

I felt as never before what democracy really is.

I thought I was speaking only for myself when I marked my ballot.

Instead—I was really trying to decide what would be best for all of us.

And I thanked God that so many of my fellow men and women here in America were clean, decent, honest people.

I looked around at my family, my friends, my neighbors—

at the fellows and girls I work with—
at the high-school kids who haven't even voted yet—

knowing that the vote of any one of them—on election day—would give him or her a power equal to that of king, conqueror, or statesman.

I felt my faith and trust in them.

I guess that's why we instinctively know we have the stuff to win this war...

I guess that's why we're bound to win the peace...

I guess that's why the whole world looks to America...

Because to be an American—to shoulder the responsibility that goes with it—
YOU'VE GOT TO BE GREAT!

This greatness in the American character is the force that draws us together...

UNITED we will speed the end of the war.

UNITED we will secure the peace that is worthy of this war's sacrifices.

UNITED we will keep on building—
through our individual work—through science and mass-production—a world that grows constantly more secure...
a life that grows constantly fuller and more useful.

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IN MURRAY'S SUITE ATOP CHICAGO'S STEVENS HOTEL SIT ROLLAND JAY THOMAS, PHILIP MURRAY AND SIDNEY HILLMAN, THE THREE MOST IMPORTANT MEN IN THE C.I.O.

C.I.O. HOLDS A VICTORY CONVENTION

In the words of its president, Philip Murray, the C. I. O.'s Seventh Constitutional Convention, which opened in Chicago on Nov. 20, was a "victory convention." The victory was that of the C. I. O.'s new baby, the Political Action Committee. In setting up P. A. C., the C. I. O. had risked its whole philosophy of labor participation in politics. In throwing the P. A. C. behind Roosevelt, it had risked its existence as a strong and united labor organization.

If this gamble had lost, the C. I. O. convention would have been a scene of bitterness, demoralization and disruption. But the gamble had won and the convention was jubilant. Sidney Hillman was given an ovation and his P. A. C. was made a permanent organization. Though the convention cockily

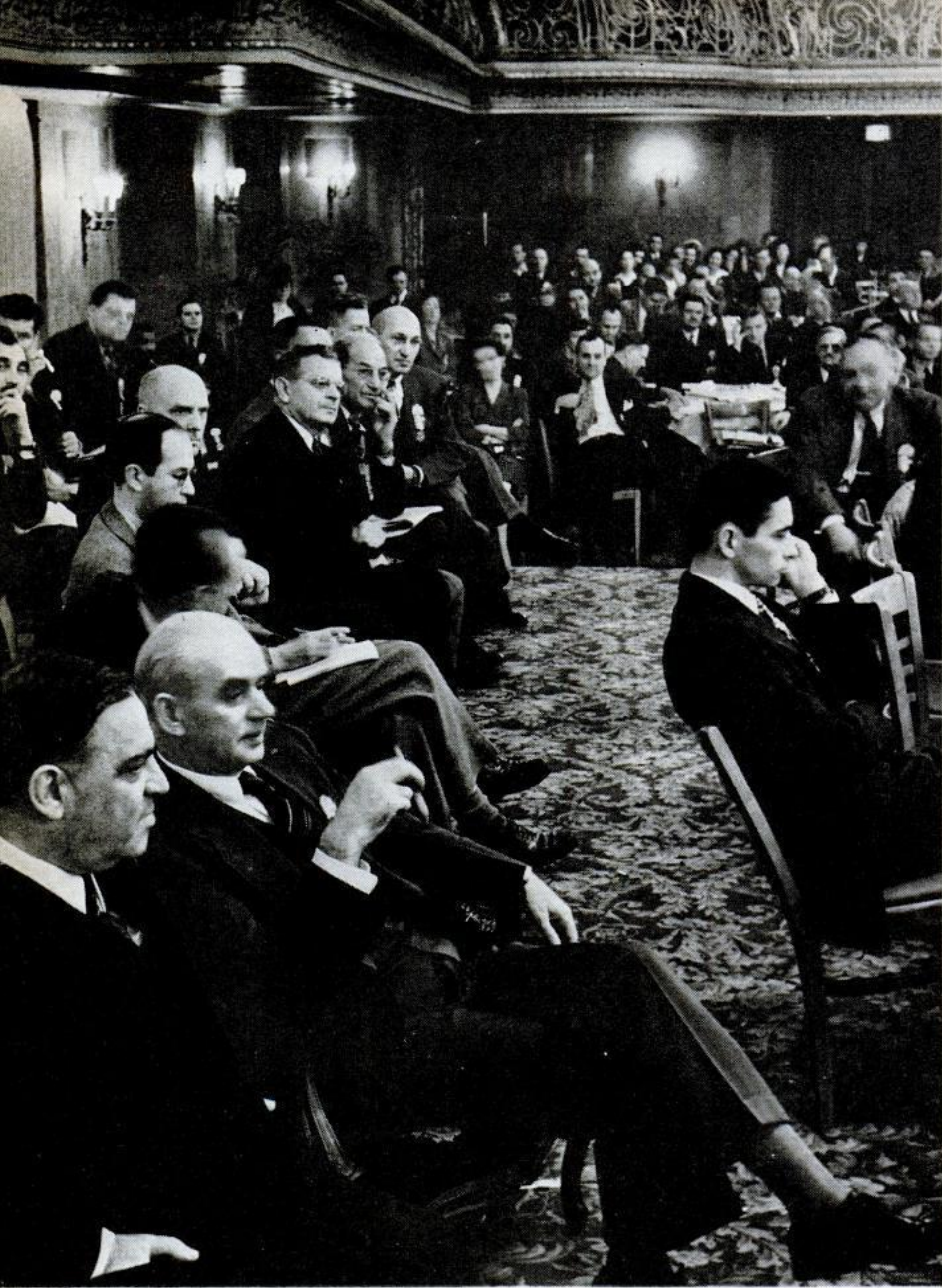
took more credit for the Democratic victory than it deserved, it was dead right in its boasts that the C. I. O. had become a new and powerful political force in the land.

Only the future can tell whether the men who lead the C. I. O. feel the responsibilities that their new strength brings them. At the convention they were full of plans to use that strength. The result was an unusually peaceful labor convention marked by many speeches but few fights. Without opposition, Philip Murray was elected president for a fourth term.

The convention made plain what the C. I. O. wants in the postwar U. S.: 1) 60,000,000 jobs, with public works to supply them when necessary; 2) a guaranteed annual wage; 3) a place for labor at the

peace conference; 4) a board, with labor represented, to administer reconversion; 5) an end to racial discrimination; 6) homes, jobs, prosperity for all. To the C. I. O. none of these postwar plans seems too top-lofty. They have reason to hope that Roosevelt will pay off the C. I. O. for its work. They have good reason to feel that Congressmen, knowing P. A. C.'s power, will listen respectfully to C. I. O. suggestions.

Two big jobs face the C. I. O. Most immediate is to break the Little Steel Formula, defended last week by Economic Stabilizer Fred Vinson after a special committee reported cost of living had gone up only 29% since January 1941. The next job is to marshal P. A. C. for the 1946 congressional elections when it will not have Candidate Roosevelt to help it.



C.I.O. big shots Murray (foreground, with cigar), Hillman (with glasses) and Carey (right) sat with New York's LaGuardia (left) during Vice President Henry A. Wallace's speech. Below: Chicago's Auxiliary Bishop Sheil made a big hit with the convention by plumping for revision of the Little Steel Formula.



Harry Bridges, a left-wing leader, sits alone before executive board session. He was handled gingerly by C.I.O. chiefs but convention condemned efforts to deport him.

HILLMAN IS THE HERO

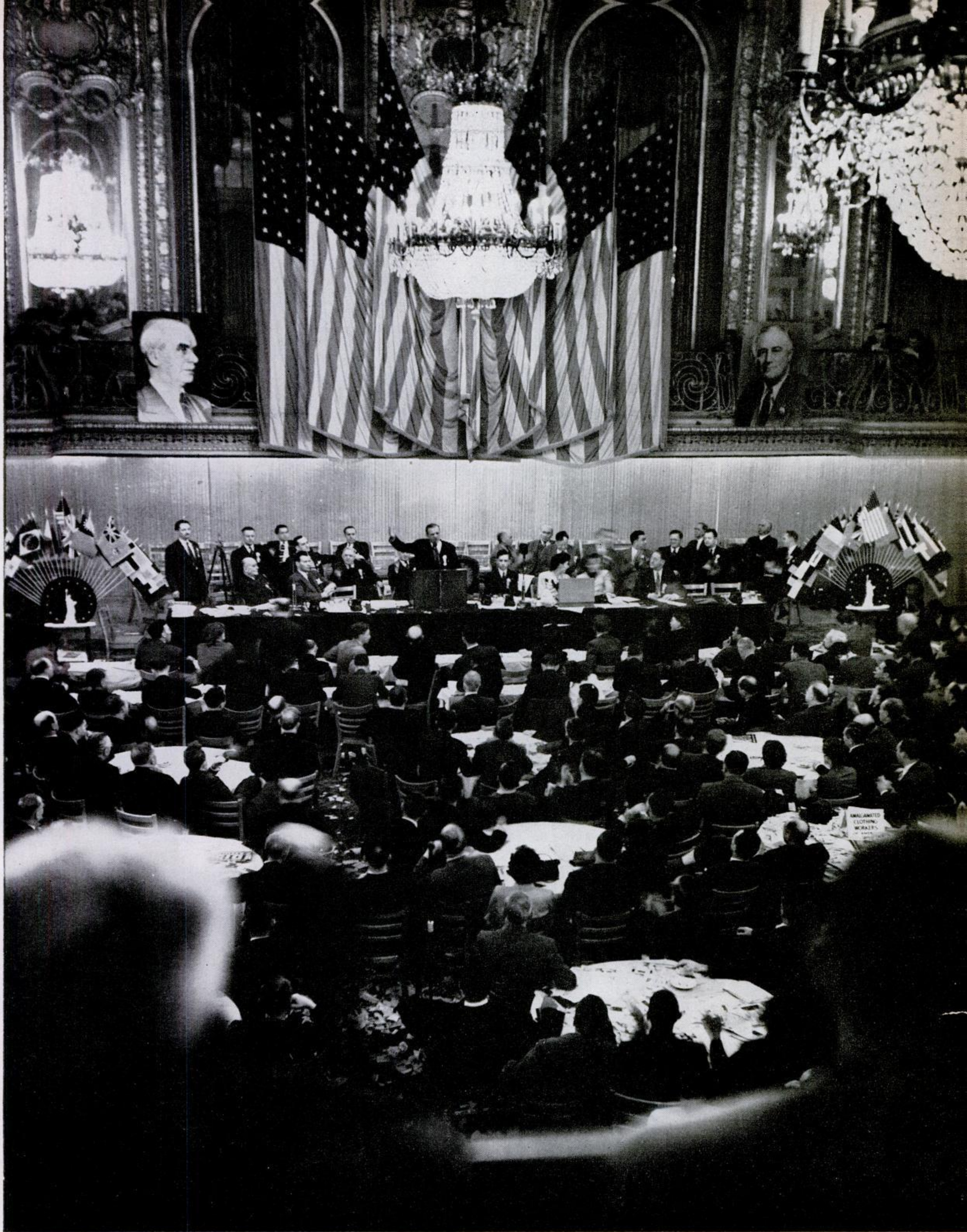
He receives biggest ovation of the convention

The Seventh Constitutional Convention went off without a hitch. Since most of the real work had been done beforehand by the Executive Committee, the main business of the 600-odd delegates was to rubber-stamp the program already laid out. The rest of their time was spent hearing addresses. Sitting on the board-hard, straight-backed chairs of the Stevens Hotel's Grand Ballroom, the delegates listened politely and kept their conversation low during the duller speeches.

But when on the third day Philip Murray introduced the head of P.A.C., "Brother" Sidney Hillman, the convention blew up. It started with loud applause as Hillman approached the rostrum. By the time he reached it delegates were whacking tables with chairs, throwing paper and tablecloths in the air and filling the ballroom with whoops of "HILLMAN!" Fifteen minutes later Murray managed to quiet the crowd and Hillman began his speech (opposite page). When he finished the uproar started all over again.



After Hillman's speech the delegates settled down amid debris of their ovation and listened impatiently to long-winded speeches seconding motion to keep the P. A. C



Sidney Hillman, flanked by 5-ft.-high portraits of Presidents Murray and Roosevelt, provided high spot of convention when he spoke on work of P.A.C. in 1944 election. Calling Nov. 7 "our

Battle of Britain, our Stalingrad," he chastised A.F. of L. President Green for having said labor should keep out of politics and added, "I am glad that we are clearing it with the C. I. O."

THE DELEGATES

They forget their old feuds

When Henry Wallace appeared before the convention he was greeted with cries of "Wallace for '48!" When he said, "It will be more constructive to get together than to fight separately," he voiced the feeling of the convention. The 6,000,000 members of the 41 separate unions that make up the Congress of Industrial Organizations include every shade of thought from extreme leftism almost to rightism. But Philip Murray, C. I. O.'s chief conciliator who thinks the rightism-leftism fight will blow over if it is left alone, kept the issue as quiet as possible. With none of the fights of former meetings, the C. I. O. as a whole reaffirmed its no-strike pledge and got set for the hard work ahead.

Only labor trouble of convention came from James Petrillo's A. F. of L. Musicians' Union. When a phonograph played C. I. O. records, Petrillo's union sent a wire demanding an A. F. of L. man be hired to turn records. The phonograph was quickly whisked away.



Glassworkers were represented by Leland Beard (right), delegate from the 1,850 members of the Federation of Glass,

Ceramic and Silica Sand Workers of America. As his guest, Beard brought fellow glassworker William T. Lewis (left).



Joseph Curran, Maritime Boss, organized Great Lakes fleet last year, is now working on Standard Oil Co. of New Jersey.



Anthony Jenkins, president of the Vermont Industrial Union Council, said membership jumped more than 9,000 in year.



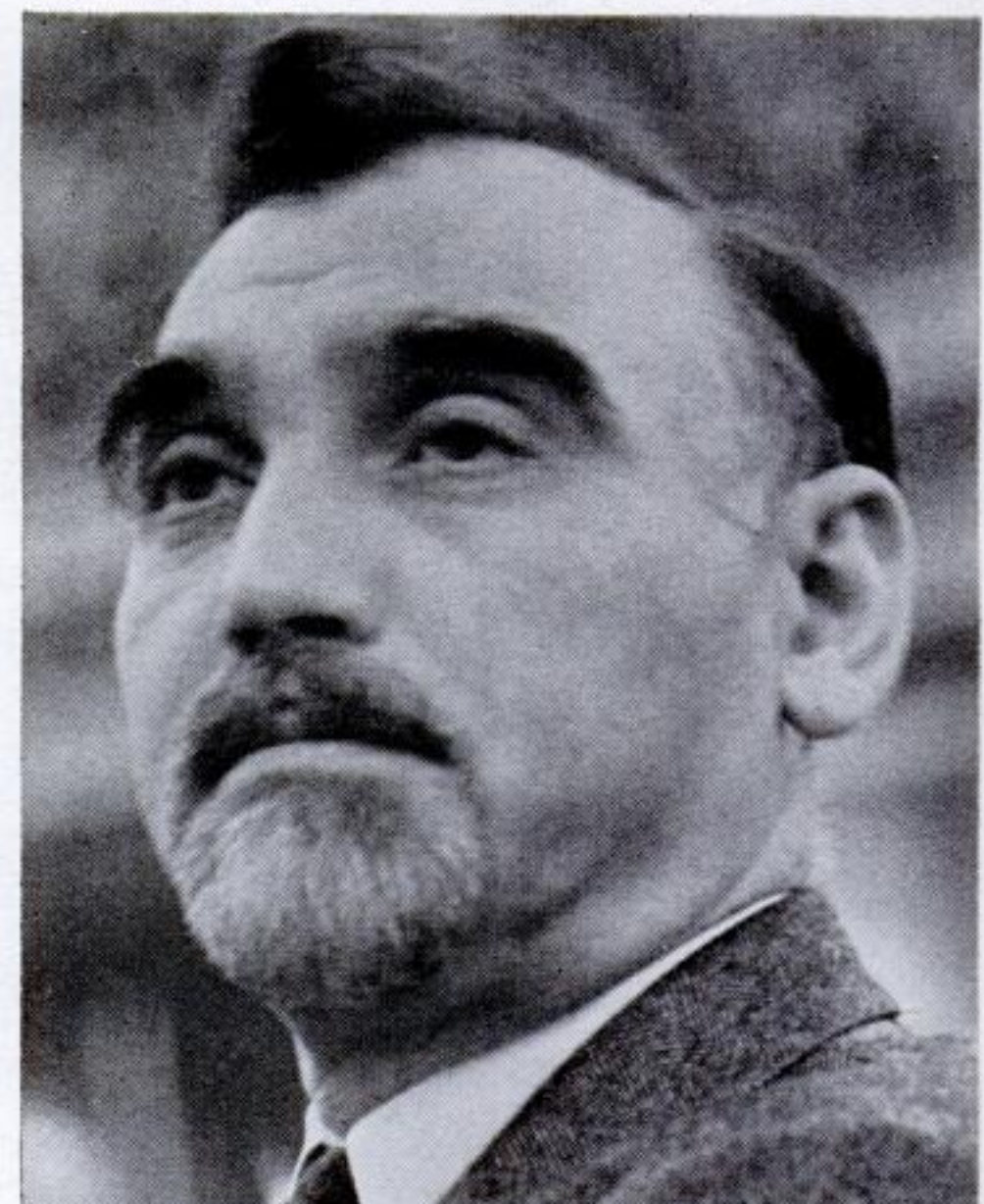
George B. Rose, who came to the convention from Altoona, Pa., is a member of United Railroad Workers, Juniata Local.



Thomas E. Shortell, S. J., is from Holy Cross College, was at the convention. Many priests were on the convention floor.



John Gross of the Richland, Ohio, Industrial Union Council claims 80,000 new members this year for the Rubber Workers.



J. S. Potofsky is secretary-treasurer of Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America and runs things in Hillman's absence.



Up in Wallace's room, one of Skyway Suites of the Stevens, labor's political high command gave a luncheon for the Vice President after his speech. Talking politics before meal are (left

to right) C. B. Baldwin, assistant chairman of the P.A.C., Wallace; Jonathan Daniels (back to camera), administrative assistant to President Roosevelt; Philip Murray and Sidney Hillman.

CONGRESS

ONLY BY MODERNIZING ITS OWN ARCHAIC METHODS CAN CONGRESS KEEP UP WITH THE WHITE HOUSE

A remarkable thing happened in Congress last week. A House Committee to Investigate Executive Agencies, which for nearly two years has been hacking at the mountain called "bureaucracy" with no visible results, issued its seventh report. But this report recommended not the abolition of any executive agency, but the reform of Congress! The committee (chairman, Howard Smith of Virginia) decided that the growth of executive power cannot be checked unless Congress, too, modernizes and expands.

At last we are getting somewhere. This committee even spoke critically of Congress' own sacred committee system and proposed a study of it (as well as of other congressional procedures). It is as though a Council of Real Estate Owners had proposed a study of the single tax. At least half a dozen bills and resolutions to reform Congress have been introduced in the last two years, only to be pigeonholed in the all-powerful Rules Committee. Whether the Smith Committee report is turned into law or not, it promises to break the Rules Committee dam, so that hearings on some of these proposed reforms can be held at last.

Snuff and Sand

"You know," said Senator Andrews of Florida a couple of months ago, "in the Senate we still keep the old snuffbox right up there where it's been for more than 80 years, though nobody ever dips into it. If you've noticed, too, there's a little silver box on each desk, and what do you think is in that? Burnt sand that we're supposed to use when we sign our names in ink! Well, our legislative system is about as anachronistic in some ways as that snuffbox and the sand boxes."

Senator Andrews' own pet reform would stop the use of "riders" (amendments which would never pass on their own but are tacked on to important bills). This is just one small reform, but the senator's sandbox moral applies all across the board. Once the subject is opened up, many ways will be found in which Congress could be brought up to date.

The easiest and commonest criticism of Congress is to ridicule its members. Like the American people they represent, they are indeed often ignorant, provincial and greedy. But the 79th, just elected, contains individuals who could make it the most statesmanlike Congress in many years. And the most statesmanlike single thing the 79th could do is to modernize its own machinery, especially in two respects. Congress needs good men, but it also needs more information and better organization.

It is not the individual congressman who is ignorant, but Congress as a whole that is

overworked and ill-informed. This is because it has never been willing to vote itself an adequate staff. The total cost of Congress, including all the experts, clerks, secretaries etc. who work directly for the 531 members, or for its innumerable committees, is only about \$20,000,000 a year. The office of Indian Affairs spends a lot more than that. Every executive department has more trained brains at its disposal than the whole of Congress.

Recently Senator Wherry, the Republican whip, lost his temper when he saw a War Production Board expert whispering to the Senate's presiding officer. What was this White House spy doing in the sacred chamber? Senator Wherry raised a point of order. Actually the WPB man was acting as clerk to a Senate subcommittee on postwar employment, a subject the Senate was debating at the time. It was a sudden sidelight on the way most congressional committees get the help of experts: they borrow them from executive agencies. Congressmen jealous of undue executive influence, were reminded that they have been afraid to vote enough money to hire experts of their own.

As things stand now, the average congressional committee is a sort of earnest, helpless listener to the well-informed but special pleading of executive agencies on the one hand and lobbyists on the other. In the words of the Smith report, a member has "nowhere to turn for unbiased assistance." A senator is now allowed \$13,900 to spend on office help; a congressman \$8,000. The fact that some of them put relatives on this payroll is no answer to the fact that the payroll is hopelessly meager. Any vice president of any medium-sized corporation, whose job is not one-hundredth as important to the nation, has much more help than that. He also gets a bigger salary. Why?

The Case of George Norris

In 1942 Congress voted itself into a system of Civil Service retirement annuities. A strange, public hue and cry, ("Bundles for Congress") so frightened the members that they repealed the pension bill a month later. Yet it was a good bill. As John T. Flynn points out in his recent book, *Meet Your Congress*, the average congressman leaves Washington poorer than he arrived. Last summer there died in retirement a man who had served in Congress for more than 40 years. In one of his very last letters he wrote, "I do not maintain an office and do what work I can at my house. Mrs. Norris, like me, is getting very old and she has to do all the housework and it is often impossible for her to read to me as much as we both desire. Thus you see I am living under rather adverse circumstan-

es. It is difficult for me to keep up with the times. . . ." Yes, that was the great George Norris of Nebraska, the conscience of the progressives, the father of TVA.

Besides better staff and pay, Congress needs better organization. Most of its present 80 committees could be abolished or recombined. Many of them are "craters of extinct committees," as one writer calls them, their only purpose being to maintain the supply of chairmanships, to which every congressman aspires. And the seniority system by which he eventually falls into a chairmanship also needs reviewing. Seniority is not so bad as some of the alternatives; in fact, it was an important improvement over the tyrannical appointive power of Speaker Cannon which the insurgents overthrew in 1910. In those days Congress had too much "leadership." Today, however, it has too little.

Over, Under or Equal?

The trend toward executive domination of Congress is as old as Andrew Jackson. But in the past White House domination has alternated with periods when the President was weak and Congress strong. Hence many congressmen tend to think of a strong executive and a strong Congress as incompatible and are content to wait for another Buchanan or another Harding. No attitude could be more fatal to the future of Congress—or of parliamentary government. A strong White House and a strong Congress are not incompatible, nor need they be antagonistic.

The Constitution puts Congress first, above the White House and above the courts; that is why George Washington insisted the Capitol be placed symbolically on the highest ground in Washington, "the Hill." And some critics feel that Congress should resume this primacy by electing an independent leadership, a sort of parliamentary cabinet like Britain's, while the White House might wither away to the honorific status of a king. Others feel that Congress must inevitably continue its present downward path, vote more and more discretion to the executive and wind up as a mere debating society, a place for the ratification of executive-written laws, i.e. decrees.

Our Constitutional system of checks and balances would be lost if either of these developments took place. Our system is based on a strong Congress and a strong executive, independent but interdependent, too. That system will prove safest for democracy in the future as in the past. But to resume its rightful place alongside the executive, Congress must get busy and modernize itself. It should be one of the first tasks of the 79th when it assembles next month.

PICTURE OF THE WEEK:

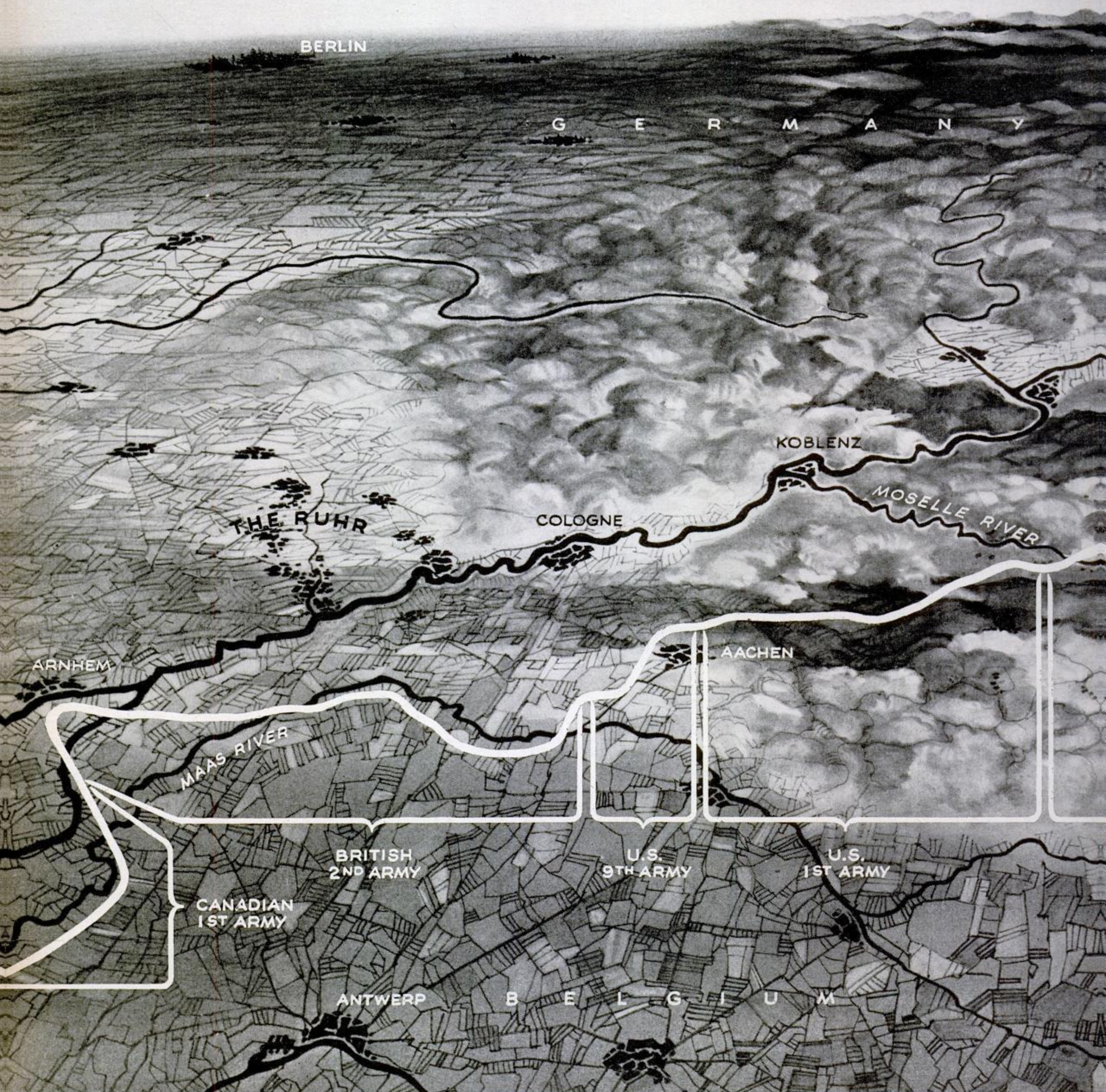
At his blissful peak in 1935 Adolf Hitler sat beside the Obersee at Berchtesgaden with a Nordic and posed as he wanted history to know him. Last week this rare picture took on fresh significance. For history had turned on Hitler. No new photo-

graphs of him had appeared for two months. He had not spoken on the radio since the bombing plot. Rumor filled the world with stories that Hitler has paranoia, concussion, coronary thrombosis, paralysis of the right side, a throat tumor,

ear inflammation, a broken arm, damaged vocal cords, that he is dead, mad, on a submarine headed for Japan or a remote island. At any rate, he was not sitting on a rock near Berchtesgaden, looking pleased with himself and his destiny.

Hitler at Berchtesgaden in 1935 with storm-trooper
sees only success ahead for centuries and centuries





THE BIG PUSH

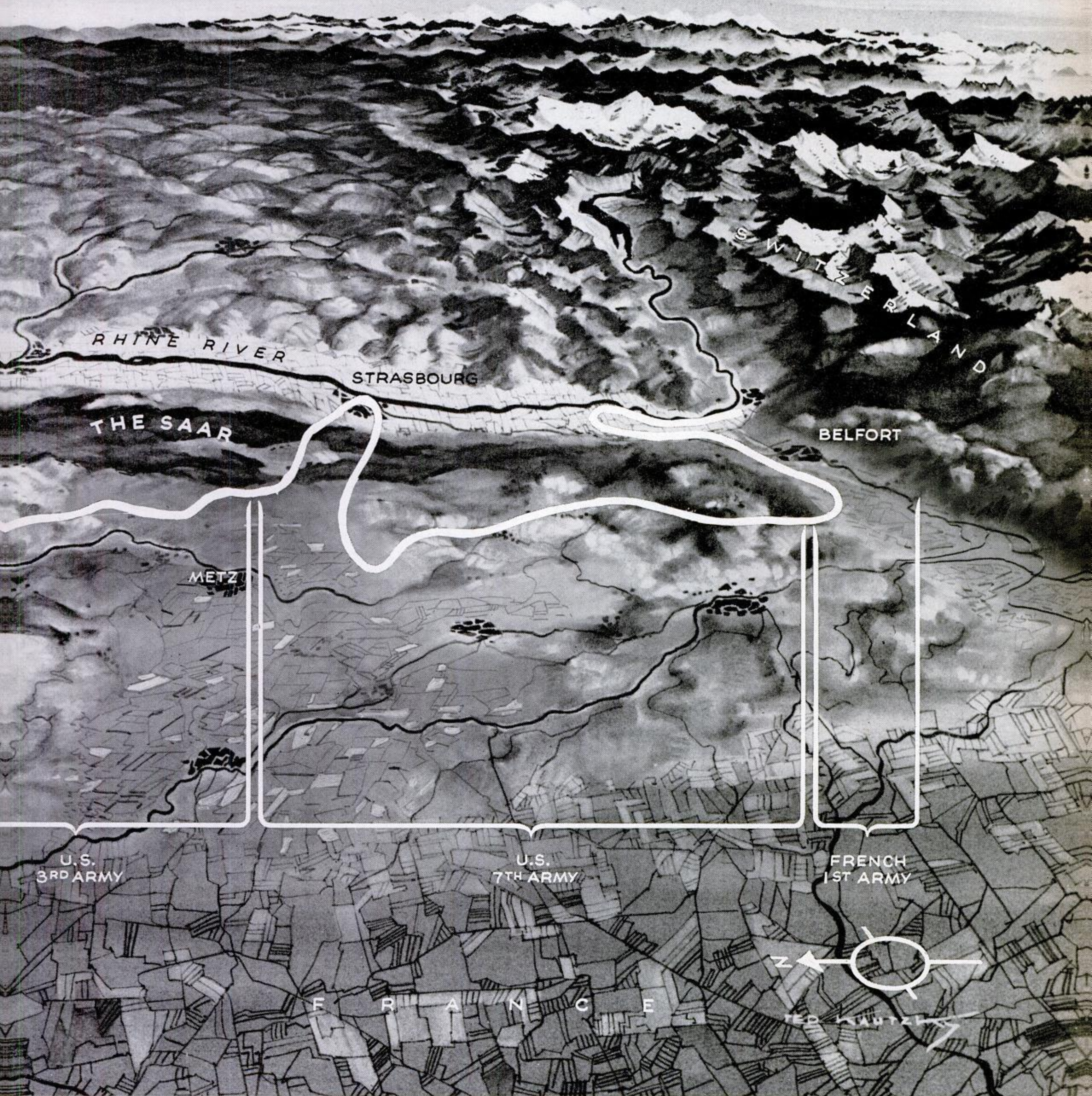
Allied armies batter at Germany

The Big Push on the Western Front gained last week, going rapidly in some places and slowly in others. The difference in the advances showed a lot about how the Allies were fighting their offensive and how the Germans were trying to stop it.

As shown on the map, the logical entrance to the German heartland on the 450-mile front between Arn-

hem and Switzerland is by way of the level plain at the far left. An attack here, however, would mean a crossing of the Rhine, swollen and swift-running after fall rains. Instead the Allies struck where they could fight the Germans on the near side of the Rhine.

In an effort to crush the German defense by sheer strength, the Allies massed three of their seven ar-



mies (British Second, U. S. Ninth and First) on a narrow front facing the city of Cologne and the Ruhr valley. On one 30-mile stretch alone they concentrated 400,000 men and most of their tank strength. To stop them the Germans drew up the best part of their still formidable army for a last-ditch fight.

The Allies gained slowly against this desperate Ger-

man concentration, but they rushed ahead on the fronts which had been left defended by spavined reserves and German home army troops. In the south U. S. Seventh and French First Armies drove deep into soft German defenses to reach the Rhine at Strasbourg and the Swiss border. The U. S. Third Army also advanced toward the Saar Basin, but none of these

drives seriously impaired the German ability to fight.

At the end of last week the Allies were still battering at the Aachen sector, where the real victory had to be won. If the Germans there broke under the weight, it would probably mean the end of the war. According to General Eisenhower, the Germans have only minor defenses on the other side of the Rhine.



Walking in the snow, an American machine-gun section moves through a woods in western Europe. Snow and rain have been a serious handicap to Allied Big Push. Overcast skies have prevented steady air support; snow and rain have slowed tanks and trucks. But strength of Allied drive has overcome the weather.



Snow in Belgium settles over light anti-aircraft gun and almost entirely camouflages position in a churchyard. Below: a machine-gunner on the First Army front stands watch during snowstorm. Weather at the front now is still not cold enough to freeze soggy ground which has brought numerous trench-foot cases.



"WHERE IS THE FRONT?"

Correspondent finds a lost battalion post amid rain, shells and some German civilians

by JACK BELDEN

BELGIUM, Nov. 22

I was in a group of correspondents that had suddenly descended on the headquarters of an American regiment. First Army headquarters farther to the rear had informed it that this regiment was about to take Eschweiler, the first big city in the path of the Army's November offensive.

We were waiting in the cellar of a shell-battered building, talking with the regimental S-2 officer, when suddenly a captain, his mustache dripping rain, lurched into the cellar with a distraught and preoccupied air.

The S-2 jumped up. "You're in luck," he said, "this is the battalion executive and he can take you right along to the CP with him. Can't you?" he ended up, explaining with a flourish that we were representatives of the press.

"Why, yes," said the captain. "Why, yes," he said again, shaking each one of us by the hand. "Why, yes," he said a third time, looking over our heads as if he saw something hanging there which we could not see. "We would like to have you in Eschweiler. We would like to show you everything. And we will," he said, his voice taking on the form of a clenched fist, "we will—if we can find battalion headquarters."

The way he said this last phrase made me jump, and I heard the S-2 clear his throat.

As we started off the rain was beating down hard, attacking in columns through the defenseless flank of the jeep, infiltrating around the hard front of the windshield and forcing into a retreat for shelter those soldiers standing alongside the road. We wandered around a maze of roads, pausing by an antitank gun here and an artillery outpost there to ask directions, always receiving the same answer, "Don't know." Finally our jeep got a flat tire. We walked on through the rain to where the captain said the battalion CP was, but it wasn't there and it wasn't at a house farther along the road to which we had been directed.

We climbed into our jeep preparing to make the long trip back to the Army. When he saw us the captain rushed up, saying, "I'm going to make a dash for it. Don't you want to come along?"

With that he was in his jeep and gone down the road like a flash. His mad dash infected us with a sort of excited gaiety and we tore after him with the thought that the Germans on the hills before us would have a hard time hitting such a swiftly moving target. We rounded a bend in the road, shot by some battered buildings and then drew to a halt behind the jeep of the captain, who was already sprinting wildly across the road toward a large three-story building on the right. We were in Eschweiler and I thought that we had landed perhaps in the heart of a German position, or that at least there were snipers about, but all the captain said was, "They might shell us."

These words were broken off by a sharp crash near by. Then another and another, each one nearer than the first. Hastily we backed into the darkness of the house, stumbling down a short flight of steps and groping our way down a black corridor, the two walls of which we could feel with our hands. There were three or four soldiers around and we knocked against them in the dark, arousing curses, and tripped over wires, fearful that we would set off a booby trap at any moment.

The bombardment continued. It soon became a respectable affair. It crashed down upon the house in waves and the walls shook, and our heads rang. It was as if we were trying to hide in the center of a drum. Our captain said, "Don't get the idea we always operate this way. But I must tell you the truth. We don't know what's before or behind us."

There was a terrifying crash, the building shuddered convulsively. Breaking glass tinkled against stone and unseen missiles whined down the corridor and plunked against the walls. The captain's light went out. When it came on again an instant later we could see him moistening his lips. "That was a dirty hit," he said

with the air of a professor. "You can't get them any squarer than that; no, sir." We swelled out our chests a little then, but the next crash took all the wind out of us. "That one was at the other end of the building," said the irrepressible captain, this time with the tone of a guide announcing points of interest.

The shelling continued but now it seemed more distant, so we ventured out of the gloom of the corridor into the comparative light of the ground-floor rooms. There was an iron spiral staircase leading up through the ceiling and down it were coming three women, one in her late 30s and two of them much younger, one blonde and quite pretty, and a small boy about 10 shepherded by a GI. They went and stood against a wall inside the ground-floor room with dignified expressions on their faces. Opposite them was a piano on which a GI began picking out keys. I was jittery and warned him about booby traps but he continued aimlessly playing.

Someone shouted from the cellar, "Get those damn civilians out of there." A nearby GI yelled, "Raus, raus," at the women and we all slinked off to the cellar together.

Having found some wax and a piece of string, someone had managed to fashion a candle so that now we could see that we were in a rather spacious underground with several rooms leading off a narrow corridor. Evidently the civilians had been living here for some months, hiding from our air raids, for there were pickled preserves on the shelves and all manner of clothing and dirty blankets strewn about on chairs, couches and beds.

After a while a couple of officers and several enlisted men drifted into the CP, having dashed up from the rear. One of them, a tall, lanky lieutenant named Frank, shined his flashlight on a wall calendar, which we noted with a start was torn off to the present day.

"We can't be far behind those Krauts," he said with a harsh laugh and drew a bottle of whisky out of his pocket. We gulped it down. It warmed.

At dark, as if by common consent, both sides ceased shelling. A drowsy calm settled down over the cellar. The older German woman got some coke briquets from the corridor and split them into small pieces and knelt down and fed them carefully into the stove. The fire sizzled merrily, wrapping the whitewashed walls of the cellar in a cheery glow. The Germans sat there, the young boy upon his mother's lap, the two girls grouped about them, a picture not of desolation but of calm resignation. The older woman's name was Maria. Her husband, she said, had gone off to the wars in Poland four years before and of recent months she had received no letters from him.

Of the other women, the older was 27, homely, with glasses, but not unattractive. She wore a wedding ring but explained that her husband had been killed in Russia some time before. Her name was Ani. The third girl was the prettiest of them all, with blonde hair worn at the shoulders like a glamour girl, eyes of still only half-dimmed merriment. Her name was Clara. As well as I could piece together, all of them lived in the near-by town of Stolberg, which became a battleground with Germans and Americans occupying portions of the town.

"We thought," said Maria in much the same tone of voice the French used to use with us, "that you would come in two days, but it has been two months and all the time we have been living in the cellar." She said that out of 35,000 people in Eschweiler, 3,000 had remained behind hiding in the cellars from the police. I asked her if her son was a member of the Hitler Jugend. She said, "No. They take them when they are 10. They took Clara. There wasn't anything to do. Your child belongs to the state. There were all sorts of immorality going on, so I kept her away as much as I could. That's one reason we hid; I was afraid they would take Clara away with them."

At that moment a bedraggled figure with gold maple leaves on his shoulders stepped into the room, his clothes dripping water like a sponge, his face black with several days' beard and his whole attitude only of ineffable weariness. Everyone stood up for this was the battalion commander. After learning that one company was in back of us, two possibly—but nobody knew—on either side of us and one a few yards ahead of us, the major looked around nervously and demanded, "Isn't this too damn close?" Everyone admitted that it was pretty close.

By now we had set up our message center, with telephones and walkie-talkie radios in the coalbin next door, and one by one companies had begun to come into our communication net. As they did so the captain said to me, "You see, that's how it is. We're really getting set up now. Everything gets worse for a while and then everything gets better. Before long we'll know what we're doing."

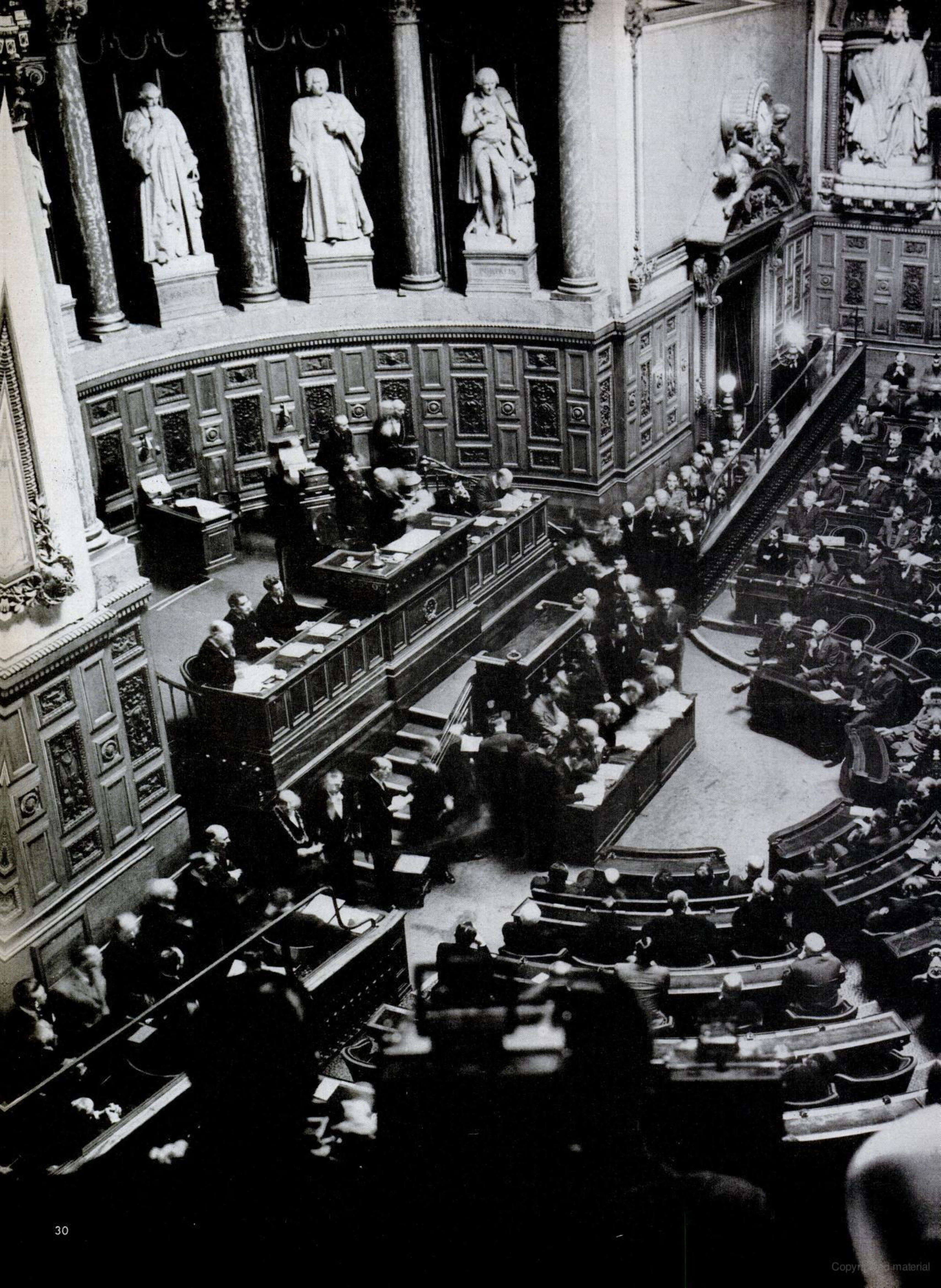


Snow in France, combined with rain, drenches Seventh Army soldiers as they move up through the mud. In spite of the fearsome weather, the Seventh made longest gain of the main Allied offensive last week when it sliced behind the northern end of the Vosges Mountains to capture the Rhine city of Strasbourg.



Snow-covered woods surround the Seventh Army armored cars traveling toward the front. Below: infantrymen hike through another forest near the point where the Seventh entered Germany above the Saar. Men were issued long underwear, warm socks and other winter clothing in record time during October.







FREE FRANCE IS BORN ONCE AGAIN

The French Consultative Assembly
Takes Up The Life Ended In 1940

The rebirth of France, not the first in its history, is to be seen here at the first gathering in Paris of the French Consultative Assembly. The place was the old Senate Chamber. The day was Nov. 7, the hour shortly after 4 p. m. Under the scrutiny of St. Louis and Charlemagne (*rear center*), the members listened to prewar Senator Paul Cottolitt (*standing, left*) and then elected a permanent president, Felix Gouin.

The citizenry of France had currently elected nobody in the room. Of the 248 assemblymen (not all present), 100 were fairly conservative regular politicians and ex-exiles from the prewar Parliament, the exiled resistance groups and the French Empire. Another 49 were named by steering committees of various organizations and parties allied with the resistance but concerned also with the interests of their groups. The remaining 99 were pure resistance, nominated by some 20 different resistance organizations, including the Communists. The French passion for political juggling produced an indescribable compromise, as usual. The Assembly included for the first time a number of women, who can be seen, as well as a white-robed priest, a burnoosed Negro and a fezbed Arab, who cannot.

The most important man present is in the front row: General Charles de Gaulle. On this side of him can be seen former Senate President Jules Jeanneney, who did much to organize the Assembly, and Foreign Minister Georges Bidault, a newcomer who has shown an amazing grasp of his job and impressed Churchill and Eden. The purpose of this roomful is to consult with de Gaulle to advise and possibly veto and to let off steam until a real parliament can be elected, when the people of France are considered ready and "sufficiently undisturbed" for elections.

In the first weeks of its life the Assembly divided between 73 Stalinists, 45 Gaullists and Rightists and about 100 irresolute Socialists and members of the "Marais," the undecided "Swamp." Its chief problems were the budget, the successful new Liberation Loan, nationalization of coal mines and the Renault works, arming the new *grande armée*, wages, workers' committees, unemployment (600,000), the press, trials of collaborators and France's role in the peace.

What this role is to be, Foreign Minister Bidault soon made plain. It is not to be part of an exclusive Western bloc led by Britain. France proposes to renew its pre-Munich alliances with Soviet Russia and Czechoslovakia. As to Germany, Bidault said, "There must be a Germany. The British and Americans will one day want to go home. We will remain. The peace with Germany should not be one of vengeance; it must be just and human. Germany will have to be controlled for years to come, but I am not for trying to make her harmless by dismembering her artificially. We do not want any German minority within our own borders. Our greatest interest lies in the control of the Rhineland (*see pages 77-85*)."

Bidault spoke as the foreign minister of a state that had already been invited to sit in on the European Advisory Commission as a great power and on the Council of the United Nations. The powerful emotions that stirred the Assembly were carried to a peak on Nov. 19 when French troops fought their way to the Rhine. France was once again on the "road to power."



HOLLAND'S BERNHARD, IN BATTLE DRESS, SURVEYS LETHAL EQUIPMENT IN A CONCENTRATION CAMP NEAR VUGHT WHERE THE NAZIS PUT TO DEATH THOUSANDS OF HIS PEOPLE

PRINCE AT GALLOWS

Bernhard of Holland grimly views gallows where countrymen hanged

This wry-faced, spectacled young man framed by a portable gallows, Prince Bernhard zu Lippe-Biesterfeld, was once known in Europe's gayest cafes as "Benno." He had already lost his Nazi leanings in 1937 when he married Crown Princess Juliana of the Netherlands and forswore German citizenship to become a Hollander. War ended his fast cars and late parties; Bernhard fled Holland with his family, then began working to liberate the 8,000,000 Dutch peo-

ple who cherish him as the royal family's only male.

Bernhard flew more than 1,000 hours with the RAF, led Dutch resistance and finally re-entered Holland in the wake of advancing Allied armies. Recently he visited the camp near Vught where the Nazis reportedly cremated, suffocated and hanged thousands of burghers. Better than any oration, his expression (*above*) reveals what he thinks of his former compatriots' treatment of his present countrymen.



SAID A MAN TO HIS WIFE...

SAID A BOY TO HIS MOTHER...



"It's the best chicken soup
I ever tasted"



When the men in the family agree so enthusiastically about a dish, it must be something pretty fine. Well, it is! Everybody knows the most important thing about chicken soup is the *chicken*—and Campbell's Chicken Soup has it aplenty. The stock is so rich it fairly glistens. And all through the soup is just what you like to see and taste—full-flavored, tender chicken meat.

Yes, Campbell's use exactly the kind of chickens Mother herself chooses—simmering them slowly to bring out all their fine flavor so that even the white rice is steeped in chicken goodness. You and your family will enjoy bowls of this good soup often!



Look for the Red-and-White Label



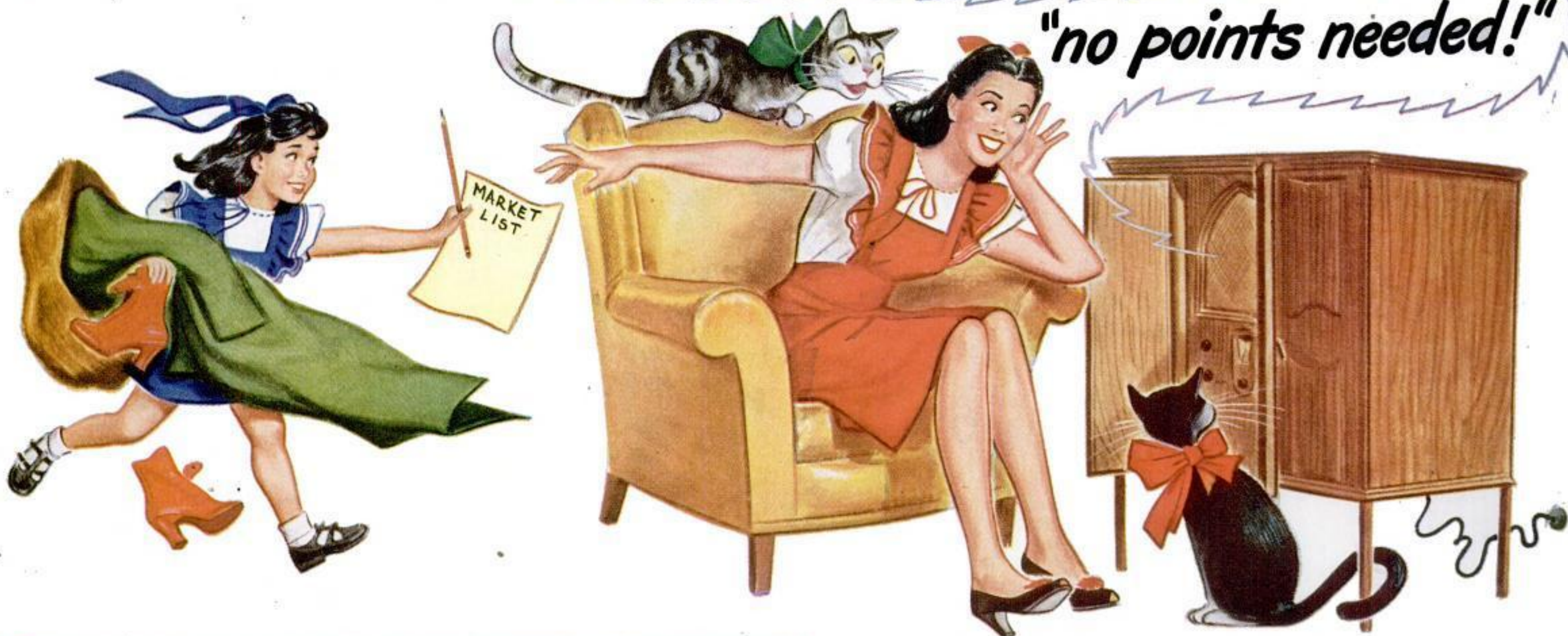
In this good game I always aim
To make a straight, true shot;
And then recoup with good hot soup—
That *always* hits the spot!

Campbell's CHICKEN SOUP

21 KINDS TO CHOOSE FROM: Asparagus • Bean with Bacon • Beef • Beef Noodle (*new!*) • Black Bean • Bouillon • Chicken • Chicken Gumbo • Chicken Noodle • Clam Chowder • Consommé • Green Pea • Mock Turtle • Cream of Mushroom • Ox Tail • Pepper Pot • Scotch Broth • Tomato • Vegetable • Vegetarian Vegetable • Vegetable-Beef.

"Farm-Fresh Corn in December," says Dinah Shore

"no points needed!"



1. "No points needed!" says Dinah Shore, Birds Eye's radio singing star. Milky, sugar-sweet, golden corn—in December! And Birds Eye GUARANTEES it to be tender and farm-fresh as any corn you ever tasted, or you get your MONEY BACK.



2. "Yes, it's really true that this wonderful Birds Eye Golden Sweet Corn comes straight to you (and me) from the richest cornfields in America—so farm-fresh you can almost sniff the fine country air in each clean-cut kernel. I repeat—"farm-fresh!"



3. "In midwinter, when the snow is on the ground, Birds Eye really defies Nature, to bring you the plump-est, sweetest eatin' corn ever stripped off a stalk. How come? Well, Birds Eye Corn is picked at its richest, juiciest best. And then, within 4 hours after picking—it's Quick-Frozen!



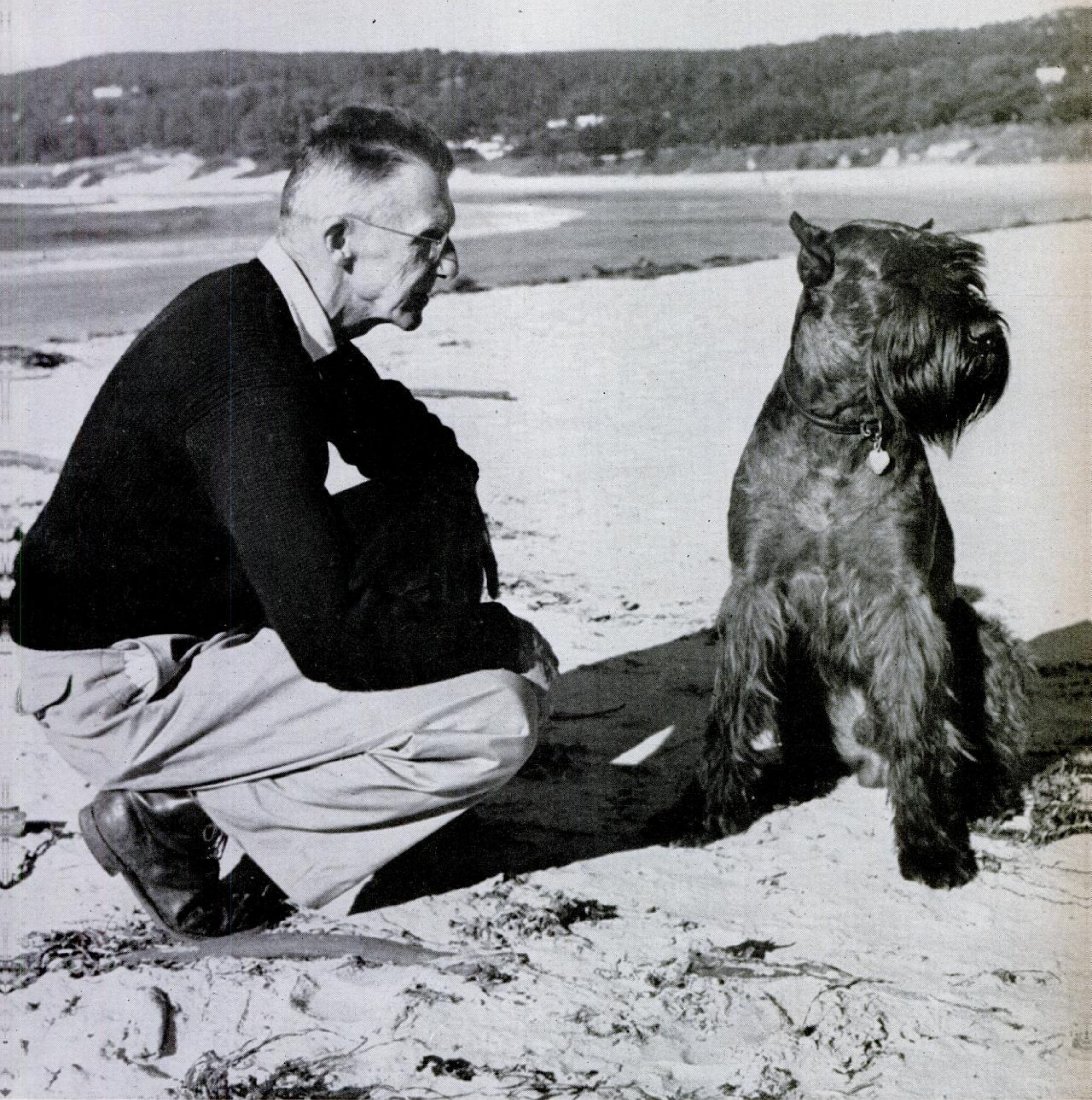
4. "This seals in all the full, creamy corn flavor—and there it stays till you open the Birds Eye package! So ... that's why you get it now—'way out of season. And it's waste-free, too. Treat yourself to a real, old-fashioned summer delicacy—today! You'll be a Birds Eye fan, too!"



"I'VE BEEN abroad, entertaining our boys," says Dinah Shore. "And coming home, I revisited many hospitals around the country. And you'll never know how much the help of our Cadet Nurses means to wounded men—and to overworked hospital nurses! But more are needed. If you're between 17 and 35, with a high school diploma why not become a Cadet Nurse? No war job is more important, and it means a lifetime education without cost. Your local hospital will give details."

Dinah Shore

TRY IT! TRY IT! Your Birds Eye grocer has Birds Eye Golden Sweet Corn right now—today! But, under wartime conditions, Birds Eye simply hasn't been able to produce enough of each of the other Birds Eye Foods to go 'round. So, select from those your grocer has—ALL are delicious! ATTENTION: There is only one Birds Eye brand of frosted foods. The one sure way to get that famous Birds Eye quality is to BE SURE the box reads: "Birds Eye!"



GENERAL STILWELL, WHO SAYS HIS HOUSEHOLD RANK IS "JUST AFTER THE DOG," PASSES A FEW MINUTES WITH HIS GIANT SCHNAUZER, GARY, ON THE BEACH NEAR HIS HOME

MAN AND HIS DOG

General Joseph Stilwell rests at home after his recall from China

Four-star General Joseph W. Stilwell, who fought a big part of the war against Japan for three years, now reads about it in the newspapers at home in Carmel, Calif. Relieved of his unusual command as chief of staff to Generalissimo Chiang K'ai-shek in October, Stilwell flew back to the U. S. early last month. He had his first press conference more than a week later, wisecracked genially with reporters and photographers and passed a number of informal remarks about the nature of Americans and Japs. ("The Japs

put soldier caps on their kids when they are just knee-high. I think our way is a damn sight better—with better results.")

The best guess as to the reason for Stilwell's recall was that Stilwell, under instruction from Washington, had asked Chiang 1) to put him in command of all China's armies (Chiang probably agreed) and 2) to work with Chinese Communists to speed up the war (Chiang probably refused). Stilwell said nothing at his press conference to confirm or deny this guess.



It's smart to say—I'll take
DUBONNET

CHILL IT... POUR IT... ENJOY IT
 Straight or mixed— in cocktails or highballs

DUBONNET is a world-famous drink—
 given unique flavor and aroma by a for-
 mula and process unchanged in 98 years.

VERMOUTH by **DUBONNET** (dry or sweet)
 makes Martinis or Manhattans something
 special! Try it today.



BUY WAR BONDS

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Gamboling with Gary, Stilwell has removed uniform for sweater and pair of khaki pants. The shadows on beach in foreground are of a battery of news photographers.



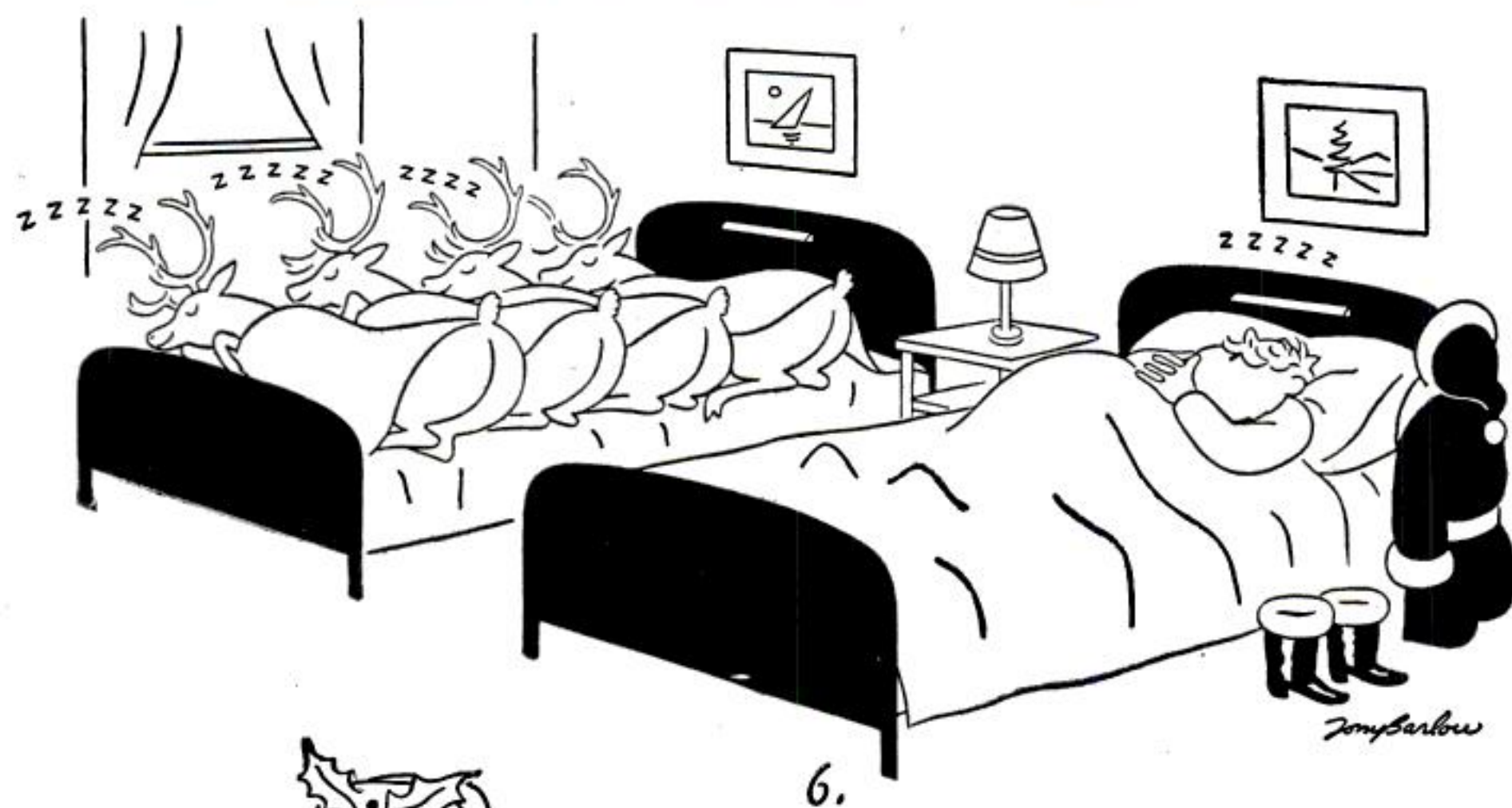
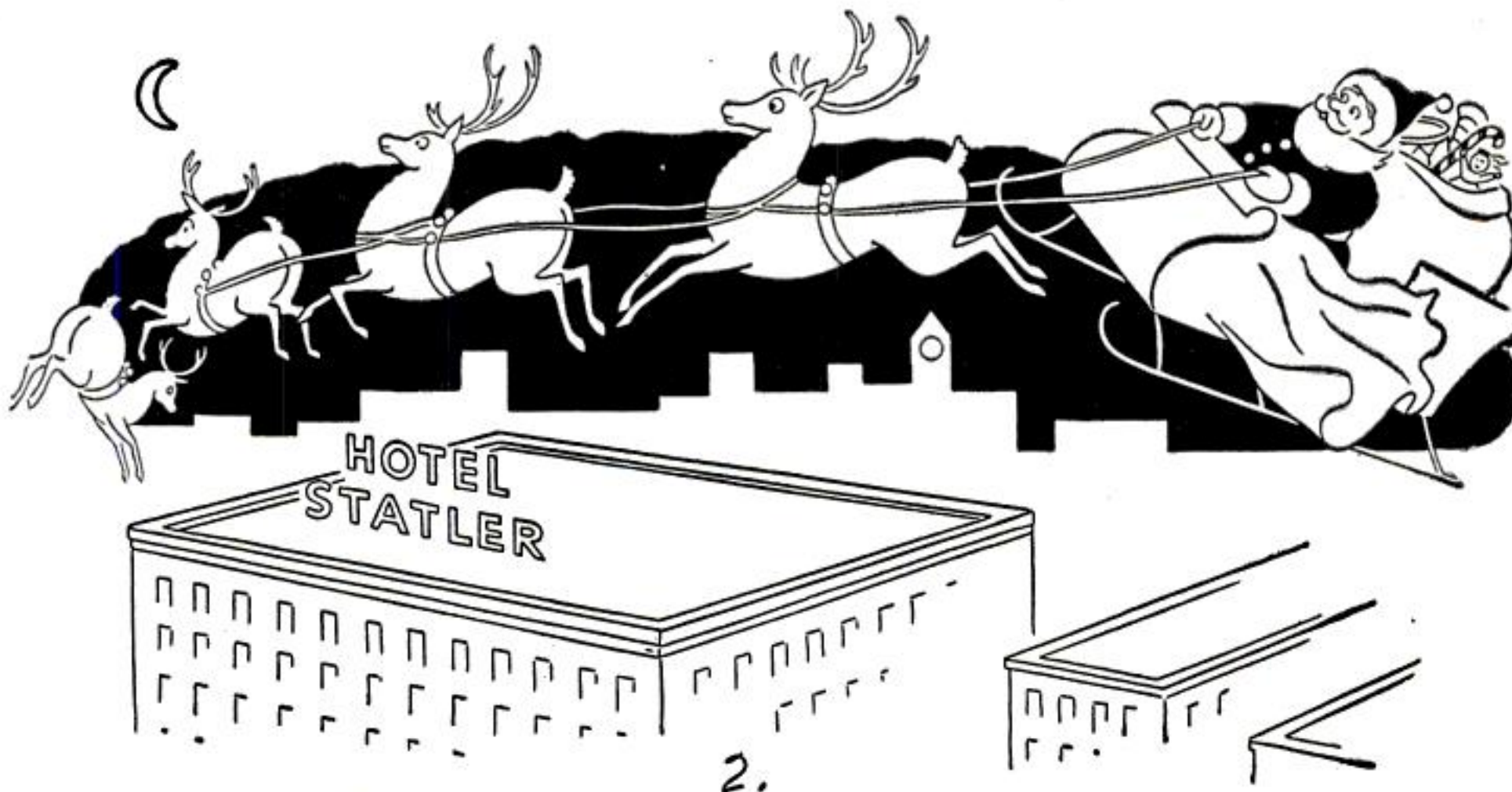
Kicking up heels, Stilwell and Gary exercise along California beach. Wiry, 61-year-old Stilwell outlasted many younger men in his retreat on foot from Burma in 1942.



Dog loses interest and strolls away from the general. Stilwell's home, Lanfair, built on the cypress-wooded Pacific shore at Carmel, is only two blocks from the beach.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 38

"...and to all a Good Night!"



—and here's Santa's reply to Joe:

Dear Joe

Sorry I couldn't bring you a Statler bed for Christmas. They are wonderful beds, Joe. And that's why they must stay right in the Statler hotels - giving weary travelers the refreshing nights of sleep they need. Try me again after the war.

Santa



HOTELS STATLER IN		
BOSTON \$3.85	BUFFALO \$3.30	CLEVELAND \$3.00
DETROIT \$3.00	ST. LOUIS \$3.00	WASHINGTON \$4.50

STATLER-OPERATED	
HOTEL PENNSYLVANIA \$3.85	HOTEL WILLIAM PENN \$3.85
NEW YORK	PITTSBURGH

Rates Begin At Prices Shown

FAMOUS PARKER GAMES



ROOK

Always and everywhere popular. Quick climaxes and exciting play. 75 cents.



CAMELOT

The fascination of Camelot, its interest and mental excitement increases by leaps and bounds after a beginner has played his first few games. Camelot is indeed "one of the few really great games"—Easily Learned. No. 25 gray-boxed set \$1.25; No. 80 Standard Edition—handsome pictorial and slightly larger board \$2; No. 90 Tournament Set, large board with large squares, enameled wood pieces \$3.50; No. 95 Tournament Set with Ivoroid pieces \$5.



MONOPOLY

Most Popular of the World's Great Standard Games

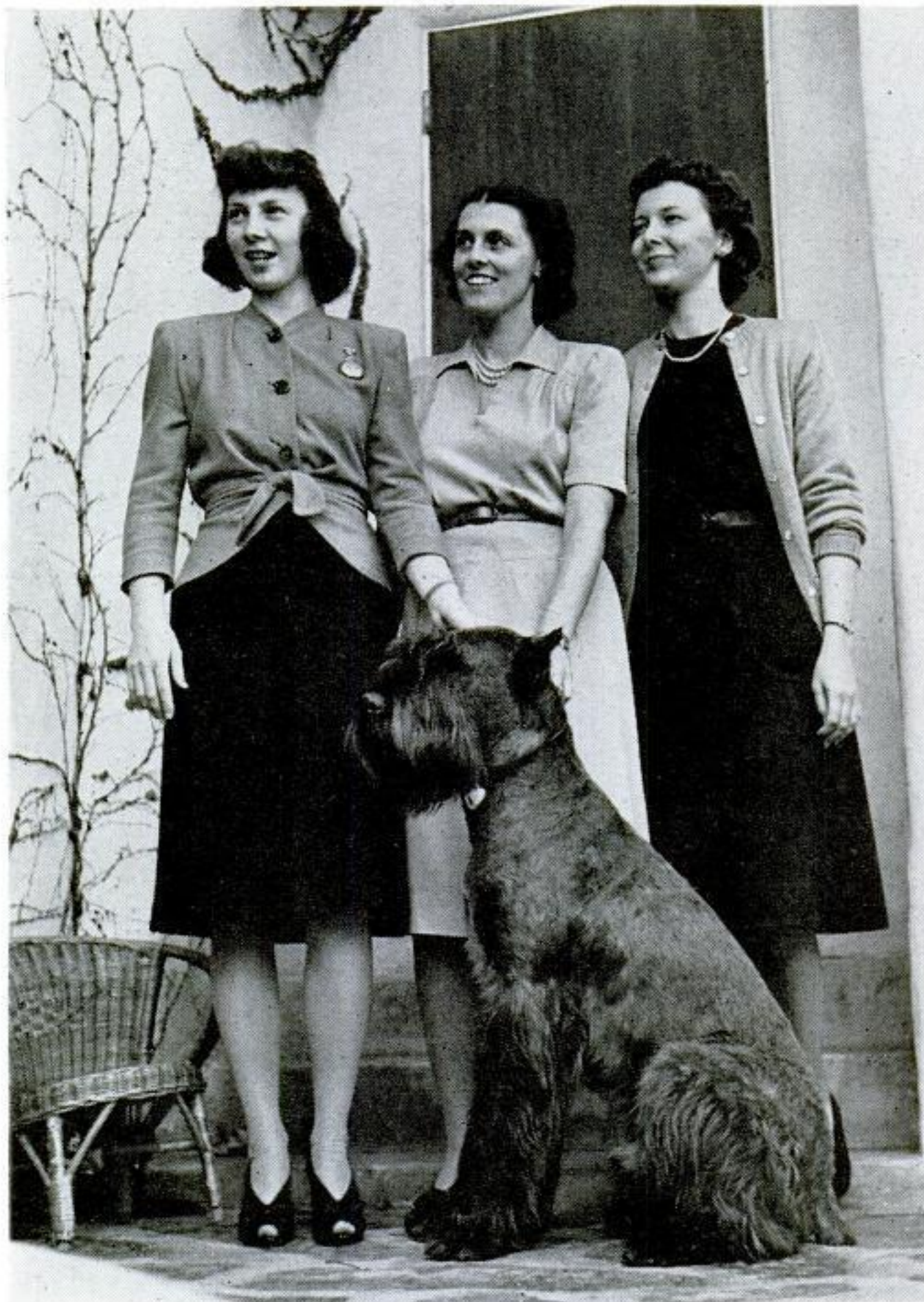
The great favorite at Home and Abroad and Best Seller of all Board games. Sets at \$2; better Set No. 8 always bound in pebbled green (2 to 8 players), \$2.50; Famous White box set with Grand Hotels, removable Bank tray, etc., \$3.50.



PIT

For a gay fun-making game, for laughter, excitement and a general good time nothing in card games has ever equaled PIT, now experiencing a remarkable revival. Tremendous favorite with young people and house parties. Fine quality cards 75 cents.

PARKER BROTHERS INC.
SALEM, MASS. • NEW YORK • CHICAGO



Stilwell's three daughters are (left to right) Mrs. Winifred Stilwell Cox, Mrs. Nancy Easterbrook and Alison Stilwell. Alison Stilwell's paintings appeared in LIFE, Oct. 2.



With his wife, the former Winifred Alison, Stilwell strolls through well-kept yard of his home. Stilwell wears his four-star shoulder insignia, but none of his decorations.

MEDICATED FOR SANDPAPER THROAT



Does your throat feel prickly when you swallow—due to a cold? Benefit from Luden's special formula. Contains cooling menthol that helps bring quick relief. Don't suffer another second. Get Luden's for that "sandpaper throat!"

LUDEN'S COUGH DROPS



YOU CAN'T BEAT this to relieve itching of SKIN and SCALP IRRITATIONS

So
Many
Druggists
Claim!



First applications of wonderful soothing, highly medicated liquid Zemo—a Doctor's formula—promptly relieve the intense itching and burning of Eczema, Athlete's Foot blemishes and similar skin irritations due to external cause. Zemo also aids healing.

Apply clean, stainless, invisible Zemo any time—it won't show on skin. First trial convinces! 3 sizes. Buy Extra Strength Zemo for stubborn cases. All drugstores.

ZEMO

FOR A TOUGH BEARD THIS KIT IS IT!



Famous
DURHAM
SHAVE
KIT
\$2.50

Sturdy Kit includes:
(1) Durham DuBarry Razor* (2) 10 famous Durham heavy duty, hollow-ground blades (3) Bladeholder and leather strop—for long blade life and finer shaving (4) Shave stick and comb
Mail \$2.50 direct if dealer can't supply
* Also available with barber-type razor
DURHAM-ENDERS RAZOR CORP., MYSTIC, CONN.

These faint green dots are all you see where **Kodak** super films are made

But actually this is what is going on

These faintly luminous buttons . . . two marking a person, one a machine . . . are all you see in the "spooling rooms" at Kodak Park where Kodak's super films are wound on reels.

ENTERING one of the super film spooling rooms, you pass through a series of "light locks." As the last heavy curtain falls, you stand in tomb-like darkness . . .

The more sensitive the film to light, the more nearly absolute must be the darkness protecting it. Kodak's super films are sensitive almost beyond belief.

A low voice murmurs in the dark, "Watch out . . . watch out." Then you see a tiny green glow, like radium . . . two of them . . .

That, you are told, marks a person. One glow would be a machine. Then you realize that the room is eerie with the quiet movements of people and machines.

The people have learned to work by touch. "In training," in the light, they school themselves by describing aloud what they are doing . . . action by action. Thus:

"Pick up reel. Am I feeling the flange with my finger tip and the edge of the paper with my thumb? . . . Take off rubber band. Did I take it off downward?"

On and on like that. Ask one of them in the darkroom—in the room, for example, where Kodak Aerial Film is being spooled—how she likes this work. She answers, "I like it better than anything else. I know how important it is."

The Army and Navy get much of their information about the enemy from aerial pho-

tographs. With Kodak's super films, daylight pictures are made from as high as 40,000 feet . . . night pictures, by the light of flash bombs, from as high as 20,000 feet.

Amateur snapshooting always benefits from the continuing research and manufacturing skill which produce Kodak's super films. Kodak Super-XX Film, for snapshots at night, indoors, and for pictures under bad lighting conditions, is an excellent example of this. It is spooled in the dark in rooms exactly like those described above.

Another is Kodak Verichrome. Though less sensitive, and handled under red instead of green light, it is nevertheless turned out under constantly refined methods that make it the most reliable of films for everyday picture making.

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY
ROCHESTER, N. Y.



REMEMBER RED CROSS WORKER ESTHER RICHARDS?—how she was badly injured in the bombing of a hospital ship while caring for American wounded?—how she asked to be sent again to the front—was killed on duty at Anzio beachhead? A stern example to us at home. BUY MORE WAR BONDS.

Serving human progress through photography

**HURRY! LAST CHANCE TO ENTER
SWAN'S "NAME THE SWAN" CONTEST!**

\$100 A MONTH FOR LIFE!

OR \$20,000 IN A LUMP SUM NOW!



1 Grand Prize ... \$100 a month for life, or \$20,000 in a lump sum now

1 Second Prize \$1000

5 Prizes \$100 each

50 Prizes \$50 each

100 Prizes \$25 each

350 Prizes \$10 each

\$35,000 IN ALL!

LOTS OF CHANCES TO WIN!

(NOTE TO DEALERS: Help your customers win a prize, and win a prize yourself! See trade magazines for full details about the \$5000 prize money for dealers.)

506 OTHER CASH PRIZES

Financial Independence! Security for life! A home of your own! College for your kids! Travel after the war! No more money worries . . . ever!

Your Biggest Dream can come true if

you win the Grand Prize in Swan's easy, interesting contest. Because you'll find a \$100 check in your mail . . . *every month* . . . for the rest of your life!

Plenty of Other Cash Prizes will be handed out, too. There are 506 additional awards . . . which mean 506 additional winners. *You* may be one. It's easy! Here's all you do:



Find a first name for Mama Swan!

... and then complete this sentence in 25 words or less: **"I LIKE SWAN SOAP BETTER BECAUSE..."**

**HINTS TO HELP
YOU WRITE A
WINNING NAME! →**



You've seen Mama Swan for years in Swan Soap ads. She stands for the mildness, purity, and sudsiness of Swan Soap . . . and that should give you ideas for her first name. You might call her "Mrs. Sudsy Swan" because Swan Soap is so rich and extra sudsy. Or "June Swan" because Swan Soap is mild as a day in June.

You can't use the above suggestions, but you *can* think up better ones! Send 'em in! And be sure to complete this sentence in 25 words or less: "I like Swan Soap better because . . ."

Just follow these simple rules:

1. Send in a first name which you think is appropriate for Mama Swan. Then complete this sentence in 25 words or less: "I like Swan Soap better because . . ."
2. You may secure an official entry blank from your dealer, or write on your own stationery. Use pen, pencil, or typewriter, but be sure to print clearly your own name and address and that of the dealer where you bought Swan. Let your dealer help you . . . and if you win a prize, he wins one, too. Write on one side of paper only.
3. Mail your entry to Swan, Box 34, New York 8, N. Y. Submit as many entries as you wish, but each entry must be accompanied by a Swan Soap wrap-

- per (large or regular size). Each entry must include both a suggestion for Swan's first name and the 25-word statement. Use sufficient postage.
4. The winning names will be selected for their originality and appropriateness by an independent organization of experienced contest judges. In case of ties, the 25-word statement (which must accompany each suggestion for Mama Swan's first name) will be the deciding factor . . . on the basis of originality, sincerity, and aptness of thought. If there are any remaining ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded to each tying contestant. Decision of the judges will be final. No entries can be returned. All entries and ideas therein become the property of Lever Brothers Company.
5. Any person 18 years of age or older in the continental United States or Puerto

- Rico and Hawaii may compete, except employees of Lever Bros. Company, their advertising agencies, and their families. Contest subject to all Federal and State regulations. All entries must be the original work of contestants submitted in his or her own name. All members of a family may compete, but no more than one prize will be awarded to one family.
6. Names of major prize winners will be announced on the George Burns & Gracie Allen and "Bright Horizon" radio programs as soon as possible after the contest closes. Complete list of winners will be sent to anyone sending stamped, self-addressed envelope.
7. Contest closes December 15, 1944, and all entries must be *postmarked before* midnight of that date, and received before January 8th, 1945.

IMPORTANT: Mail the wrapper from a cake of Swan Soap (large or regular size) along with your suggestion for Mama Swan's name to Swan, Box 34, New York 8, N. Y. Send in all the names you wish—but be sure each name suggestion is accompanied by a Swan wrapper and the 25-word statement. Also send us the name of your Swan dealer. **And get your entry in now!** The time is getting short! Swan's Contest closes December 15th, 1944. So get busy and earn some of that prize money!



MR. AND MRS. GEORGE APLEY DISCUSS FREUD. WITH TYPICAL NARROWNESS HE SAYS, "SEX VERY LARGELY GOVERNS THE LIVES OF PEOPLE—IN OTHER PARTS OF THE COUNTRY"

"THE LATE GEORGE APLEY"

A PULITZER PRIZE NOVEL ABOUT A BOSTON BRAHMIN BECOMES A DELIGHTFUL NEW BROADWAY COMEDY

George William Apley was born in the house of his maternal grandfather, William Leeds Hancock, on the steeper part of Mount Vernon Street, on Beacon Hill, on Jan. 25, 1866. He died in his own house, which overlooks the Charles River Basin and the Esplanade, on the water side of Beacon Street, on Dec. 13, 1933. This was the frame in which his life moved, and the frame which will surround his portrait as a man. He once said of himself: "I am the sort of man I am, because environment prevented my being anything else."

Thus begins *The Late George Apley*, John P. Mar-

quand's 1938 Pulitzer Prize novel about a Boston Brahmin. Last week George S. Kaufman's and Mr. Marquand's dramatization of *The Late George Apley* reached Broadway. The play, like the novel, is more than a satiric portrait of a provincial upper-class Bostonian. It is an examination of the conflict between a rich Bostonian's Puritan conscience and the leisurely life his inherited wealth forces upon him. George Apley has good intentions but he is frustrated. "We seem to be doing so many little things always," his wife tells him. "...if we were more like other people."

The play takes one year out of Apley's lifetime

and by telescoping facts makes it representative of a whole era. For Broadway purposes George Kaufman has broadened the novel's satire and has contributed original material. But the play remains faithful to the spirit of its model. It is still a penetrating comedy of manners. It still expresses old Boston's disapproval of Yale men, Freud, the Boston Irish and cigarettes, its pleasure in bird walks, genealogies and Emerson. That it succeeds so beautifully is due in large measure to Leo G. Carroll's marvelous interpretation of George Apley and skilled performances by Janet Beecher as his wife and Percy Waram as his friend.



ON THANKSGIVING APLEY CLAN GATHERS IN PARLOR. SECOND LEFT IS DAUGHTER ELEANOR, WHO LOVES A NEW YORKER. IN CENTER IS SON JOHN, WHO LOVES A WORCESTER GIRL.



1 Apley scolds a servant for having placed sacred Emerson on the bookshelf beside *Scarlet Letter*.



2 At Mrs. Apley's someone mentions a near-blind dentist. Mrs. Apley says, "But he's very good if you find your own cavities and point them out to him."



3 Eleanor and New York beau confront her parents who are appalled because she has had two cocktails, is slightly tipsy.



6 Crisis comes when Cousin Hattie is buried in Apley's plot. He orders her dug up and then relents.



7 First cigaret is given George by Eleanor's beau. George confides he once met man on train who had a bottle. Man, he adds, was a New Yorker, of course.



8 Narrow-minded cousin is told by George, who now is broadened, that the Apley children can marry anyone they please.



SIGHS COUSIN JANE, "WE'VE SAT IN THESE SAME SEATS FOR 18 THANKSGIVINGS"



His youthful love for an Irish girl is confessed by Apley to his son John.



"You live in a narrow world," Apley is told by unprovincial Bostonian brother-in-law.



Amused by news that club member dropped dead when stranger got into members' room by mistake, George says, "What will happen if strangers come to the funeral?"

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

BIG YANK SHIRTS

There's much more than good looks and fine tailoring in these Reliance-made shirts—there's maximum wear and warmth too! Reliance Big Yank Shirts are made in cheery plaids and plain shades. Reliance Ensenada wool shirts include the much wanted Buffalo plaids, as illustrated. Perfect for work and all outdoor activities they rank first with men, young and old. Featured by better stores everywhere as often as Reliance's military obligations permit civilian shipments.



RELIANCE MANUFACTURING COMPANY

212 W. Monroe St. • Chicago 6, Ill.

New York Offices: 200 Fifth Ave. • 1350 Broadway

MAKERS OF Big Yank Work Clothing • Ensenada Shirts and Slacks • Yankshire Coats • Universal Pajamas • No-Tare Shorts • Kay Whitney and Happy Home Frocks • Yank Jr. Boys' Wear • Parachutes for Men and Matériel





PATRICE MUNSEL
Met Opera star

DON VOORHEES
MOT Conductor

Tune in on your BLUE NETWORK Station To Hear
the Newsmakers You See in **LIFE**

The MARCH of TIME

(Sponsored by the Editors of TIME)

↙ NOW ON
THE BLUE NETWORK

Every Thursday evening at 10:30 Eastern War Time



TRUMAN



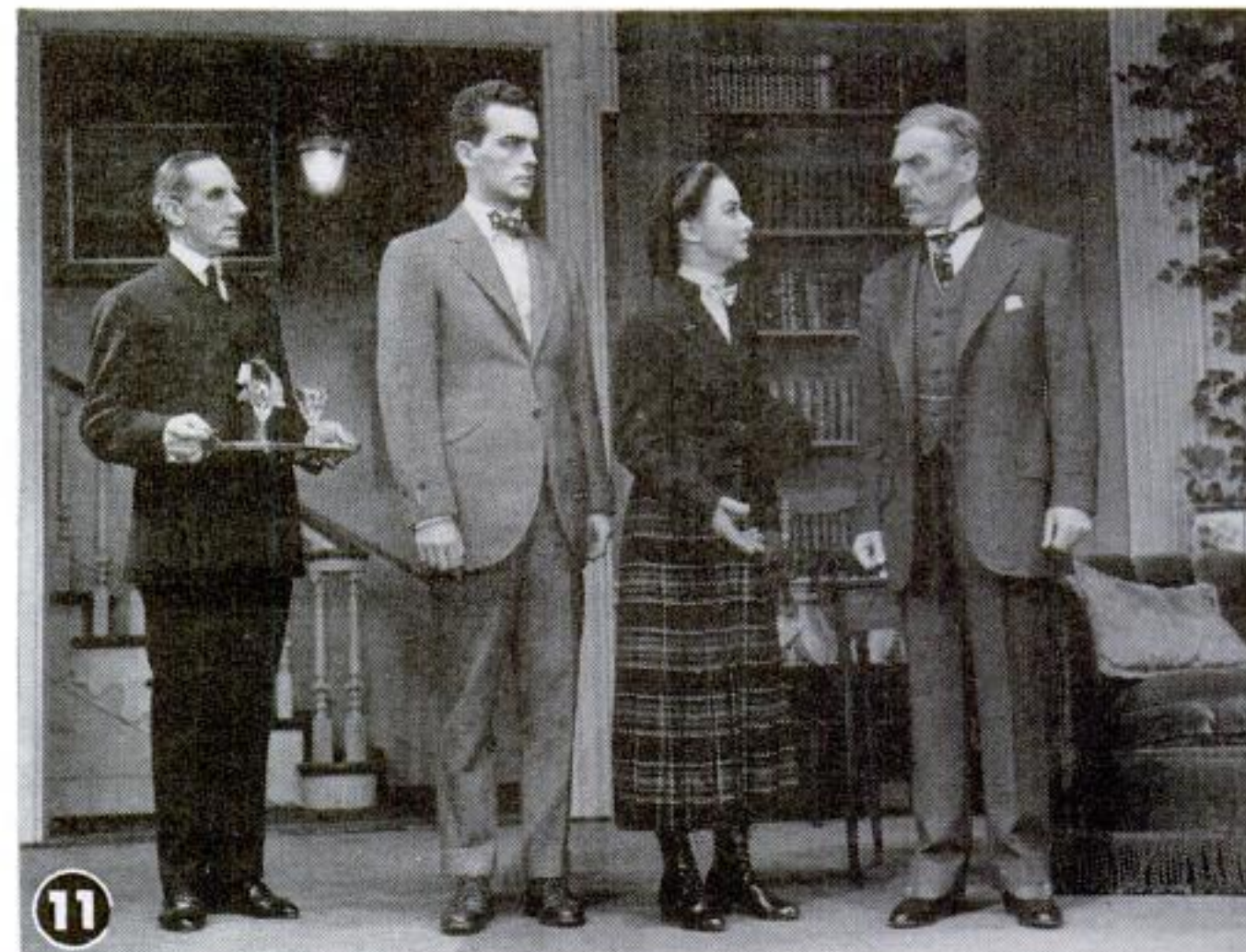
STARK

Theater (continued)



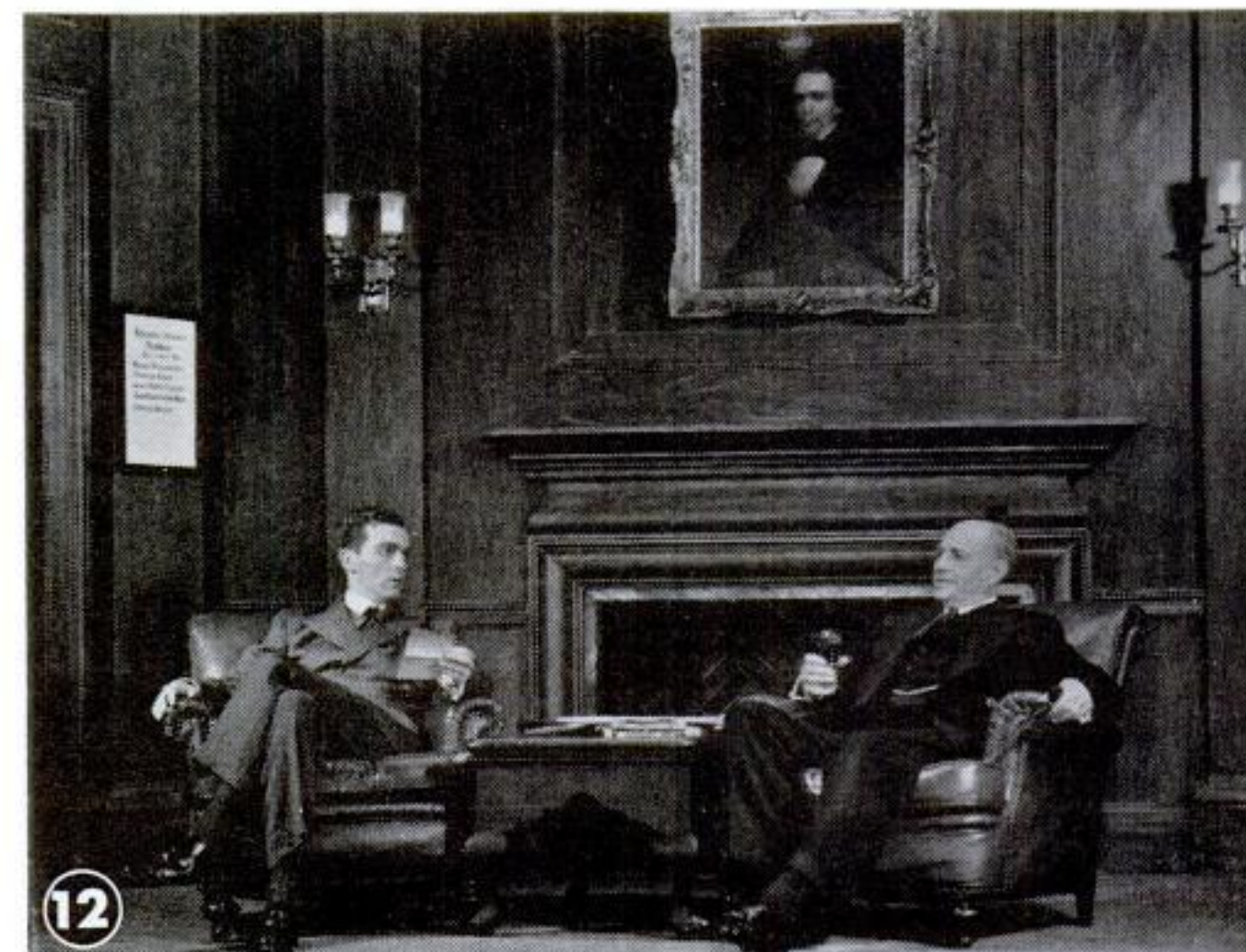
10

Down from Worcester comes father of girl John loves. A self-made man, he astonishes Apley by saying marriage between old Boston and new Worcester would fail.



11

Apley reverts to type, having confirmed original impression that different kinds of people don't mix. He tells children they must give up their loves. Eleanor refuses.

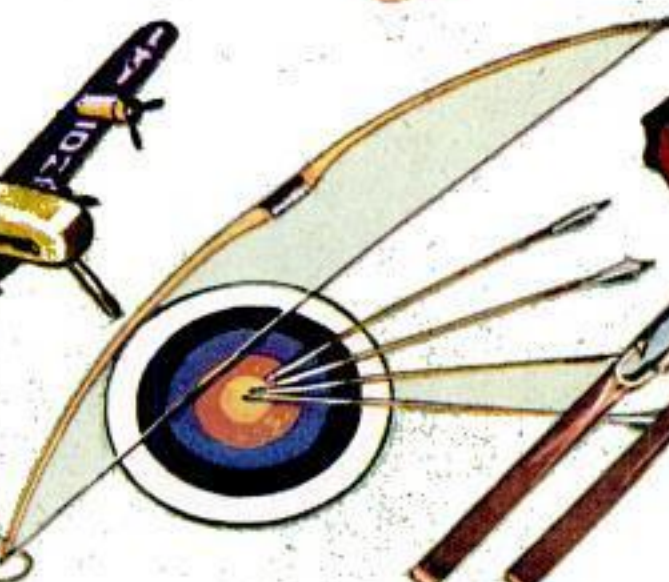


12

Epilogue takes place 12 years later. Apley has died. Son John has married his Boston cousin. John wonders if his sister, Eleanor, can be happy married to a New Yorker.



Make Firestone YOUR Gift Headquarters



FOR QUALITY
PRODUCTS AND
SERVICE SEE
YOUR FIRESTONE
DEALER STORE
OR
FIRESTONE
STORE



FOR extra quality, extra value merchandise make your nearby Firestone dealer store or Firestone store your headquarters for Christmas gifts this year. There you will find a wide selection of practical gifts for family and friends. But please remember that stocks of many items are limited. So don't delay — save tires, save gasoline, save time and save money by doing your Christmas shopping the convenient, one-stop Firestone way.

For the best in music, listen to the "Voice of Firestone" with Richard Crooks and Gladys Swarthout and the Firestone Symphony Orchestra conducted by Howard Barlow every Monday evening over NBC network.



The Legend of the Super Tomato

(OR WHY CITY FOLKS LIKE OUR COUNTRY STYLE CATSUP)



People are always asking us Snider Folks how we get that down-on-the-farm flavor in Snider's Catsup. Well—let's go right out in the tomato patch with Farmer Snider and find out.

See that big, beautiful tomato? The reason it's so big and beautiful is because Grandma Snider's always been persnickety about what goes in her catsup kettle! And so . . . years ago . . . Farmer Snider set out to grow *extra special* tomatoes.

He even started some in greenhouses . . . petted 'em and pampered 'em . . . picked and chose 'em

. . . until one day, we all said, "That's it! That's the tomato for *our* catsup kettle!" And ever since, only tomatoes that are just as good as THAT TOMATO go into Snider's Catsup.

We wash 'em 'til they shine, chop 'em up,

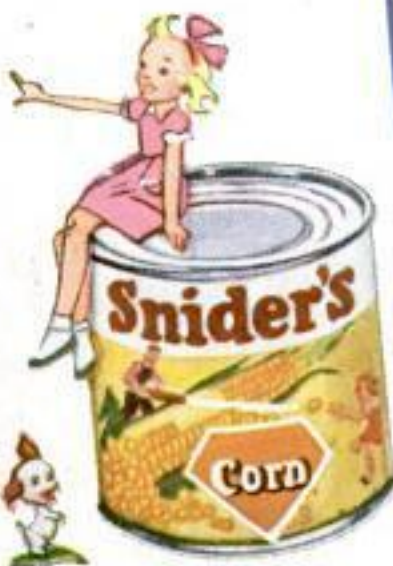
then cook 'em in mild spices according to the Snider Folks' wonderful secret recipe. Just to *smell* Snider's Catsup cooking is a treat! When you want a country-style catsup that tastes mighty different from ordinary store-bought catsup, you want Snider's! If the Snider Folks put it up, it *tastes like home!*



The Snider Folks



And don't forget **Snider's Canned Corn** . . . put up fresh from the cob! It's a real flavor treat — Cream Style or Vacuum-Packed Whole Kernel. Snider's Corn's just one of a full line of fruits and vegetables the Snider Folks put up . . . and every one has that same farm-fresh tastiness. Be sure to buy Snider's . . . in can and in jar, the Snider Folks bring the garden to your table!



Grandma Snider's mighty proud of **Snider's Old Fashioned Chili Sauce** too! It's made from her own recipe — and it's even got that "homey" chunkiness that comes from cutting up tomatoes by hand! When it comes to making chili sauce, Grandma Snider's a crackerjack! Try it, folks — you'll like it!



"Ahoy, there!" says Old Salt Snider. "Our famous **Snider's Cocktail Sauce** is the makin' of any sea food dish. A treat on meat, too! Full of zip, and zest, and tang! It's delicious . . . it's different . . . there's nothing quite like it to make the simplest dish taste fit for a king."

If the Snider Folks put it up . . . it tastes like home



WINSOME AND PLUMP, MARY MARGARET MCBRIDE LOOKS LIKE A TYPICAL MARY MARGARET MCBRIDE FAN. SHE SNUGGLES UP TO THE MICROPHONE, CHATS COZILY INTO IT

MARY MARGARET MCBRIDE

A SUPERSALESWOMAN SHARES ADVENTURES OF MIND AND STOMACH WITH A HOST OF RADIO LISTENERS

by PHILIP HAMBURGER

Between Mary Margaret McBride and several million housewives within earshot of New York's WEAF there exists a communion that approaches the mystical. The bonds that unite Mary Margaret and her flock (who would plunge headlong into bowls of dehydrated split-pea soup rather than call her by any other name) appear to be based on mutually shared adventures of the mind and stomach. Each weekday afternoon at 1 p.m.—Monday through Friday—Mary Margaret takes to the air over WEAF for 45 minutes.

She usually devotes the first 30 minutes of her stint to matters of the mind—interviews with authors, actresses, midgets or other representatives of the glamorous "outside world." She then devotes herself to matters of the stomach—plugs for such items as oven-baked beans and gingerbread mix, paeans to chocolate bonbons and roasted coffee, not to mention deodorants guaranteed to clear the house of the delightful odors just conjured up.

In many homes a recipe hint from Mary Mar-

garet has the majesty of law. In response to her mention not long ago that a host of brave and wonderful things could be done with a loaf of bread, 31,439 persons flooded the mails with requests for the recipes. In January 1942 Mary Margaret offered her people free samples of noodle soup. Within two weeks virtually the entire eastern seaboard was awash with noodles and 13,903 families from New England to North Carolina, by actual count, had become helpless addicts. Some years ago, despite a carrot glut in



*
"Soft Hands
 are things
 on which the dazzled
 senses rest"

—"Woman, When I Behold Thee,"
 John Keats



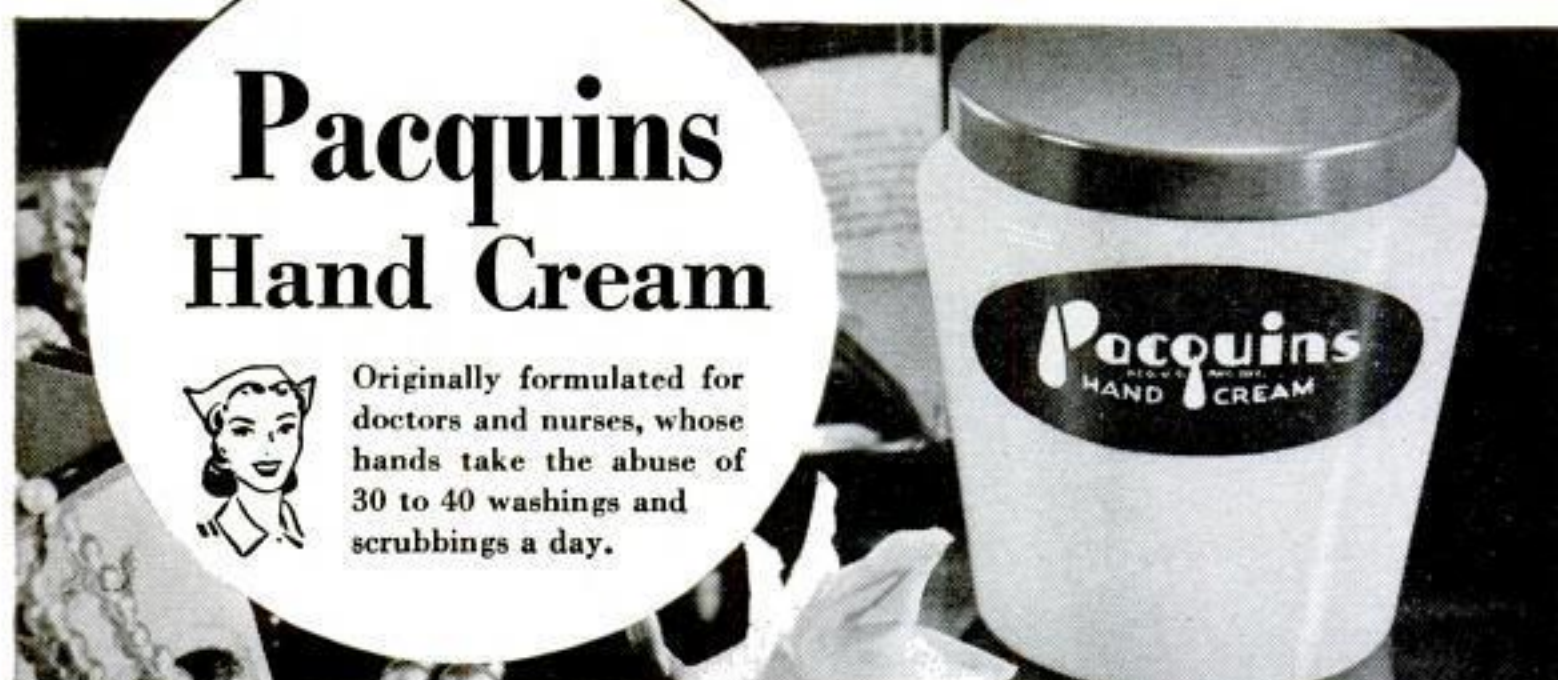
* True—but
Hard Work
 can turn them into
 things you want
 to hide!

Housework can AGE lovely hands—but it needn't

WASH and scrub all day...and still have soft, young-looking hands that dazzle a man's senses?

Try Pacquins and see! This smooth hand cream comforts flaky-rough hands with a soothing feel...blesses them with a look of milky-white smoothness right away.

In spite of housework and soapy-water jobs, Pacquins can help keep your hands young-looking. Doctors and nurses ought to know...they scrub their hands 30 to 40 times a day...and Pacquins was formulated for them! A fragrant joy to use. Not greasy, not sticky. Get a jar of Pacquins today.



Pacquins
Hand Cream



Originally formulated for doctors and nurses, whose hands take the abuse of 30 to 40 washings and scrubbings a day.

AT ANY DRUG, DEPARTMENT, OR TEN-CENT STORE



Radio's most famous female team, Manager Stella Karn and Mary Margaret McBride, have been friends for 20 years. Stella's upstate farm is Mary Margaret's favorite retreat.

MARY MARGARET MCBRIDE (continued)

eastern markets, she so enthused over the merits of Winter Garden carrots that sales jumped from two to 10 carloads daily. "Why, gracious me, if I hadn't tried those carrots," one of her steady listeners recently recalled, "Mary Margaret would have gotten all riled up."

Such exhibitions of loyalty on the part of her public have become commonplace and have prompted *Printers' Ink* to refer to Mary Margaret's program as "perhaps the most outstanding example of reliance upon the word of a human being in the commercial field." *Movie-Radio Guide* has called her "Lady Number One of the Air." The Wall Paper Institute has presented her a medal in honor of her "Outstanding Contribution to Stimulation of Interest in Home Decoration." The State of Missouri, her home state, once set aside Nov. 22 as Mary Margaret McBride Day. To commemorate her tenth anniversary on the air, the National Broadcasting Company hired Madison Square Garden for the afternoon. Twenty thousand fans turned up, including Mrs. Roosevelt, Margaret Bourke-White, Fannie Hurst and Fred Waring. In 1943 the All-American Rose was named in her honor. "Blooming in queenly dignity," say the seed catalogs, "Mary Margaret McBride will remain in never-fading glory throughout the hottest summer weather. Very generous in heavy spring bloom and continuing all summer and fall... \$1.50 each; 3 for \$3.75; 12 for \$15." Miss McBride accepts her continuing procession of honors with an air of stunned appreciation. "Just think!" she said when told about the roses, "thousands of little Mary Margarets planted all over the country!"

Fundamentally, Mary Margaret's stock in trade is innocence. Those who know her only through the sound of her voice—girlish, hesitant, often bewildered—picture her as a demure adolescent with pigtails, spotless in her calico, watching the parade of life with bright, wide eyes. Those who view her in person, although forced instantly to revise their estimate as to size, retain their original feeling as to quality. Forty-five years old and built along the broad general lines of Kate Smith, she has artfully preserved an air of a little girl lost in the big city. Nowhere is this better demonstrated than in an escalator ride Miss McBride takes daily, after her broadcast, into a basement restaurant of the RCA building in Radio City. A situation wherein a plump lady travels on an escalator contains certain standard elements of low comedy and in the hands of a lesser artist Mary Margaret's trip could easily become disastrous. She utilizes the journey, however, to invoke deep feelings for her personal safety. With a half-dozen or more gaping admirers close on her heels, she approaches the escalator in a state of flutter, walking with tiny steps and emitting yips of fright. Installed on the escalator, she clings breathlessly to the railing, her fans meanwhile watching her descent as though she were a frightened child who had stepped from a burning building onto a fireman's ladder. When she touches solid ground they heave audible sighs of relief.

Even under less precarious circumstances, her round, red-checked face, surmounted by a boyish bob, generally bears the expression of a temperamental child. Over the years her private life has become so subtly merged with her public personality that today there is no visible difference between Mary Margaret, herself, and Mary Margaret, the radio queen. Her manager and best friend, Estella



Fan mail often totals 5,000 letters a week, includes gifts of homemade fudge, bed jackets and emu eggs. Mary Margaret answers mail herself, signs the letters in red pencil.

Karn, testifies that whenever Mary Margaret privately becomes poutish and begins to whimper (a condition which can be induced at the drop of a muffin), the swiftest way to restore her equanimity is to offer her a piece of cake or candy. Personal friends thus find themselves in much the same predicament as her fans and, rather than argue with Mary Margaret or hurt her feelings, they do her bidding. This technique earns her an annual income in excess of \$80,000.

Today, after 10 years on the air, Miss McBride has 12 sponsors, each of whom pays her \$150 weekly to mention his product during every broadcast. In addition, each sponsor pays \$275 weekly to the station for radio time. Her accounts currently include soap, shoe polish, bread, meat and washing powder, but over the years she has lifted her voice in behalf of such items as corned-beef hash, milk, tomato paste, tapioca, broccoli, salmon, spaghetti, shelf paper, dog food and telephones. Admission to the McBride program is the commercial equivalent of admission to Groton. Usually there are two dozen or so products on the waiting list. Mary Margaret will accept no product until she has received laboratory reports as to its merits, tested it herself and become convinced that she can speak of the product with genuine enthusiasm. So thoroughly does she transmit this enthusiasm to her audience that a famous movie star once admitted that after hearing Mary Margaret talk about Sweetheart Soap she washed her face for the first time in 17 years.

Purple tulips and split-pea soup

Few aspects of her private life remain hidden from her fans. She daily reports on her activities during the previous 24 hours: baking an apple pie; observing the habits of flowers ("For about an hour and a half yesterday I sat on the grass watching a purple tulip, trying to see it open."); having her picture taken with a cow ("I love country sounds. Somehow, the lonely mooing of a cow always thrills me."); or eating dinner at home ("Well, last night I had company, so I used Smith's Split Peas and, do you know, Stella came over and did the most wonderful thing. She dropped into the soup little fat pieces of sausage. . ."). She speaks so often of Stella Karn's 185-acre farm near Kingston, N.Y., where she spends a great many weekends, that the majority of her listeners could unquestionably find their way blindfolded through the main house and adjoining grounds. "I've never really been there," a Jersey fan said recently, "but I guess the happiest weekends of my life have been spent with Mary Margaret and Stella, up at the farm."

Every fan worthy of the name is similarly aware of Mary Margaret's devotion to food, an attachment by no means confined to the products she represents on the air. "Boys," she once said while reminiscing about her childhood, "didn't interest me nearly as much as food." Practically everything she does reminds her in one way or another of a meal, or at least part of a meal. Thus, speaking some years ago about Mont St. Michel, she related, "There is nothing else like its Gothic fortress abbey in the world—so grim and beautiful on its high island. I was thinking about Mother Poularde's omelets. . . ." Scraps of food keep swimming into her consciousness, and in detailing her emotions while spending the weekend on a friend's New York penthouse terrace, she once said, "You stretch out on one of

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Christmas pleasure

IN DOUBLE MEASURE



THE REGISTRAR

America's Fastest Selling Billfold

This Christmas, give him a PRINCE GARDNER REGISTRAR—the billfold that's *twice* as convenient! For the Pass Case with its windows for snapshots and credentials is quickly *detachable* . . . leaving a wafer-slim billfold for dress! Indexed folders; secret pockets; hidden compartment for large bills. "Invisibly stitched" to eliminate outside threads that may wear and ravel. Hand boarded India Goatskin. Black, Brown or Gahna Mission Brown. \$5. Others to \$20. Plus Tax.



PRINCE GARDNER

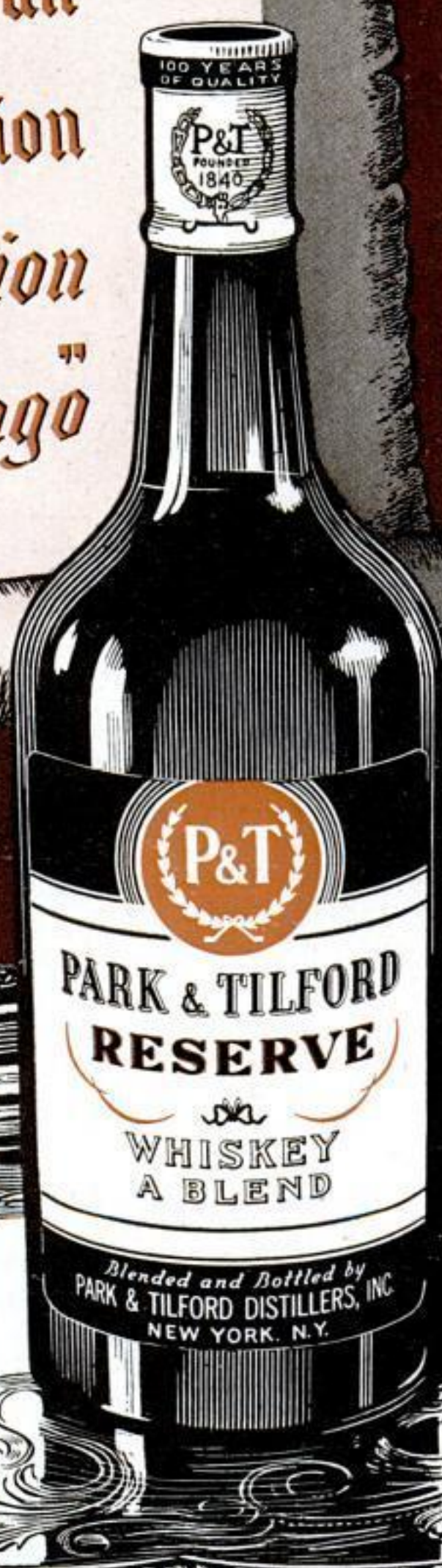
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MARY MARGARET MCBRIDE (continued)

those comfortable porch swings. . . . I hadn't a thought in my head, except maybe snatches of memory of this and that—a gray stone wall covered with red and pink rambler roses; a Scotch moor purple with heather; a French pancake delicately, butterily thin on the tongue. . . ." Several times a year, at the very least, Mary Margaret reminds her people of her favorite meal: "Hot biscuits, light and fluffy as a dream, creamy mashed potatoes, fried chicken with thick cream gravy, mustard greens cooked with side meat and the whole topped off by a mother-made apple dumpling rich with cinnamon and butter and brown sugar."

Prominent among the elements that compose a Mary Margaret program is her announcer, Vincent Connolly, a tall, jovial, public-spirited young man who has been with her for eight years. To Vincent falls the honor of saying each day, "It's one o'clock and here's Mary Margaret McBride," the traditional opening gambit. A Princeton man and bachelor, his private life, like Mary Margaret's, is an open book to the fans. "I do wish Vincent would get married," she often says over the air. "Why don't you, Vincent?" "I don't know, Mary Margaret," he replies, probably with complete honesty. For a brief period last summer while Vincent seemed on the verge of marrying a young actress, Mary Margaret breathlessly delivered daily reports on the romance, arousing her listeners to such a pitch of excitement that many of them stubbed their toes bumping into vacuum cleaners. "Now where am I?" she will often say to Vincent. "You were about to speak of Griffin Allwite," he says tolerantly. "You know, it outsells all other shoe cleaners combined."

Fencers, silversmiths and little boys who make brownies

Each day Miss McBride entertains a guest on her program, and over the years she has presented her public with a staggering list of celebrities ranging from the adviser to the Grand Lama of Tibet, to managers of Alaskan dog teams and researchers into Indian poisons. One day it will be a psychologist ("He got us stirred up again about the man-woman question") and the next day Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, the fencing champion, who indulges in a demonstration match over the air. Mary Margaret has uncanny skill as an interviewer, and under her spell high-strung actors, authors, artists, men of affairs, Iraq silversmiths and little boys who help their mothers make brownies, tend to relax, feel cozily at home and become talkative. Jimmy Durante appeared on the McBride program and, barking like a seal with a head cold, told such touching stories of his youthful struggles that both Mary Margaret and Mr. Durante began to cry. When Mary Margaret interviewed Sally Rand she found in her the soul of a poet and drew out homely reminiscences of the dancer's childhood in the Ozarks. Appearing on her program just after his return from India, Louis Fischer, an old McBride stand-by, said, "You know, Mary Margaret, the whole time I stayed with Gandhi I thought I would starve, and all I could think of was those Gingies you talk about." She often relaxes her guests to the point where they lose control of the muscles of their jaw, and recently an elderly authoress became so voluble that nothing could silence her except Mary Margaret's bursting into tears.

Mary Margaret comes naturally by her coziness and air of simplicity. She was born in November 1899 in a Paris, Mo. farmhouse. Her youth, according to her own fluent recollections, was spent in a perpetual whirl of butter churning, cake baking and raffish pulling. Her father, a farmer with wanderlust, kept his wife and four children pretty much on the move, but her mother managed to lend stability to the family. She imparted to Mary Margaret a respect for feather beds, hot food and high standards of personal conduct which time has not dimmed. Early in life she memorized a passage from *Dr. Chase's Recipes or Information for Everybody* ("Whisky is the key by which many gain entrance to prisons and almshouses, and ale causes many ailings while beer brings to the bier.") and to this day she will accept no liquor advertising on her program. She signed the temperance pledge when she was 8 and shortly thereafter came down with the measles. The family doctor tried to dose her with whisky but she clung resolutely to the pledge. "God will let the measles break out without any toddy," she said.

Mary Margaret majored in journalism at the University of Missouri, took a part-time newspaper job at \$10 a week and earned her degree in two and a half years. Hired by the *Cleveland Press*, she reported a routine Baptist convention with such fervor and attention to detail that the Interchurch World Movement promptly offered her a feature-writing job in New York. In 1921 she hurried east and met an affable girl called Stella Karn at the next desk. Their paths have run parallel ever since.

When the Interchurch World Movement dissolved, Mary Margaret went to the *New York Evening Mail* as a feature writer, gradu-



"Mary Margaret McBride Day" was celebrated in Missouri in 1940. Mary Margaret paraded through streets of Mexico, Mo., where she had her first full-time newspaper job.

ating soon into national magazines. During the '20s she carved out a substantial career as one of the highest-paid women writers in the country, but by 1932 magazines could no longer pay their accustomed rates and her income dropped precipitately. Just as she hit rock bottom an astrologer predicted that her professional life would soon run in other channels. Three months later she won an audition held among 50 women writers at WOR, the winner to appear daily on a sustaining program of household chitchat at \$25 a week.

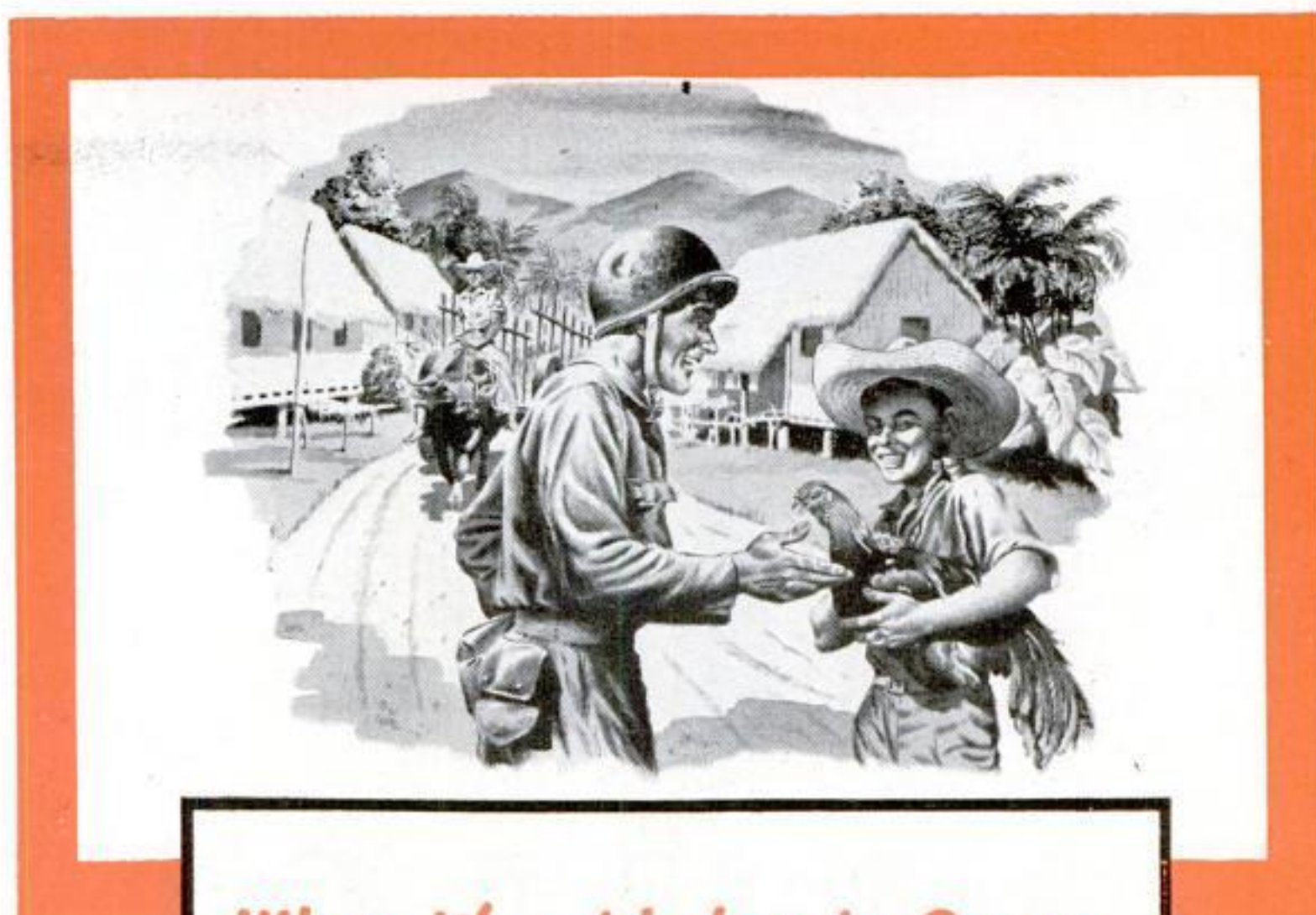
Mary Margaret first appeared at WOR as "Martha Deane," a name of her own concoction. The studio also handed her a fixed set of ideas for the program. Martha Deane, they insisted, was an elderly woman with a pack of grandchildren and a passion for disguising leftovers. Mary Margaret exercised self-control for several broadcasts and then rebelled. "I am not a grandmother at all," Martha Deane said suddenly in the middle of a broadcast, while studio officials turned pea-green in the control booth, "and I have no grandchildren, and from now on I intend to talk about myself." The public's response was immediate and enthusiastic. For the next seven years Mary Margaret, as Martha Deane, talked about herself with gusto—30 minutes daily for a few months, 45 minutes five times a week for the next six years. In 1940 she left WOR and appeared exclusively over CBS on a 15-minute program. As the name Martha Deane belonged to WOR she was compelled to leave it behind. The advantage of being herself at CBS was offset for Mary Margaret by the fact that 15 minutes barely gave her time to pull herself together. Once a person has talked three-quarters of an hour daily, one-quarter tends to bring on oral claustrophobia and Mary Margaret returned joyously about three years ago to her old 45-minute schedule, tears streaming unashamedly down her cheeks during her first broadcast, while ushers passed out cookies to a select studio audience of loyal fans.

Grapefruit seeds, emu's eggs and samplers

Each year Mary Margaret's fans thrust themselves deeper into her personal life. Her apartment, a duplex overlooking Central Park, is cluttered today with outpourings of their affection: in the living room, floral prints and large reed chairs with fan backs; in her combination office and boudoir, numerous footrests with hand-embroidered covers; in her bedroom, drawer upon drawer of dolls, nighties, handkerchiefs, towels, perfume, necklaces of dried grapefruit seeds and an emu's egg with hand carving. Over her maple bed are samplers made by the fans, reading JOY BE WITH YOU WHILE YOU STAY; EARTH HAS NO SORROW THAT HEAVEN CAN NOT HEAL; ALL THAT I AM OR HOPE TO BE I OWE TO MY ANGEL MOTHER.

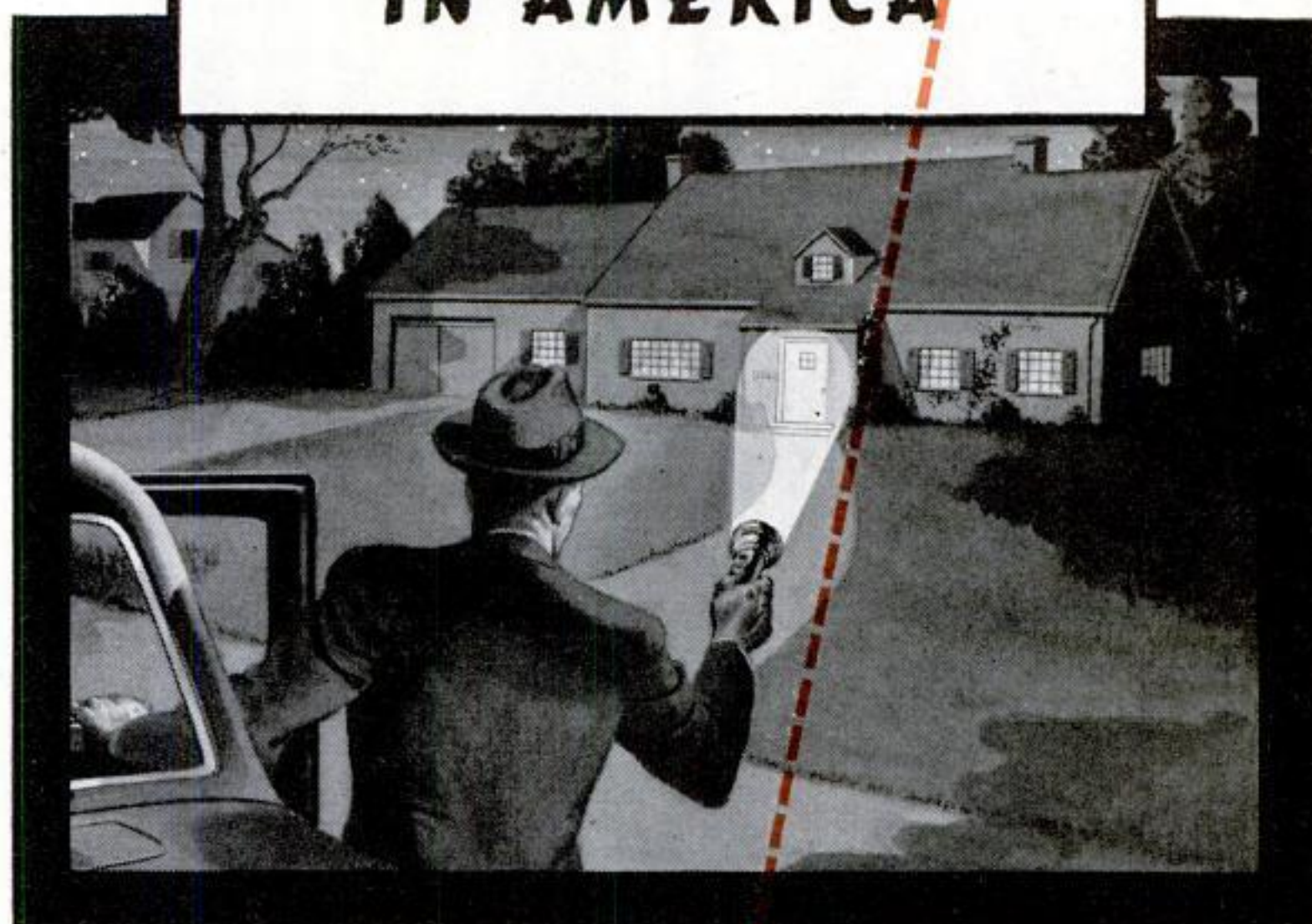
Mary Margaret lives alone. She apparently has no beaux, a situation which causes her fans deep concern. Work fills her life, and virtually every day she rushes to some Westchester or New Jersey community to open a bazaar or address a gathering of ladies. At home, just before supper, she generally climbs into brightly colored Chinese-silk pajamas and curls up on a couch to answer a batch of the 5,000 letters she receives weekly, dictating to a secretary and

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



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MARY MARGARET McBRIDE (continued)

signing all letters with red pencil. After supper she reads a mystery or light novel and sometimes after midnight picks up the book or play to be discussed on the next day's program. She reaches repeatedly for the box of chocolates that lies at her side and makes occasional excursions into the kitchen to finish a bowl of cold baked beans, mix herself a glass of chocolate milk or make some fudge. Around 2:30 or 3 in the morning, her mind improved and her appetite appeased, she falls asleep.

Seventy-five to a hundred of Mary Margaret's fans, both men and women, are on hand each day for her broadcast, neatly brushed and combed and lined up outside the studio door in double file, like schoolchildren at a fire drill. Mary Margaret arrives in the hallway several minutes before one o'clock, walking rapidly down the line and shaking hands with each of her constituents. "Wonderful dear hello my my you again gee," she mumbles, entering the studio, her fans trooping behind. They arrange themselves on metal camp chairs facing a long table with a microphone. "Is everybody comfy?" asks Mary Margaret. "How many people here from Westchester? Hold up your hands now! Anybody from East Orange? You're from Texas, dear? Imagine that!" A few seconds before one o'clock Vincent arrives with the guest of honor, amidst squeals of delight from the audience. Mary Margaret sits opposite her guest and Vincent at the long table, and promptly at one, to the recorded tune of *Beautiful Lady*, Vincent says softly, "It's one o'clock and here's Mary Margaret McBride. . . ." "Who is all in a dither," Mary Margaret is likely to say, "because yesterday I saw a squirrel and named him after you." "After me?" says Vincent. "Yes," says Mary Margaret, "'cause he had curly hair and reminded me of you. . . ." For the next 45 minutes Mary Margaret interviews her guest, wriggles in her chair, adjusts her hair and from time to time glances at scraps of paper to remind herself of various products. Her method of including them all each day approaches the surrealist and her transitions are not detectable by the naked ear. "Last night those lovely ladies at Sea Girt told me what they do with the Mix," she will say, "and do you know out in Flatbush where it's all hard water, well Dif washing powder is remarkable just remarkable, and I told Stella that the Smith's Split Peas are so warming to the insides Frances was wiping the silverware with Noxon, of course, do I have any time, Vincent?" "Just a few seconds, Mary Margaret," Vincent says. "What about O.D. 30?" "O.D. 30!" Mary Margaret says, "That beautiful unbelievable deodorant! Do you ever need to get rid of any bad smells around the house, Vincent?" "Just last night, Mary Margaret," he says, "I put O.D. 30 into a flowerpot filled with old flowers." "You, Vincent?" she screams, her hands fluttering, "and of course those beans baked in open pots all day yum until each bean is perfection. . . ." "Mary Margaret will return tomorrow at one o'clock," interrupts Vincent firmly, Mary Margaret's voice trailing into nothingness. She promptly walks to the door, shakes hands again with each guest as they file out ("Wonderful thanks darling come again oooh.") and takes an escalator to the basement restaurant. "The usual," she says to the waitress, settling herself at a small table. "Hot tea and two scoops of chocolate ice cream."



Fond of rich food, Mary Margaret likes to spend off-duty evenings curled up with a mystery and a box of candy. She sucks filling out of candy, discards chocolate shell.

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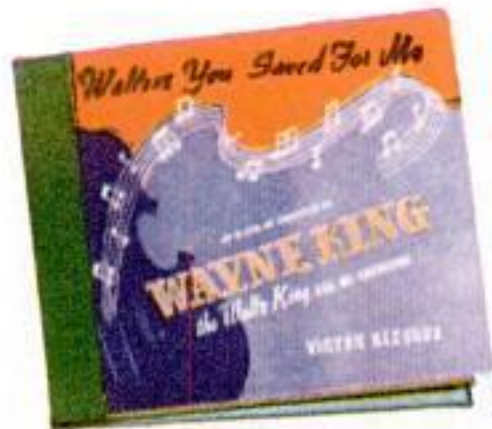
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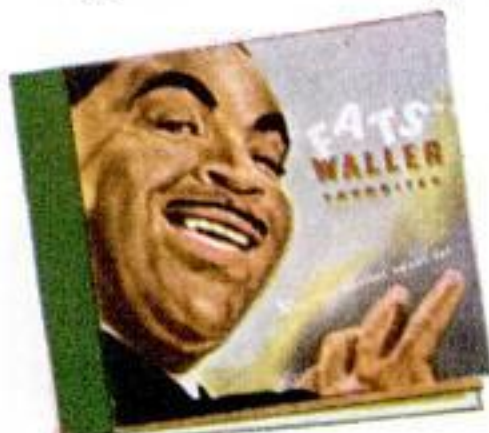
Wayne King and his Orchestra offer *Waltzes You Saved for Me*, including "I Love You Truly," "Alice Blue Gown," "La Golondrina," "Three O'Clock in the Morning." P-70, \$2.50



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This briar comes from the regions around the Mediterranean Sea, and only from there. It is a natural product. It has to grow. After that, it has to be mellowed and seasoned. It requires time, like making a home. It cannot be hurried or short-cut. Because of all this, a Kaywoodie coaxes the best out of tobacco, and you will find it always one of the permanent good things of life.



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SAMMY'S IS A DINGY, CROWDED PLACE. BEER IS 10¢ UNTIL 7 P.M., AFTER 7 IT IS 15¢ AT BAR, 20¢ AT TABLES. GLASSES ARE WASHED IN STERILIZING MACHINE FOR 20 MINUTES



From outside Sammy's looks like any Bowery saloon. At night, panhandlers tag after customers entering Sammy's.

SAMMY'S BOWERY FOLLIES

BUMS AND SWELLS MINGLE AT LOW-DOWN NEW YORK CABARET

Sandwiched in among the flophouses and missions which litter New York City's seedy Bowery is a nightclub called Sammy's Bowery Follies. From 8 in the morning until 4 the next morning Sammy's is an alcoholic haven for the derelicts whose presence has made the Bowery a universal symbol of poverty and futility. It is also a popular stopping point for prosperous people from uptown who like to see how the other half staggers.

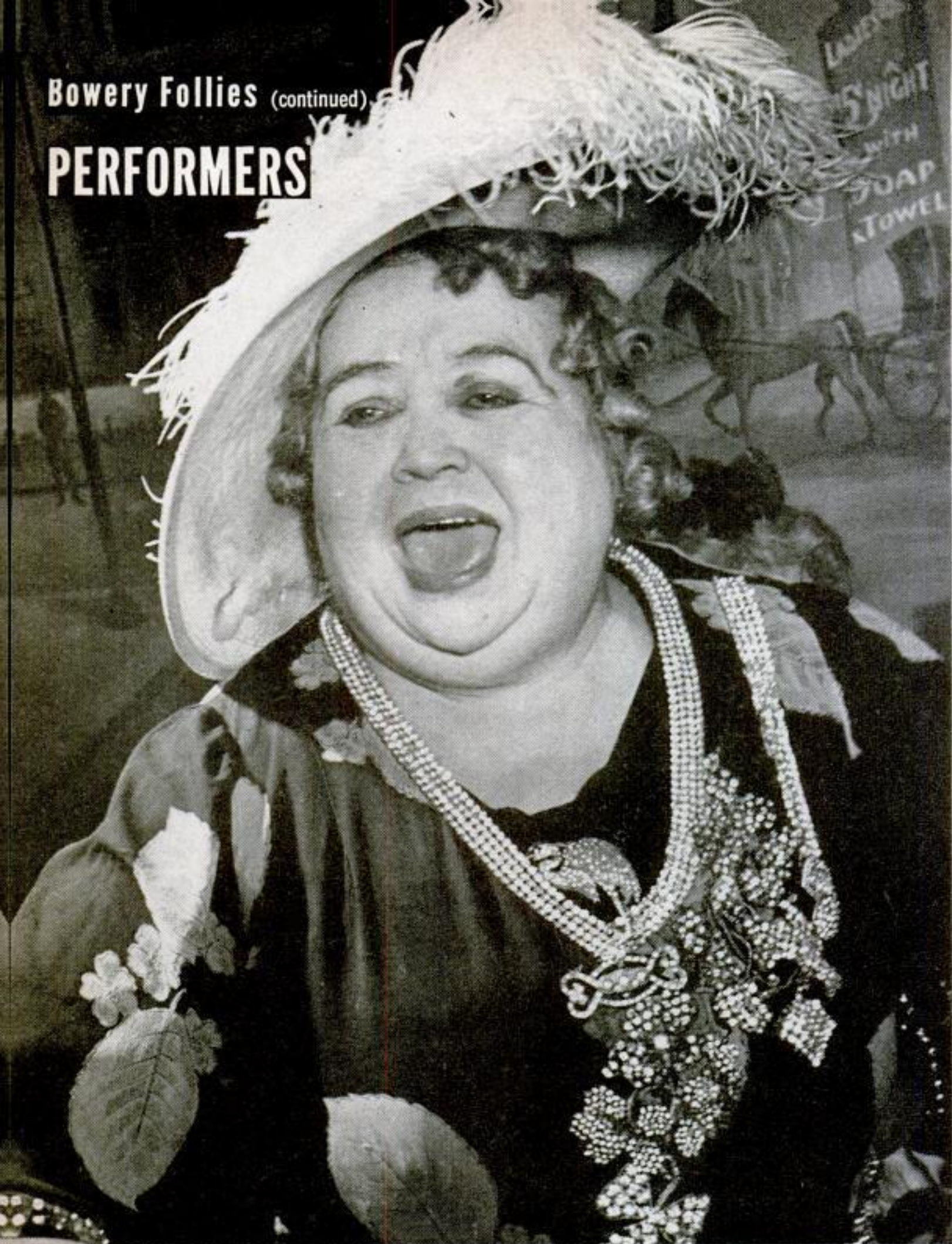
Ten years ago Sammy Fuchs opened a saloon at No. 267 on the Bowery. One day three years ago, according to Sammy, a monocled customer who later turned out to be a British lord told Sammy that he came there because he was tired of the formal and stuffy places uptown. Realizing that there must be others who shared the peer's feeling, Sammy took out a cabaret license, hired some former vaudevillians and advertised his place as the "Stork Club of the Bowery." The uptown clientele began to pour in, attracted less by the entertainers than by the general spectacle of dirt and degradation offered by the frowzy men and blowzy women whom Sammy likes

to have around his saloon to provide "atmosphere."

On the floor at Sammy's is caked sawdust. On the regular customers, sometimes, are bedbugs. On the walls are Gay Nineties scenes and a moralistic observation supposedly made by George Washington: "The foolish and wicked practice of profane swearing is a vice so low and mean that every person of sense and character despises it." Sammy's stewbum patrons sometimes ponder these words carefully then walk away swearing quietly.

The pictures on these pages were taken by Alfred Eisenstaedt, who had a fine opportunity to compare Sammy's with the plush Stork Club which he had photographed only a week before (LIFE, Nov. 6). Both establishments frown on fighting among customers. But where the Stork ushers unruly customers firmly but graciously out past the velvet rope, Sammy's has bouncers who have raised the bum's rush to the level of high art. A Scotch-and-soda is not cheap in either place: 96¢ at the Stork, 90¢ at Sammy's. There are no pretty cigaret girls at Sammy's. Customers buy cigarets from a machine for a penny a cigaret.

PERFORMERS



Oldest entertainer at Sammy's is Dora Pelletier, who is said to be past 70. She worked along Barbary Coast and in vaudeville. Singers at Sammy's make from \$35 a week up.

Sammy's "Mae West" is Norma Divine who likes to impersonate the bosomy actress. She has worked in cabarets for about seven years, is addicted to black, woolly, false eyelashes.

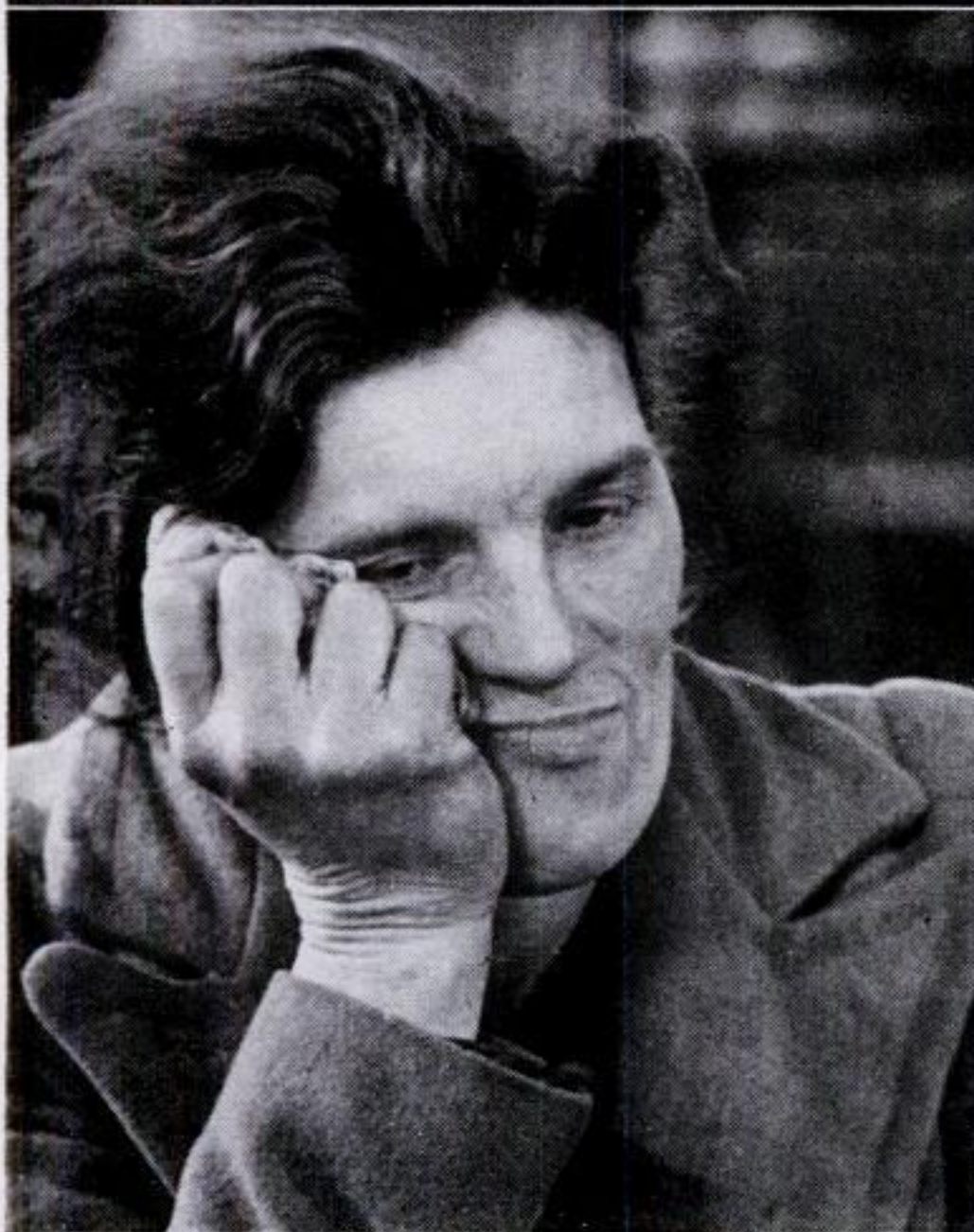
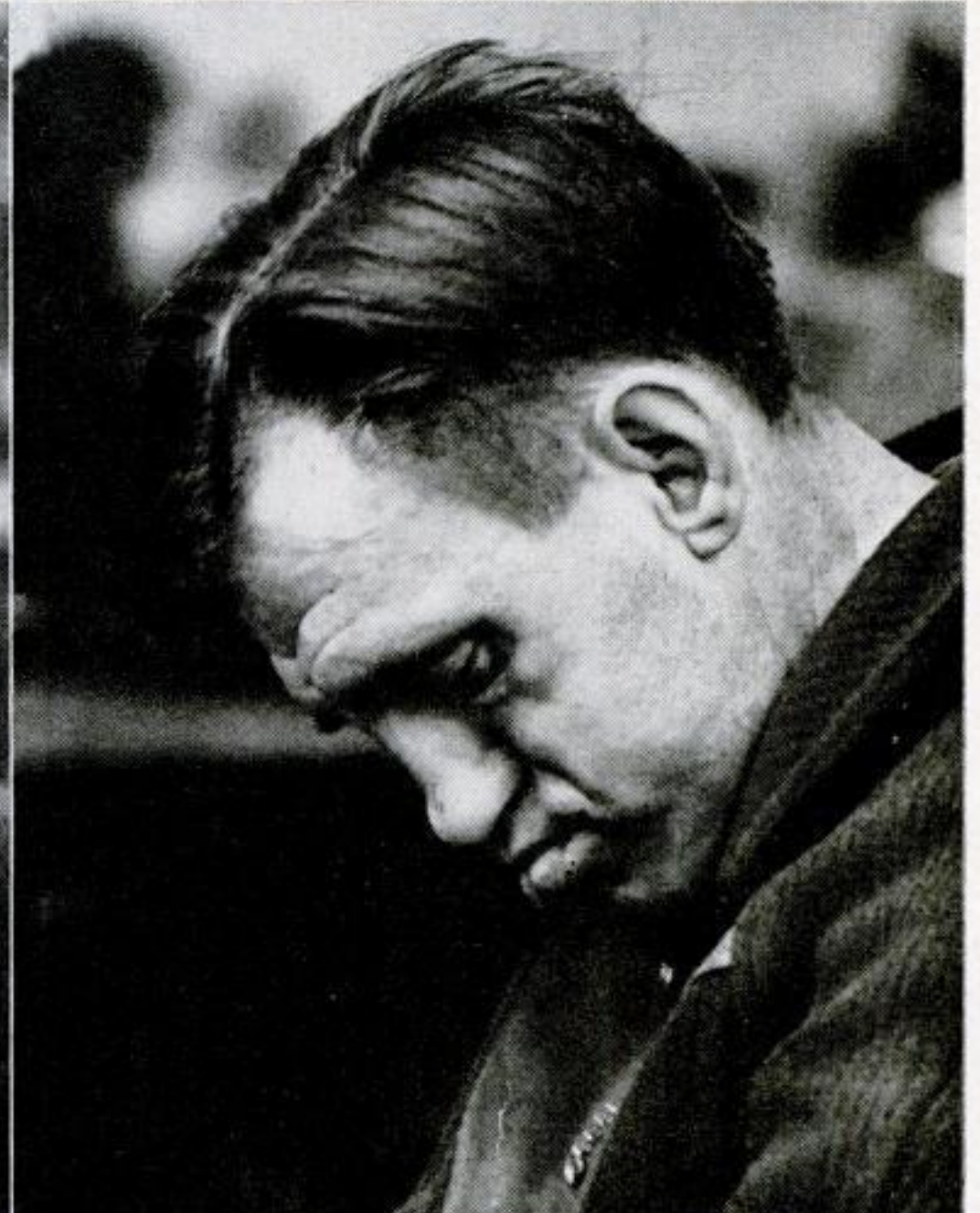
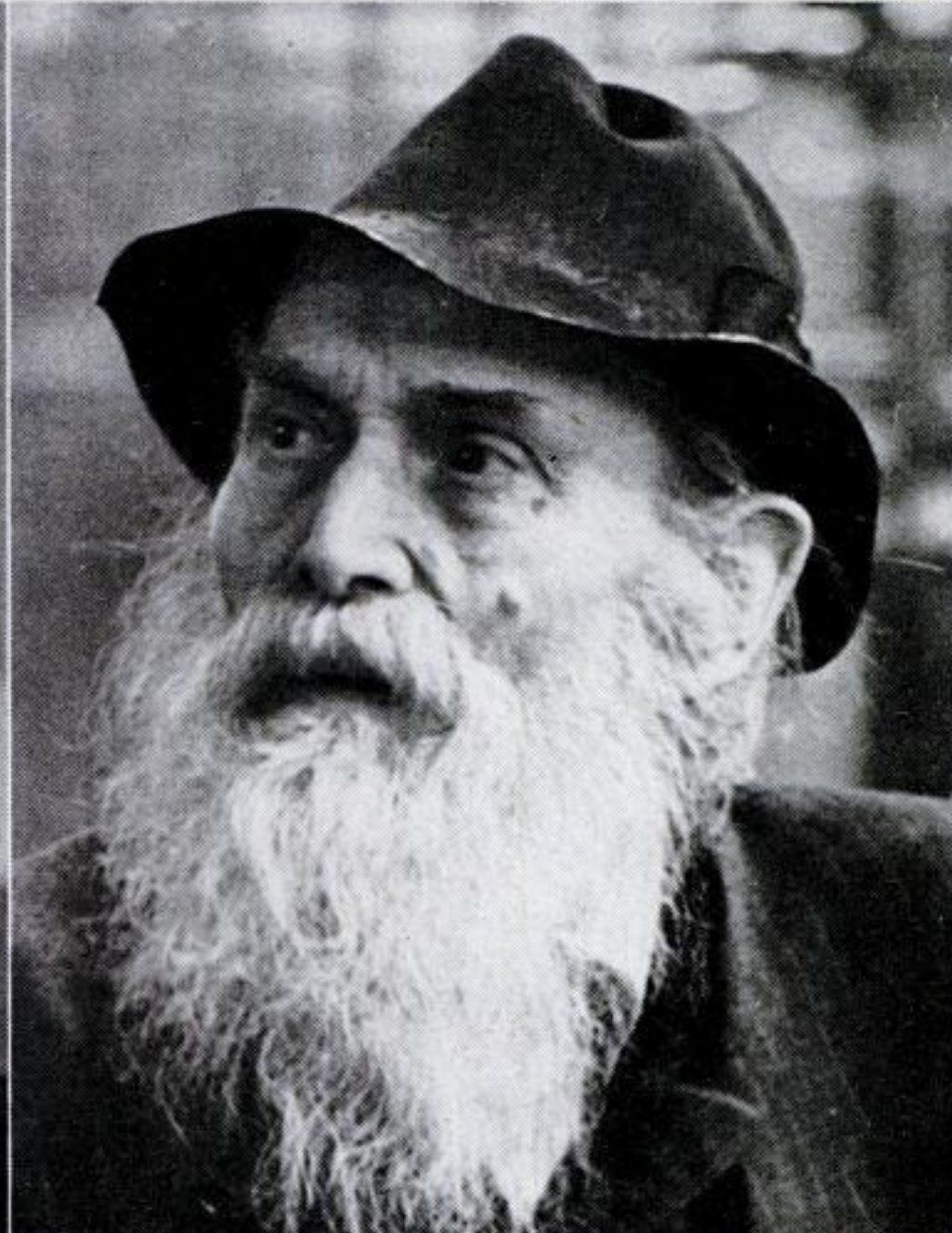
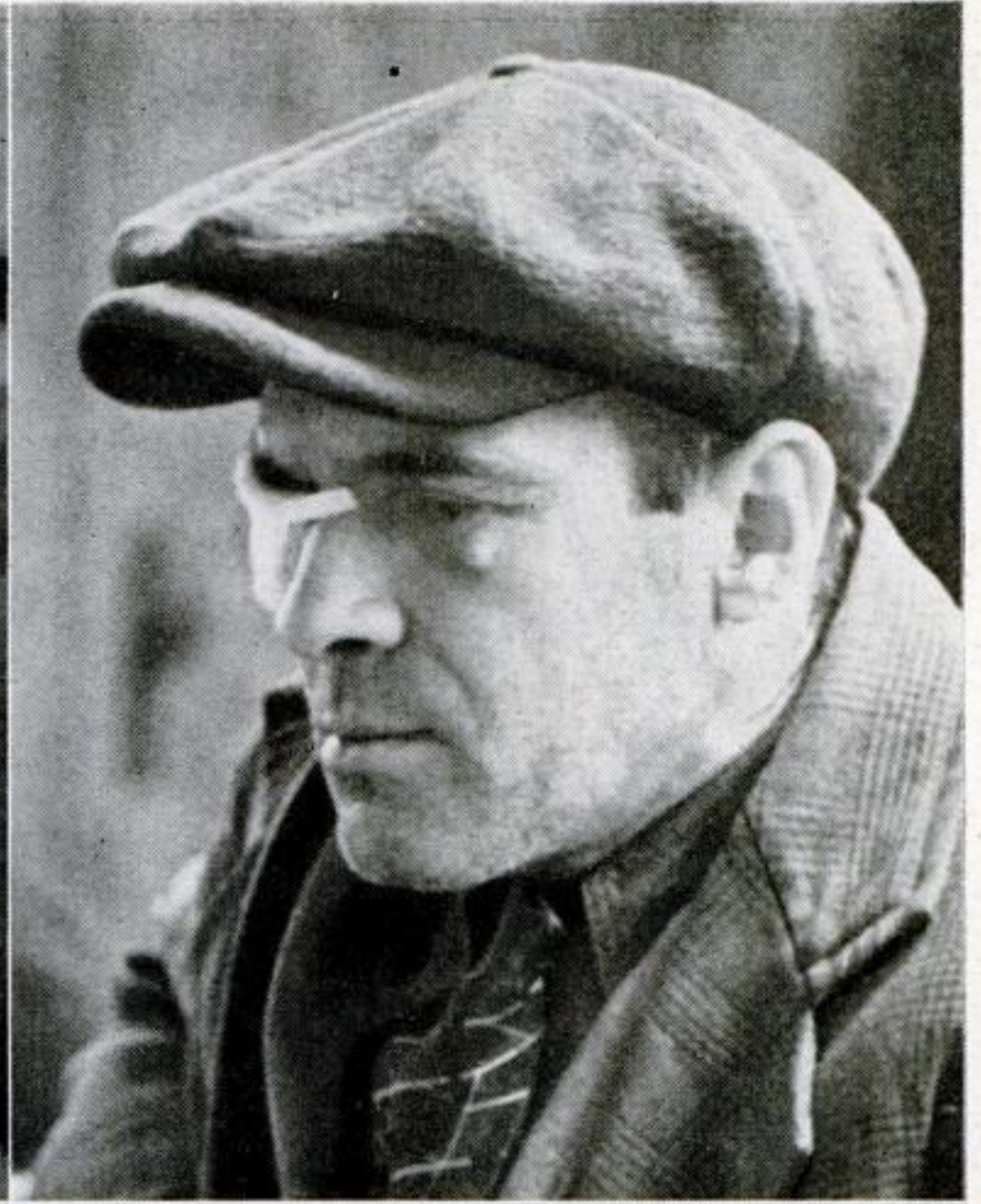


"The Stroll" takes place twice a night. Performers line up and sing while one strolls purposefully among tables to pick up tips. During evening customers toss coins in stage "kitty" for performers.

Gay Nineties songs are among Mabel Sidney's specialties. She is a sister of George (The Cohens and the Kellys) Sidney. Singers at Bowery Follies are accompanied by a drummer, violinist and pianist.



PATRONS



"Escapists" is the term Sammy applies to regular customers like these. They spend most of their days and nights at Sammy's Bowery Follies. A popular practice among some is "mooch-

ing" beer from customers. One Bowery Follies regular is a woman well past 50 who reportedly downs some hundred glasses of beer a day. At the bottom right is "The Queen of the Bowery."



"The Queen of the Bowery," a regular customer called Tugboat Ethel, relaxes after a strenuous evening. She becomes highly indignant when any other woman is introduced as "Queen"

and usually carries a doleful-looking corsage around to implement her claim to the throne. She bases her claim on the fact that she knows the words to every song sung at Sammy's.



BUY WAR BONDS! . . . TO HAVE AND TO HOLD

"Look what's still buzzin' in Bombay!"

TWO G.I.'s hailed a taxi in Bombay, India — then whistled with surprise. For the cab that rolled up was a 1932 Plymouth. And they were told that it had been in continuous taxi service!*

Thirteen years is a long life for any car—and practically eternity to a cab. But the actual incident of the Bombay old-timer may not greatly surprise Plymouth owners in this country. *They realize that Plymouths are designed, engineered and manufactured for long-lasting performance.*

Today . . . with Plymouth using its facilities in making parts and

assemblies for Curtiss Helldivers, Corsair fighters, tanks, guns, other weapons . . . the *durability* built into Plymouth cars is of vital importance. The three million Plymouths now on the road mean reliable low-cost transportation for three million drivers, their families, and their share-the-ride friends.

Plymouth dealers, too, are friends of Plymouth owners. The members of this experienced nation-wide dealer organization are especially equipped to give the service that helps keep these great cars running in top form.

PLYMOUTH Division of CHRYSLER CORPORATION

YOU'LL ENJOY MAJOR BOWES THURSDAYS, CBS, 9 P.M., E.W.T.

*Actual letter in the Plymouth files

● TRUE YESTERDAY —

PLYMOUTH
BUILDS
GREAT CARS

● IN TRUST FOR TOMORROW



TRAILING FIRE FROM A BURNING GAS LINE, HELLCAT COMES IN FOR LANDING WITH WHEELS AND FLAPS DOWN. FIRE HAS NOT SPREAD TO BOMB-SHAPED AUXILIARY GAS TANK

U.S. CARRIER FIGHTS AIRPLANE FIRE

The remarkable picture above, recently released by the Navy, shows the beginning of two minutes of danger for a Navy flier, his plane and his carrier. On the opposite and following pages, shot in color by an alert Navy photographer, is the middle and end of the danger.

At the outset of the Navy's Pacific offensive in the Gilbert Islands last November, the light carrier *Cowpens* launched a flight of Hellcats for fighter patrol. A few minutes later word came back to the carrier that one of the planes, piloted by Lieut. (j.g.) Alfred Magee Jr., was leaking gasoline and would have to make an emergency landing. As the plane made its approach circle around the carrier, men on the bridge

could see that it was trailing gasoline vapor. Shortly before the plane came in to land, the vapor changed to a bright streak of flame. On the carrier men felt the quick clutch of danger. Fire had destroyed the old *Lexington* and the *Wasp* even though neither of them had been fatally wounded by enemy bomb or torpedo hits. Heavily loaded with high-test gasoline and explosives, the aircraft carrier is a huge, floating incendiary bomb.

Because of this threat, carriers are well equipped to fight fires. As the Hellcat landed and was stopped by arrestor cables, men were already sprinting across the deck with fire-fighting equipment. Lieut. Magee, aware for the first time that his plane was on fire, ran

across the wing and jumped to safety on the deck.

The crew of the *Cowpens* used two different methods to put out the fire which, like all fires, was produced by a combination of hot gases and oxygen. One way to put fire out is to take away the oxygen by smothering the flames in an airtight blanket of foam. The other is to cool the hot gases with a fine spray of water. As shown on the opposite page, the first fire-fighting crews carry long-nozzled hoses to spray the fire. In the last picture on the following page another crew has arrived and is smothering the last flames with a stream of thick carbon-dioxide foam. One minute and 30 seconds after Lieut. Magee's plane touched the carrier's deck the fire was out.



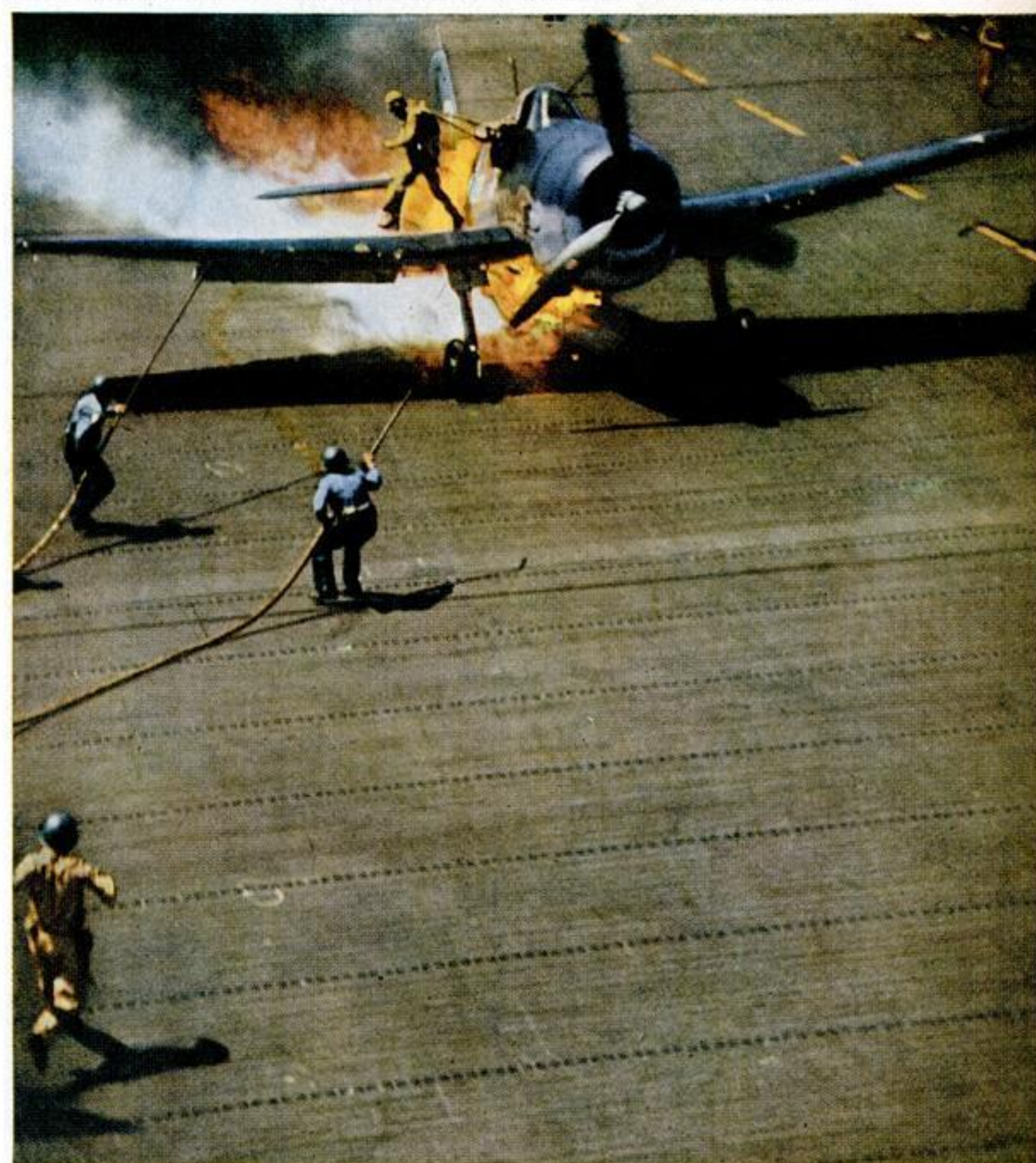
Leaking gasoline, Hellcat returns to its carrier for emergency landing. As the pilot, Lieut. Magee, gets his signal and cuts his throttle, the trailing gas vapors ignite and wrap the belly of the plane in flames. His eyes glued to the deck, Pilot Magee is totally unaware that his plane is on fire behind him. Notice that the crewmen wear steel helmets indicating that the ship is at general quarters.



First fire fighters reach the scene. Two are holding "fog applicators," which spray a fine mist of sea water, while an asbestos-clad "hot papa" (bottom) runs forward, adjusting his headgear, ready to rescue the pilot. His elbow out of the cockpit, Magee finally realizes that his plane is burning. The landing signal officer (top right) has now covered about 45 yards of his dash to the scene.



In a perfect landing, Lieut. Magee picks up the arresting wire and comes to a stop, the propeller idling. He still does not know that his Hellcat is on fire. The landing signal officer has left his platform (top right of deck) and is running forward as fast as he can. The plane handlers in the catwalks are breaking out their fire-fighting equipment.



Magee gets out, scurrying along the burning plane's wing. In his understandable haste he has failed to unbuckle his parachute, which drags behind him at the end of its harness. By now, the hot gasoline flames have started the wooden flight deck smoldering and the fire fighters close in. Thirty seconds have passed since the plane landed.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



Off the wing tip, Magee jumps to the deck, still trailing his chute, as his hook man (who unhooks arrester wire) runs up. The flight deck officer (*center left*) moves forward to direct two fire fighters with fog applicator while crewmen along the catwalk turn on water hydrants. Note that the 1½-inch hose in foreground is carrying pressure.



Firemen open up from front and side. One man with fog-nozzle on 2½-inch hose (*top right*) has started his spray and is seen walking forward. Another team (*bottom right*) gives a preliminary squirt while the men to the left jockey for favorable position. Meanwhile, one fog applicator up under the wing at right is already working on the blaze. Time elapsed since landing: one minute.

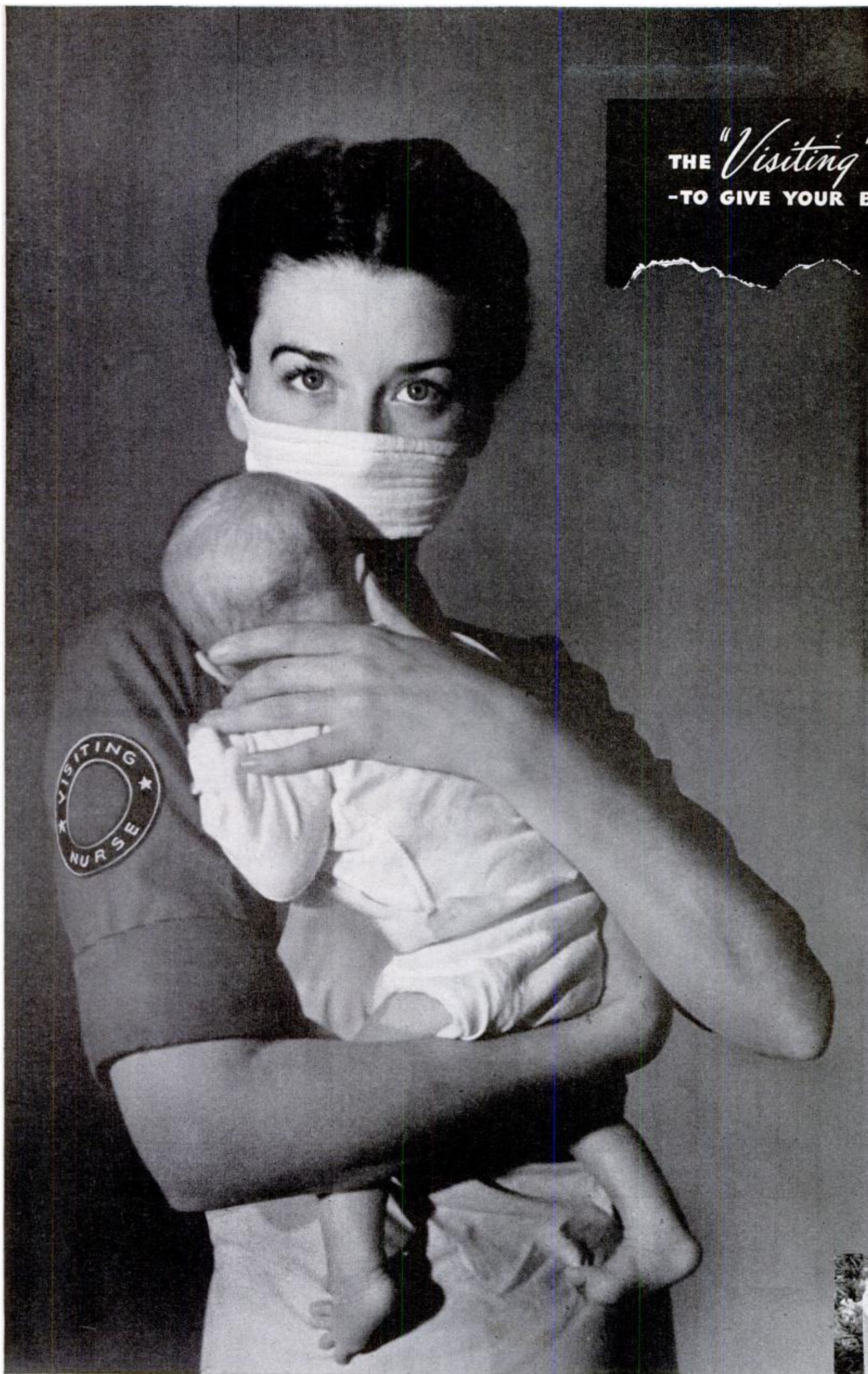


Fog-applicator crews (*at left*) close in under the wing and a fresh crew crouches in shadow under belly of the plane as the fire dies down. The big hose (*center right*) is apparently not needed now and is about to be turned off. Hot papa, with nothing to do, watches by the wing tip at right and the curious crew members start coming up.



Fire goes out as fog sprays flame. Foam, which comes out of the hose looking like tooth paste squeezed from tube, blankets engine. Total time: one minute, 30 seconds. Heat of the blaze has ruinously damaged the plane's stressed metal skin. After being stripped of all useful parts, plane will be turned in for scrap. But fire fighters' swift action has prevented serious fire damage to carrier.

THE *"Visiting Nurse"* IS READY TO HELP
-TO GIVE YOUR BABY A GOOD START...



BABY won't remember when the Visiting Nurse brought trained nursing care and a skillful pair of hands to his new home just when he needed them most. But he will always benefit by the healthy start she gave his small, new life.

Call your Local Headquarters

When your doctor wants you or your family to have part-time nursing care at home—call the Visiting or Public Health Nurse in your community. She knows the latest methods of care. She can teach you the surest ways to keep your new baby or family well.

Beware "the other fellow's cold"

One important thing the Visiting Nurse may tell you is that a common cold can be the start of a serious illness for your little baby. Respiratory infections and their complications cause more fatalities among infants than any other sickness.

Reduce risk with a protective mask

Your baby's surest protection against the "other fellow's cold" is *never* to come in contact with it. But if you *can't* keep baby isolated from a person with a cold, safeguard him with a protective mask. Be sure to wear it, *if you have a cold*, whenever you are in the same room with baby, and see that anyone else with a cold does the same!

Simple to make—of tissue

If you don't have a supply of standard hospital masks available, you can make an emergency mask of tissue yourself. Just take two thicknesses of ScotTissue, cover your nose and mouth, and fasten at the back of your head with a pin. Clinical tests prove that two thicknesses of ScotTissue effectively trap germs . . . greatly lessen the danger of contagion. Remember—no other duty to your baby is more important than the prevention of respiratory infection.

There are 25,000 Visiting and other Public Health Nurses throughout the United States. Last year they made over 4,000,000 maternity or mother-and-baby visits—as well as caring for millions of cases of illness in thousands of homes.

Free

IMPORTANT LEAFLET, "A Helping Hand for Mother" tells in detail how the Visiting or Public Health Nurse in your community can help you before and after your baby is born, or if any member of your family is ill. Especially timely because of the present nursing shortage. **ALSO—32-page booklet "Helpful Wartime Suggestions on Mother & Baby Care."** For your free copies of these booklets address the Scott Paper Co., Dept. D-1, Chester, Pa.

Trademark "ScotTissue" Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

**SOFT, STRONG BATHROOM TISSUE
FOR BABY AND FAMILY**

The correct choice of a toilet tissue for your child is important, too. It should be soft enough for comfort yet strong enough for thorough cleansing. ScotTissue has both these qualities . . . it is soft and "nice" to use even against the face. And with 1000 sheets to every roll, it is also an economical tissue for the whole family.





HER RING—a "miniature" of her fiancé's class ring, is set with a diamond and small rubies

ENGAGED TO WEST POINT CADET

*Mary Alice Maxwell
of Columbus, Ohio
fiancée of Cadet Robert Northrup Ives
of the
prominent Army family*



BUY ANOTHER BOND—Mary Alice has been an active worker in every one of Uncle Sam's War Bond Drives. Her charming smile and the soft-smooth look of her Pond's complexion prove a magnet to sales! Selling bonds is a war service many girls and women are proudly giving. Perhaps you can help this way, too.

*She's Engaged!
She's Lovely!
She uses Pond's!*

She has a rare sculptured beauty that is completely irresistible—this auburn-haired girl with breath-taking eyes and a complexion smooth, cool and fine as alabaster.

Mary Alice is still another engaged girl with that delightful "Pond's look."

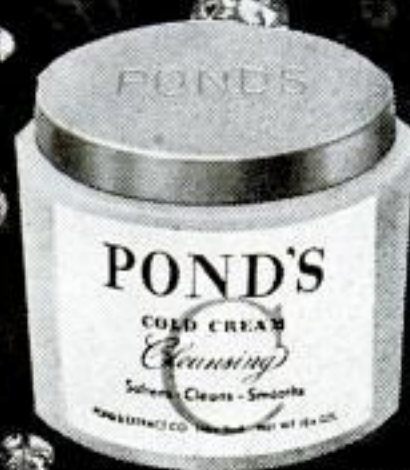
"I'm certainly keen about Pond's Cold Cream," she says. "It's so *exactly* right for me—and it leaves my face with such a clean smooth feeling."

She slips the soft, snowy cream over her face and throat and pats briskly to soften and release dirt and make-up. Tissues off.

She *rinses* with more Pond's Cold Cream—working this second creaming all around her face with little whirls of her white-coated fingers—for *extra* cleansing—*extra* softening. Tissues off again.

Give your face her Pond's beauty care—every night, every morning—for in-between clean-ups too! It's no accident so many more girls and women use Pond's than any other face cream at any price. Ask for the big luxury jar—it helps save glass. And, it's so pleasant to be able to dip the fingers of *both* your hands in this wide-topped Pond's jar.

*A few of the Pond's Society Beauties: Mrs. Alexander W. Biddle · Lady Kinross
Mrs. Pierpont Morgan Hamilton · Mrs. Allan A. Ryan · Viscountess Milton*



SKIMMED-MILK TEXTILE

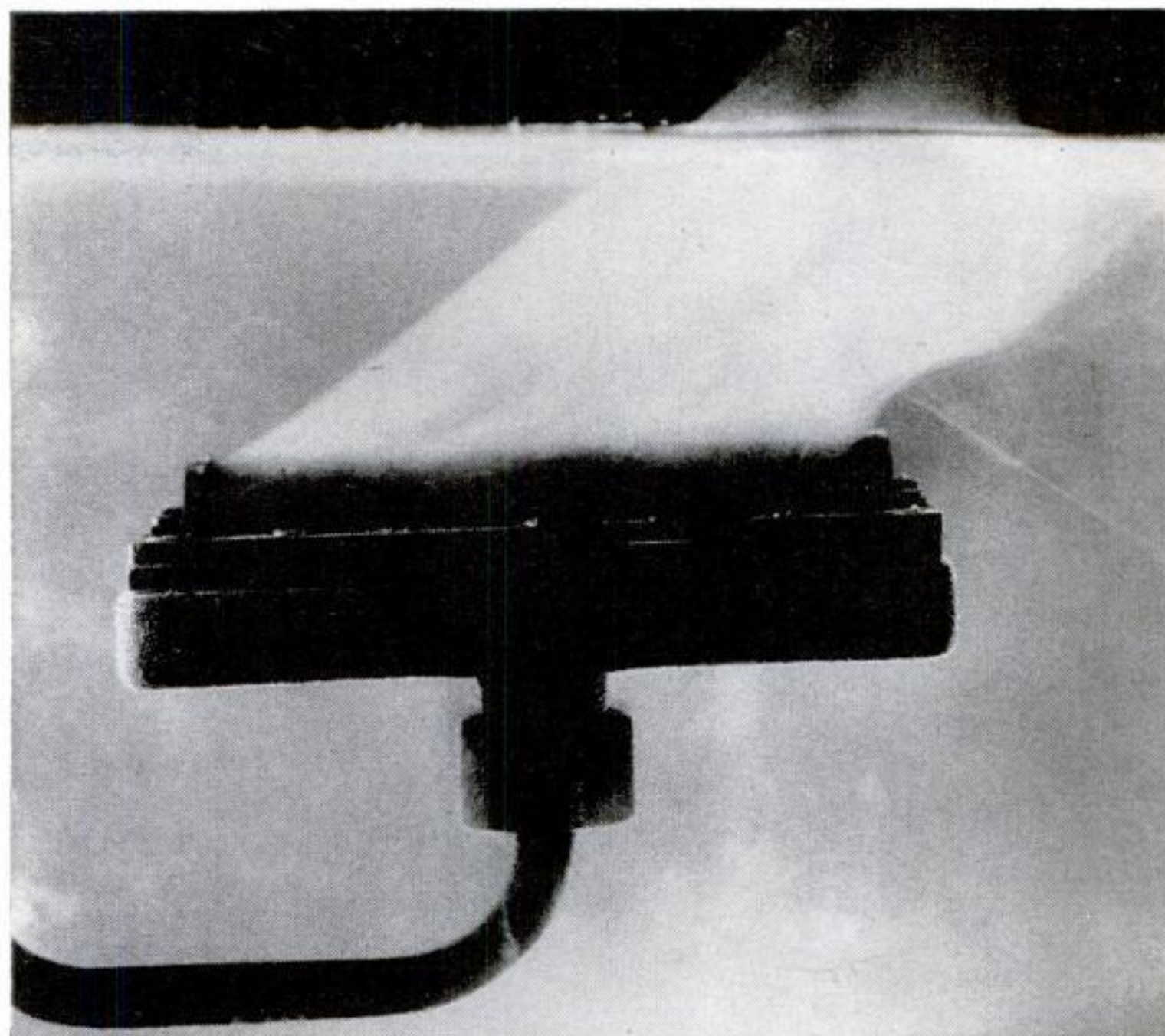
Woolly Aralac puts cow in competition with sheep



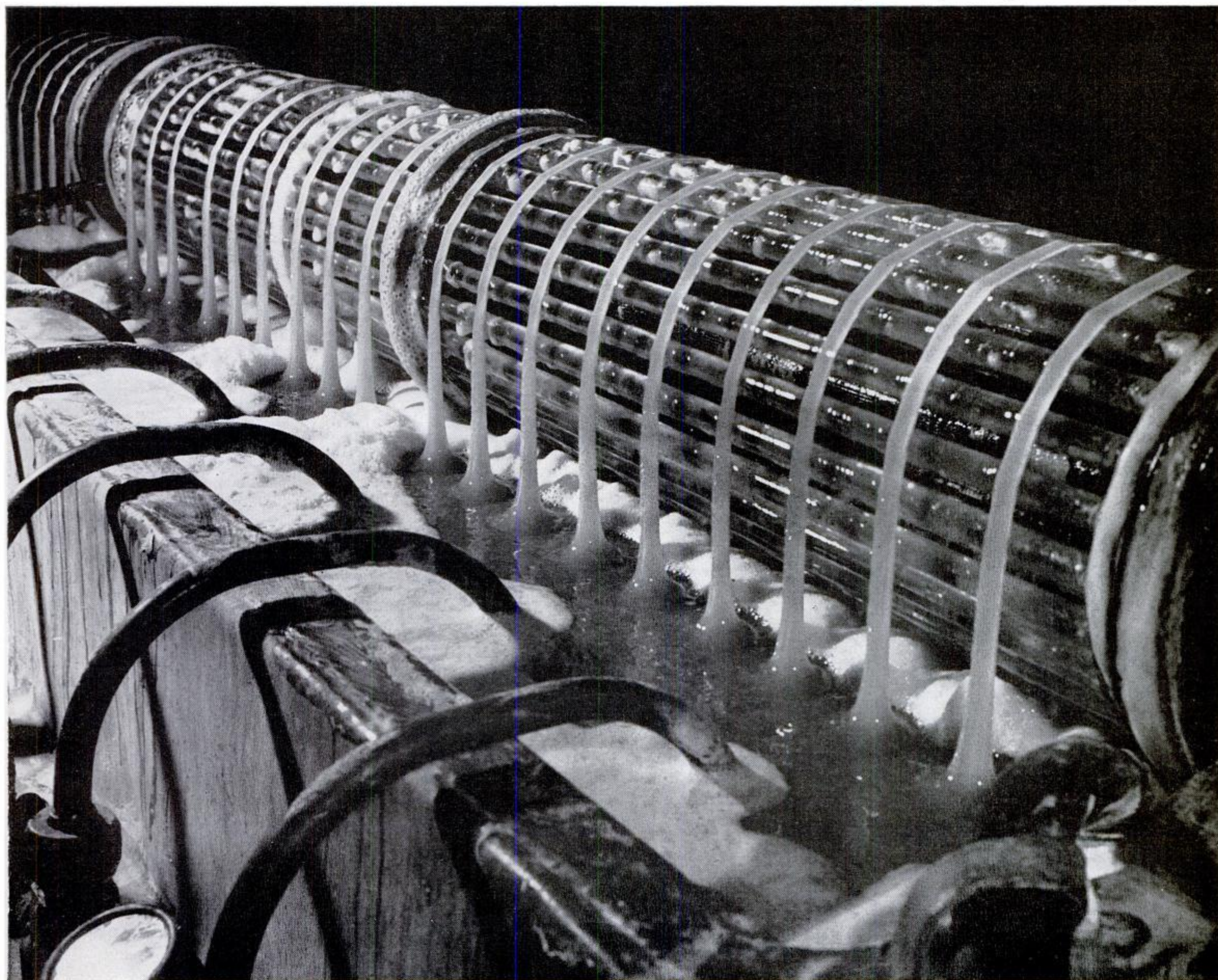
SOUR MILK

A great many U. S. citizens, without knowing it, are wearing clothes made from skimmed milk. The name of this cow-derived textile is Aralac. The product of long-term research in the laboratories of several nations, Aralac completes the family of synthetic textiles. Rayon, a plant fiber, is the vegetable member of the family. Glass textiles are mineral. Aralac is the first animal member of the synthetic textile family. As such, it is a kind of wool. Like sheep's wool it is elastic, soft and warm. In commercial production only since 1940 Aralac has helped stretch the supply of wartime wool and other animal hair in the production of hats, and has been used as a blending fiber in making coats, suits and dresses.

For the increasing future uses of Aralac there is plenty of skimmed milk to spare. The U. S. dairy industry, after skimming off the butterfats, yields more than 50 billion pounds of skimmed milk a year. Only a small portion of this output is used for food and in the manufacture of paints, glues and plastics. These industrial products and Aralac come from casein, one of the solids that settle to the bottom in a bottle of sour milk (see inset at left). To make Aralac, casein is extracted chemically from fresh, skimmed milk, goes through further chemical treatment and then is extruded as a fiber from a spinneret as shown at right and at bottom.



Thousands of Aralac fibers at once are extruded as a milky ribbon from tiny holes of a spinneret in the acid bath. Acid bath coagulates casein, converting it from viscose liquid into fiber.



Continuous ribbons of Aralac, called "tows," are reeled out of spinneret bath. Each tow is extruded by one spinneret under the surface of acid bath as shown at top right. Casein solution is

pumped into spinnerets through gooseneck pipes (at lower left), each pipe feeding three spinnerets. Aralac is made by Aralac, Inc., a division of the National Dairy Products Corporation.



*no finer
fit at
any price*

BESTFORM BRASSIERES
79¢ to \$1.50

BESTFORM FOUNDATIONS
\$2.50 to \$6.50

BESTFORM
means "best form"

BY APPOINTMENT



Champagnes of the highest quality

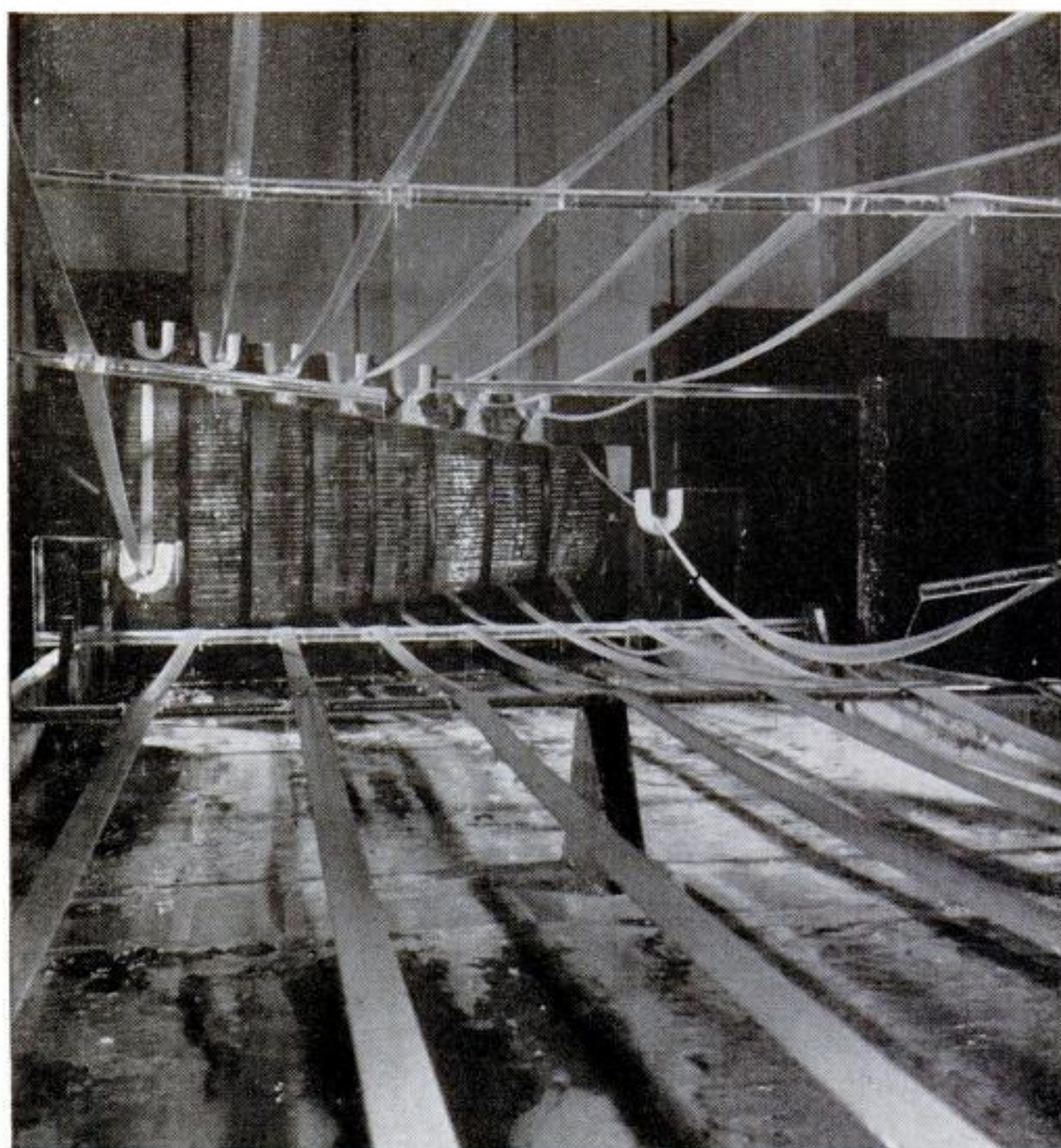
G.H. Mumm & Co.
SOCIÉTÉ VINICOLE DE CHAMPAGNE, SUCCESSEUR
REIMS



NOW—with the liberation of France—we are looking forward to early resumption of shipments of the "Aristocrat of Champagnes" . . . which, during the last four years and more, we have been able to supply in limited quantities.

SOLE IMPORTERS
G. H. Mumm Champagne (S.V.C.S.) & Assoc., Inc., New York City;
W. J. Mulligan & Co., San Francisco, California

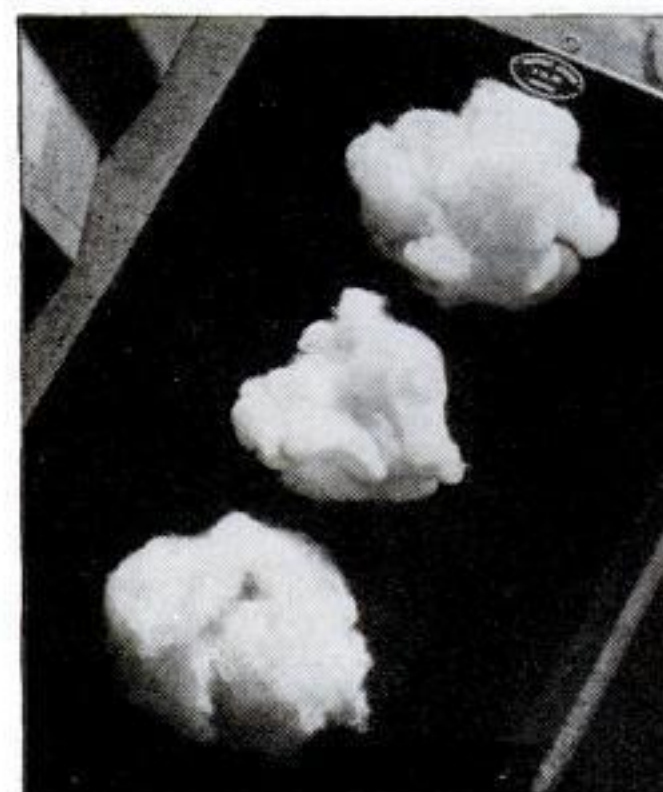
Skimmed-Milk Textile (continued)



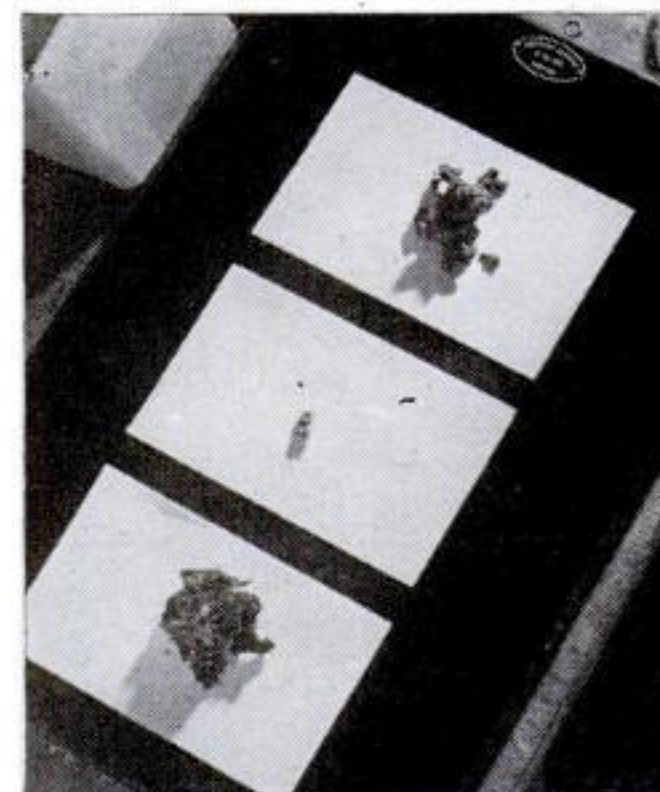
Aralac tows are reeled from spinneret bath. An Aralac fiber can be any length from a half inch to a half mile. Natural wool fiber is only as long as sheep can grow it.



Tows are washed after going through hardening bath. After final drying, fibers are chopped in lengths to meet specifications of textile into which they are to be woven.



Samples of wool, cotton and Aralac (left to right) are set up here for the ash test.



Large cinders show the similarity of wool and Aralac. Cotton burns to a fine ash.



Columbia's "Encore"

Eddy

No. 1 Box-Office Baritone in the U.S. Today!

• America's great and growing army of music lovers ranks Nelson Eddy with not one, but five stars. For, in five fields of entertainment...opera, concert, motion pictures, radio, and recording...his brilliant baritone voice has made this former Providence, Rhode Island choirboy the No. 1 box-office attraction in the United States, today.

Honored with a Master of Music degree by the University of Southern California, acclaimed "the best male voice on the screen" by the National Federation of Music Clubs, winning "the best photoplay of the year" award with three of his pictures, Nelson Eddy, singing star of the first magnitude, like so many other great artists, now records *exclusively* on Columbia Masterworks Records.

Hear Nelson Eddy in the most brilliant performances of his career... in the beloved *Patter Songs* from Gilbert and Sullivan... in his *Concert Favorites*... in Woodford-Finden's *Four Indian Love Lyrics*... in the newly released record of Tchaikovsky's *Legend: Christ Had a Garden*, and Moussorgsky's *Gopak*... all recorded with Columbia's customary concert-hall realism.

Yes! Columbia Records bring you the *true* Nelson Eddy, for they are laminated, pressed in layers, with surfaces of highly sensitized material. This Sensitone-Surface, exclusive with Columbia Records, achieves richer tone, amazing freedom from needle noise. On Columbia Masterworks *Great Music Is More Faithfully Yours!*

COLUMBIA

Masterworks

RECORDS

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Prices shown are exclusive of taxes

Musical arrangement of the Lord's Prayer used by permission of G. Schirmer, Inc. Copr. 1935



Adolf Busch (Violin) with Busch Chamber Players: Bach's *Concerto No. 2 in E Major*, Set M-MM-530 . . . \$3.50
Beethoven's *Sonata No. 9 in A Major, Op. 47* ("Kreutzer") with Rudolf Serkin, Piano, Set M-MM-496 . . . \$4.50



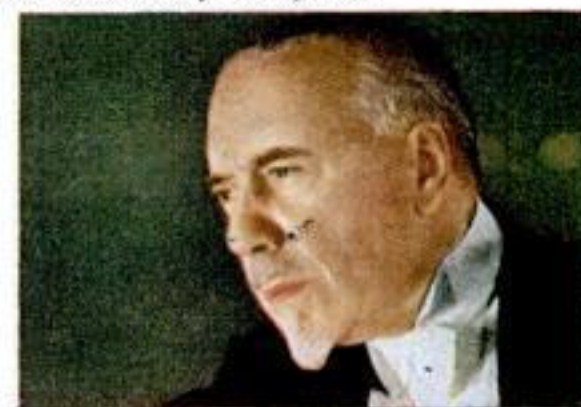
Lily Pons, the Metropolitan's brilliant Coloratura Soprano, with orchestra conducted by Bruno Walter: Mozart *Arias*, Set M-MM-518 . . . \$2.75
Donizetti's *Daughter of the Regiment: Four Arias*, Set X-206 . . . \$2.50



Artur Rodzinski conducting The Cleveland Orchestra in a magnificent recording of Shostakovich's *Symphony No. 5, Op. 47*, Set M-MM-520 . . . \$5.50
Ravel's *Daphnis and Chloé* (Second Suite), Set X-MX-230 . . . \$2.50



Ethel Bartlett and Rae Robertson world-famous Duo-Pianists, in a great recording of Debussy's *En blanc et noir*, Set X-MX-241 . . . \$2.50
Schumann's *Andante and Variations, Op. 46*, Set X-MX-213 . . . \$2.50



Sir Thomas Beecham conducting the London Philharmonic Orchestra: Mozart's *Symphony No. 34 in C Major* (K.338), Set M-MM-548 . . . \$3.50
César Franck's great *Symphony in D Minor*, Set M-MM-479 . . . \$5.50



**Throckmorton Ploop was a frightful old bore,
Yet, strangely enough, he had friends by the score.**

His medals and plaques
made a long-winded story
With endless details that
his guests labeled "gory";
But still they would listen
and patiently view
Those moth-eaten trophies
of Nineteen-O-Two.

For his warm hospitality,
frank and disarming,
Made some people even
describe him as charming,
And eyes that were drooping
would brighten and clear
When he rescued the evening
with Blue Ribbon Beer.

There just isn't any other beer like Pabst Blue Ribbon . . . for Pabst blends no fewer than 33 fine brews to achieve that delicious *full flavor*. Order it with confidence. Serve it with pride. There's no finer beer — no finer blend — than Pabst Blue Ribbon.



**33 FINE BREWS
BLENDED INTO ONE
GREAT BEER**



1844-1944
AMERICA'S SYMBOL OF
FRIENDLY COMPANIONSHIP
Copr. 1944, Pabst Brewing Company, Milwaukee, Wisconsin

"BLUE RIBBON TOWN" IS ON THE AIR! STARRING KENNY BAKER...GUEST STARS...COAST-TO-COAST CBS NETWORK...EVERY SATURDAY NIGHT



PRETTY JUNE HAVER IS SHOWN BALANCING HER PERT FIGURE ON THE ROCKS AT LAKE MALIBU. SHE HAS BLONDE HAIR AND BLUE EYES, WEIGHS 102 LB., IS 5 FT. 2 IN. TALL

JUNE HAVER

Ambition and fresh young talent may someday make 18-year-old actress a full-fledged movie star

Most of June Haver's assets are displayed above—her youth (18), pretty face, excellent figure, attractive legs. June also dances skilfully and sings with a fresh voice. All these are assets enjoyed by dozens of movie actresses who sometimes become starlets but seldom become stars. But the asset that may make June Haver a full-fledged star is ambition.

This ambition made June leave Rock Island, Ill. at the age of 15 to sing with a band, made her leave the band in Los Angeles to try the movies. Signed by 20th Century-Fox, she was soon dropped. She wangled

another test, wrote a sexy playlet, played a woman of the world with wisdom so far beyond her years that, gasping a little, 20th Century-Fox re-signed her.

While most of its lady stars have been off work having babies, 20th Century-Fox has kept June very busy. She played a good role in *Home In Indiana* and the lead in the current *Irish Eyes Are Smiling*, is working in a second musical. No glamour girl, but a free-swinging Betty Grable-All-American type, June has persuaded some film people that she may be the girl to step into Miss Grable's well-filled stockings.



A SPECIAL PREPARATION FOR SHAVING

FOR THE 1 MAN IN 7 WHO SHAVES DAILY

It Needs No Brush
Not Greasy or Sticky

Modern life now demands at least 1 man in 7 shave *every day*—and men in service must get clean shaves, too. Yet daily shaving often causes razor scrape, irritation.

To help men solve this problem, we perfected Glider—a rich, soothing cream. It's like "vanishing cream"—not greasy or sticky.

SMOOTHS DOWN SKIN

You first wash your face thoroughly with hot water and soap to remove grit and the oil from the skin that collects on whiskers every 24 hours. Then spread on Glider quickly and easily with your fingers. Never a brush. Instantly Glider smooths down the flaky top layer of your skin. It enables the razor's sharp edge to *glide* over your skin, cutting your whiskers close and clean *without scraping or irritating the skin*.

ESPECIALLY FOR THE 1 MAN IN 7 WHO SHAVES DAILY

For men who must shave *every day*—doctors, lawyers, businessmen, service men—Glider is invaluable. It eliminates the dangers frequent shaving may have for the tender face and leaves your skin smoother, cleaner. Glider has been developed by The J. B. Williams Co., who have been making fine shaving preparations for over 100 years.

SEND FOR GUEST-SIZE TUBE

If you want to try Glider right away, get a regular tube from your dealer. If you can wait a few days, we'll send a generous Guest-Size tube for a dime. It is enough for three weeks and is very handy for traveling.

On this test we rest our case entirely—for we are positive that Glider will give you more shaving comfort than anything you've used.

Send your name and address with ten cents to The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. CG-18, Glastonbury, Conn., U. S. A. (Canada: Ville La Salle, Que.) Offer good in U. S. A. and Canada only.

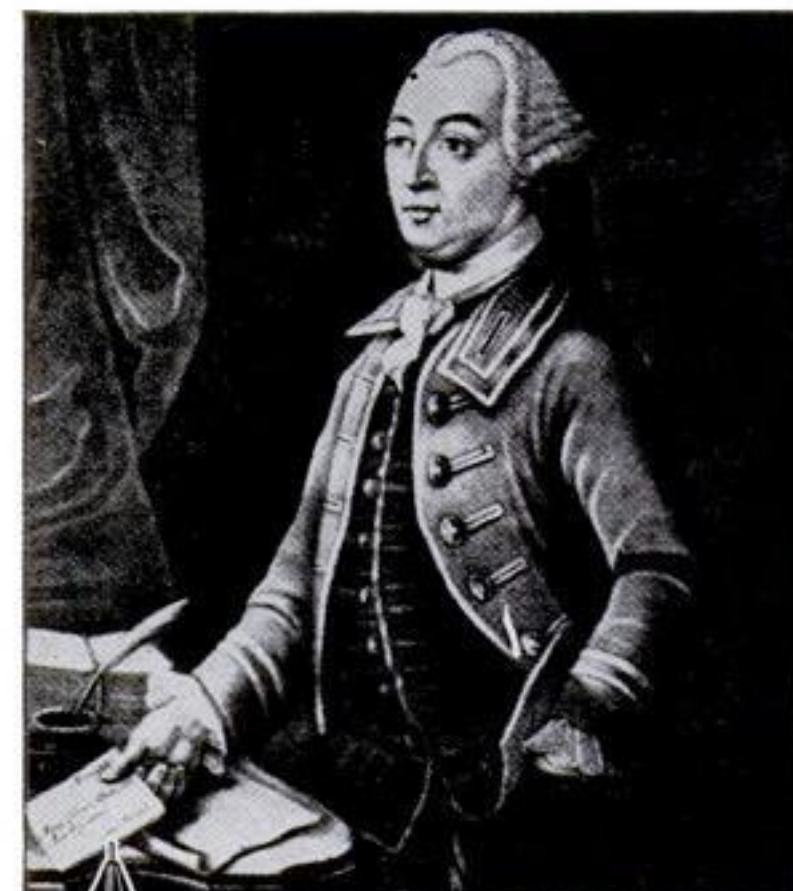
June Haver (continued)



Song writing is a gigantic diversion for June. Her favorite composition, *The June Haver Specialty*, a song parody of servicemen dancing at Hollywood Canteen, will incorporate 18 feet of musical score when completed. She performs it at camp shows.



Painting floral decorations on objects around house also keeps June happy. Here she puts last touches on a fire screen. To satisfy other artistic impulses she dances, writes poetry and short stories, collects Dresden figurines and plays Sinatra records.



John Hancock

... penman for LIBERTY

With flourish of bold quill, John Hancock... patriot with a price on his head... was first to sign the Declaration of Independence. Surveying his large signature, he said, "I guess King George can read that without spectacles."

Our armed forces today fight for the same sterling principles... but use different pens. Thousands of men in Service prefer Inkographs... fast acting, dependable, easy flowing, with a smooth ball-like 14kt gold point—good-looking, fine in workmanship.

Your dealer may be out of stock. But keep trying.

The name Inkograph on the barrel guarantees the genuine. Sorry, no mail orders—only dealers can supply you.

INK-O-GRAPH \$2
Inkograph Co., Inc., 200 Hudson St., N. Y. C. 13

You've backed
the attack—
Now speed
the victory
SIXTH WAR LOAN



FOR HER MERRIER CHRISTMAS...

Give a Canary

"The Singing Gift That Lives"

Delight her with this different gift... a little, golden-voiced canary... to sing your wishes for a "Merry Christmas." Easy to care for... radiant with cheer... one of these little songsters will bring endless hours of light-hearted happiness. This Christmas, give a canary—the perfect gift.



THE LARGEST SELLING
BIRD SEED IN U. S.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 74

**THE
DOUGH
YOU
BLOW**
—will bring
U.S. woe!



What a boom we were handed by World War No. 1! Money came easily—went easily. Everybody was splurging on everything—from silk underwear to diamond sunbursts. Prices went sky-high. Sugar eventually hit 28¢ a pound!



Bye-bye, boom. Factories closed; men laid off. Prices and wages sinking fast. Wish we'd banked some of that dough we'd blown a few years back! With jobs scarce, that money would have come in mighty handy, then.



Prosperity. Stocks up fifty points in a week. Again everybody was buying everything—yachts, jewelry, stocks, real estate, regardless of cost. Depression? Phooey . . . we thought we'd found a way to lick depression.



Or had we? Bread lines, apple vendors. WPA. "Brother, can you spare a dime?" No jobs. Prices dropping. Wages dropping. Everything dropping—except the mortgage on the house. "What goes up must come down." Depression follows a rise.



We're splurging again. Americans have been earning more money. But even today there are fewer goods to spend it on—so naturally prices are threatening to rise. We must keep them in check. **DON'T LET IT ALL HAPPEN AGAIN!**

4 THINGS TO DO to keep prices down and help avoid another depression

1. Buy only what you really need.
2. When you buy, pay no more than the ceiling prices. Pay your ration points in full.
3. Keep your *own* prices down. Don't take advantage of war conditions to ask for more—for your labor, your services, or the goods you sell.
4. *Save.* Buy and hold all the War Bonds you can afford—to help pay for the war and insure your future. Keep up your insurance.

A United States War message prepared by the War Advertising Council; approved by the Office of War Information; and contributed by this magazine in cooperation with the Magazine Publishers of America.

**EVERY
WAR BOND
YOU BUY
WILL HELP
US
KEEP
PRICES DOWN**

LONGINES
THE WORLD'S MOST HONORED WATCH
presents for your pleasure



The Longines Concert Hall of the Air

MMUSIC that is noble and inspiring; melodies that are engaging and delightful; played with sincerity and artistry pour forth from *The Longines Concert Hall of the Air* through your local radio station. It is played by the Longines Symphonette, a group of the finest musicians directed by Mishel Piastro, celebrated violinist and conductor. Guest artists of distinction include Joseph Schuster, cello virtuoso. ¶ More than 135 stations in the United States and Canada carry the programs. See your local newspaper for station and time under the listing THE SYMPHONETTE, M. PIASTRO. ¶ These concerts of the world's most honored music are broadcast as a salute to Longines, the world's most honored watch, winner of 10 world's fair grand prizes, 28 gold medals and innumerable citations for accuracy in every field of precise timing.

Longines-Wittnauer Watch Co., Inc., New York, Montreal, Geneva; also makers of the Wittnauer Watch, a companion product of unusual merit.

Longines
WINNER OF 10 WORLD'S FAIR GRAND PRIZES
AND 28 GOLD MEDAL AWARDS



LONGINES WATCHES HAVE WON MORE HONORS
FOR ACCURACY THAN ANY OTHER TIMEPIECE

June Haver (continued)

HERE ARE SCENES FROM HER MOVIES



In "Home in Indiana," her screen debut, June played Cri-Cri, a subdeb who won the boys with her slick clothes. Above: she practices her wiles in tight white swim suit.



"Irish Eyes Are Smiling," currently showing, gives June chance to sing and dance and to do comedy, as above. She plays a hat-check girl who inspires a song writer.



In "Where Do We Go From Here," now in production, she leaps from bar in dance routine. She rehearsed leap for four weeks, recuperated with heat lamps, liniment.

If you're a
SNIFFLY SAL



USE

MISTOL DROPS

WITH OR WITHOUT EPHEDRINE

Helps soothe irritated nasal passages.
Helps relieve that "stuffed-up" feeling due
to a cold. Caution: Use only as directed.

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Helps Shorten Working Hours



Eight and twelve hours on the job—here's the way to take the murder out of those hard floors—make those endless hours seem shorter. Tonite, give your feet and ankles a brisk massage with frosty white, stainless Ice-Mint—and repeat again in the morning. The cooling, soothing action of Ice-Mint goes to work at once to relieve fiery burning—to help relax tired muscles. Also helps to soften up stinging corns and callouses. Get a jar of Ice-Mint today.

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BLADES
ZIP OFF WHISKERS LIKE MAGIC
EIGHTEEN FOR 25¢

GUARANTEED BY
THE MARLIN FIREARMS CO.
NEW HAVEN, CONN.

*For a Man Who Plans
Beyond Tomorrow*



Seagram-Distillers Corporation, New York



Merry Christmas, darling, wherever you are

THE CLOCK just struck midnight . . . and it's another Christmas Day.

Somewhere, you're looking at your watch and trying to come close to me, across the miles and the darkness. Shall I help you, darling?

I'm sitting on the floor by the fireplace, with my hair down loose over the rose silk robe you like because it rustles. (Can you hear it?) The lights are out, all but the ones on the Christmas tree. It's sort of a small, sad Christmas tree...but it smells rich and piney and good.

In a minute, I'll start opening my presents from you. I've been pretty good about them, considering. Though there were a couple I couldn't resist shaking just a little.

But there's one I don't need to shake...one you've given me each of the three Christmases

we've been married...the most between-us-two present of all.

This year, for the first time, I'm not going to save the special one for last. Because I'm lonesome, and weary, and not nearly as brave as I try to make my letters sound. I need the lift to my heart that comes each year when I take my International Sterling from its wrappings.

I need the echo of your voice saying, "That's what I want for you, sweet—the best always. Even if I can give you only a little at a time."

You know, there's something awfully comforting about owning fine sterling...something that says of course we're going to have the kind of house we want and the kind of future we want . . .

some day.

It's like you, darling, to understand . . . and remember. Merry Christmas . . . wherever you are.



INTERNATIONAL is working full speed on war production and making less sterling, so your jeweler may not have all the pieces you want. But International Sterling, your first lifetime possession, is worth waiting for.

TUNE IN to OZZIE and HARRIET—a gay, sparkling new radio show starring those two favorites, Ozzie Nelson and Harriet Hilliard, in a comedy-drama of young married life.

Listen every Sunday evening, 6:00 P.M., EWT, Columbia Broadcasting System.

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HITLER'S POLICE AND ARMY REMILITARIZE RHINELAND IN 1936. THIS IS KOBLENZ'S "GERMAN CORNER" AND WILHELM I MONUMENT AT JUNCTURE OF RHINE AND MOSEL (RIGHT)

The Rhine

War Again Reaches Germany's Historic River

On the Western Front the Allied winter offensive had pushed into Germany until some of its armies touched the river Rhine. General Eisenhower declared the Germans must stand in front of their river or be lost. As if agreeing, the Germans fought bitterly to defend the river which has been the source of so much of their history, tradition and legend.

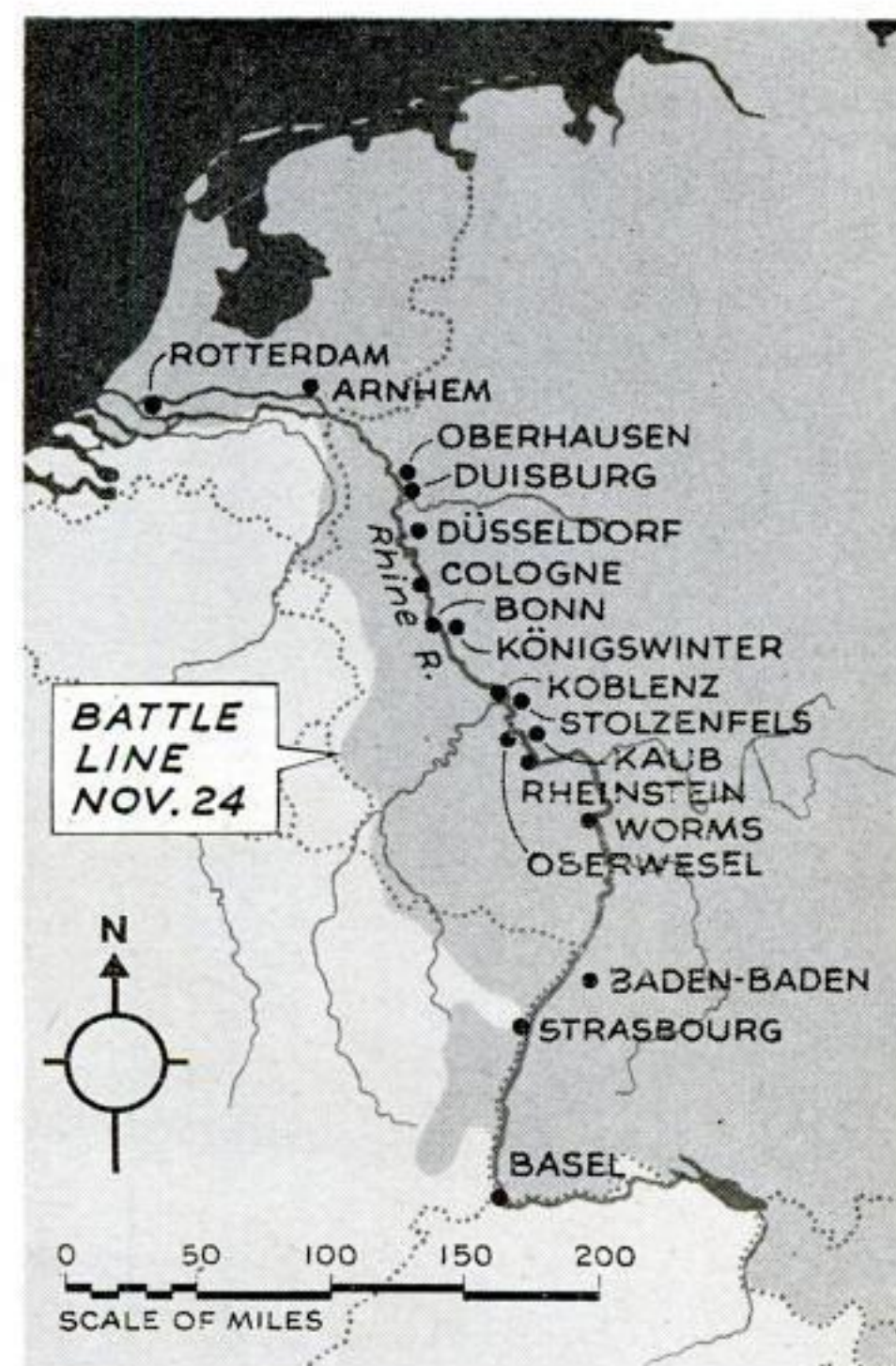
What the Germans were defending, however, was not tradition but a major military obstacle which stood between the Allies and the vital Rhineland industries. Even after bombings, the Rhineland produces half of Germany's iron and steel. Without them the German war industry cannot go on.

The map at right shows the 850-mile course of the Rhine, rising in Switzerland, flowing thinly into Lake Constance, turning into a hydroelectric-power torrent to Basel, remaining a four-foot-deep, treacherous, rapid, occasionally navigable stream until Strasbourg, widening at last near Rheinstein (6 ft. deep), racing between vine-clad and castle-studded cliffs until Co-

logne (10 ft. deep) and then expanding into the majestic river that empties into the North Sea at Rotterdam in the Netherlands.

Without the Rhine and its tributaries, with their resources, industries and culture, a Prussian-dominated Germany would never have become a menace to the world. Prussia did not get a foothold on the lower Rhine until 1609 and did not dominate it until 1870. The Rhineland is really a part of western not central Europe. It connects those two strongholds of democracy, Switzerland and the Netherlands, and its western bank felt the civilizing hand of Rome.

The conquerors who have maneuvered along the Rhine include Caesar, Attila, Charlemagne, Barbarossa, Louis XIV, Bismarck, Napoleon, Pershing and now Eisenhower. The Rhine became all-German in 870. Its west bank became all-French in 1801, but most of it was returned to Germany in 1815. It became all-German again in 1871. But in 1918 Germany lost the upper west bank to France again.



THE RHINE, from end to end, measures 850 miles. Light zone marks battle front, which touches Rhine at top and bottom.



THE CASTLES stand on the high banks of the river. Rheinstein, which means Rhine rock, is just north of Bingen. Built nearly a thousand years ago, it was the residence of the Archbishop of

Trèves, one of the electors of the Holy Roman Empire, in 1348. It is now a museum of weapons and antiquities, charging a small admission fee. Notice the tree growing out of tower.



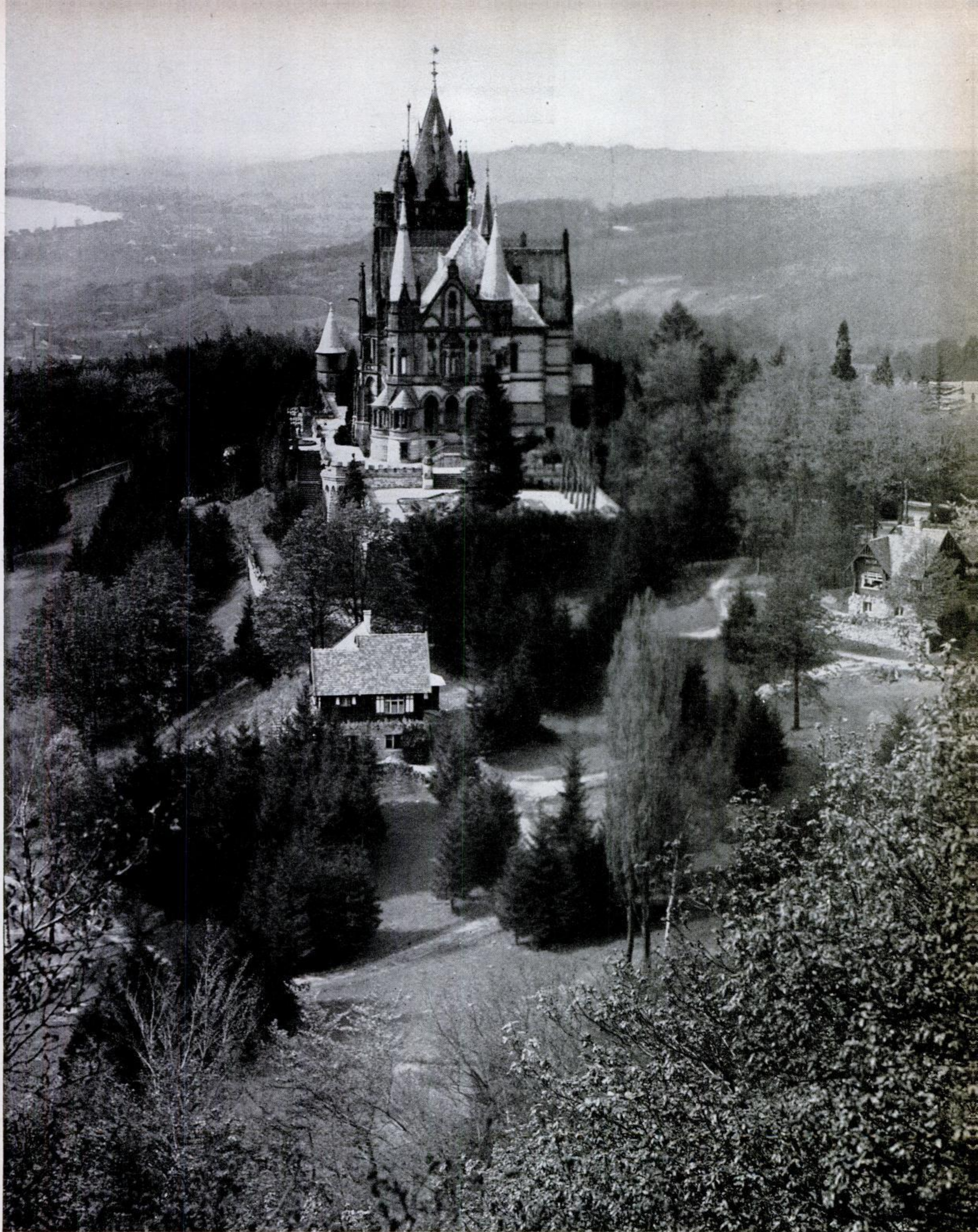
THE PFALZ, which means imperial castle, was built in 1326 to collect tolls from river boats. Then this area was ruled by the Archbishop of Trèves. It stands a few miles south of Kaub.



THE OCHSEN-TURM, which means rude tower, dominates the pretty little village of Oberwesel on the left bank. Notice the sharp twists and turns the Rhine takes here between its cliffs.

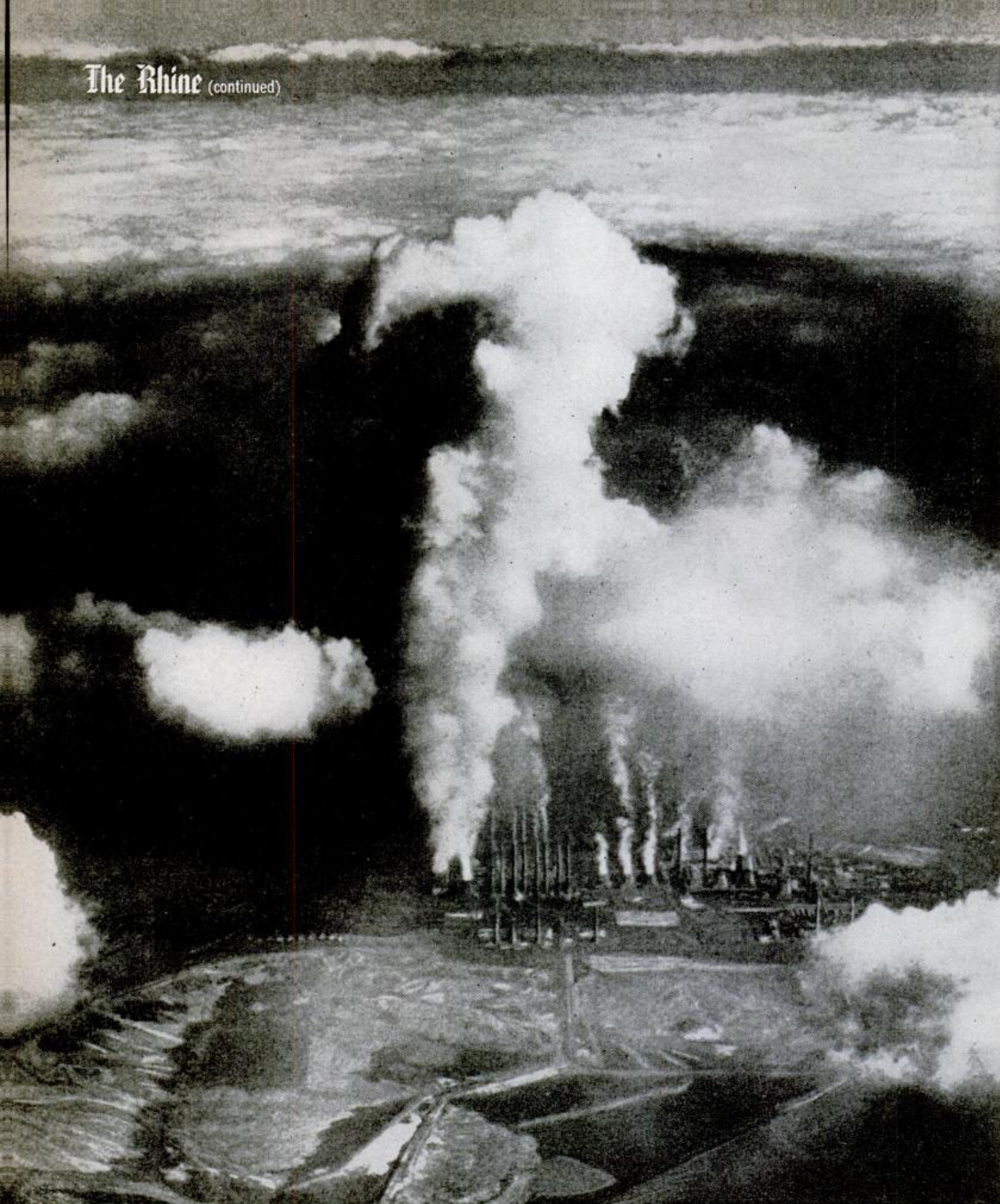


SCHLOSS STOLZENFELS, which means Proud Cliff Castle, was built only a hundred years ago for King Frederick William IV of Prussia. Beyond, the Rhine barges put in at Oberlahnstein.



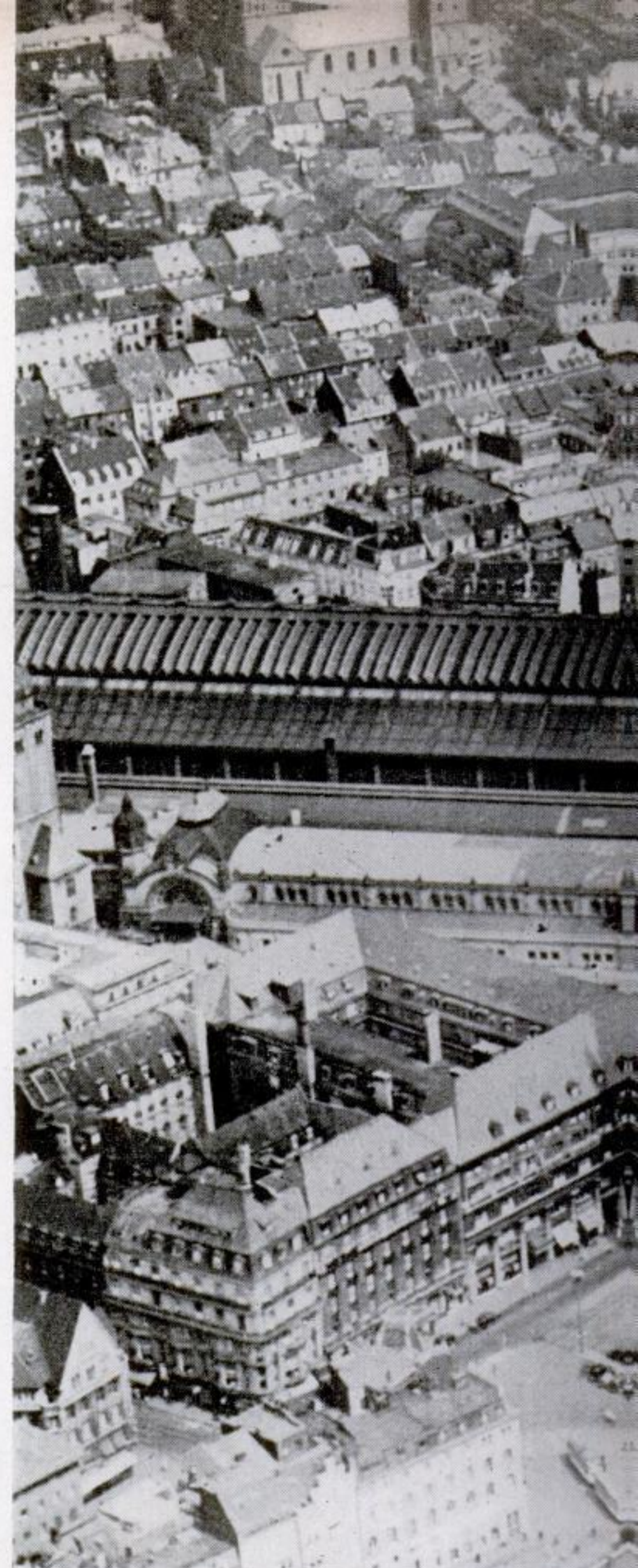
THE DRACHENBURG, which means Dragon Castle and is named for the dragon in the Siegfried legend, stands on one of the Seven Mountains along the right bank of the Rhine near

Koblenz. It was built only 60 years ago and later became a Catholic school. Beyond is the town of Königswinter. This is a fair example of the architectural excesses that dot the Rhine.



THE INDUSTRIES cluster at Cologne and the towns of Deutz, Kalk, Sülz, Bayental, Lindental, Ehrenfeld, Nippes, Riehl,

Niehl, Mühlheim. This is Goldenberg plant, which supplies most of Cologne's electric power. The Ruhr is 40 miles north.

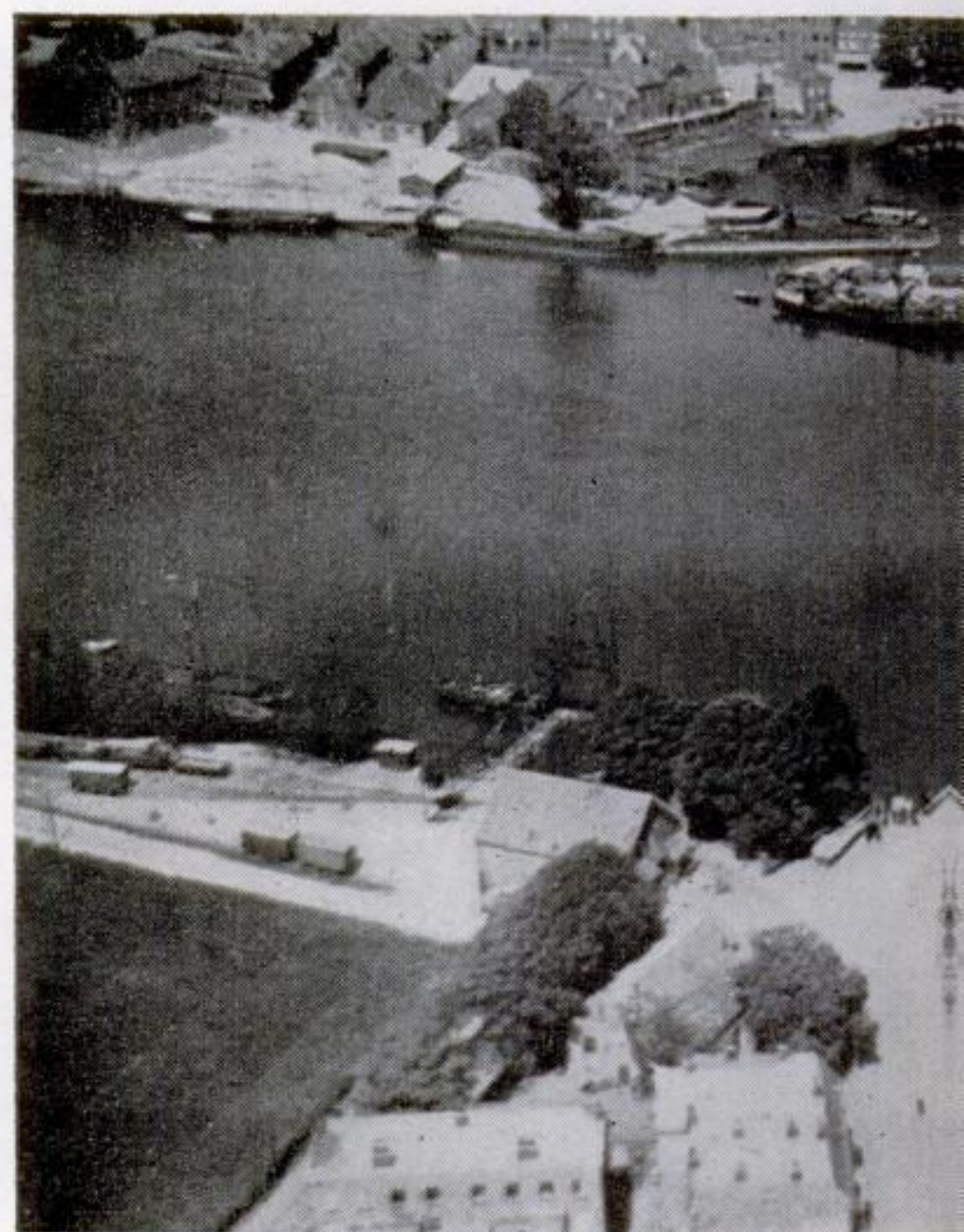


THE CITY OF COLOGNE (before bombing) was dominated by one of the best Gothic cathedrals in Europe, facing the Ho-



DÜSSELDORF is industrially second only to Essen in Rhineland. The Rhine Promenade, with its round Schloss Turm,

leads to the Skagerrak Bridge (top). Düsseldorf is now famed for a huge hilltop cross to the Nazi martyr Albert Schlageter.



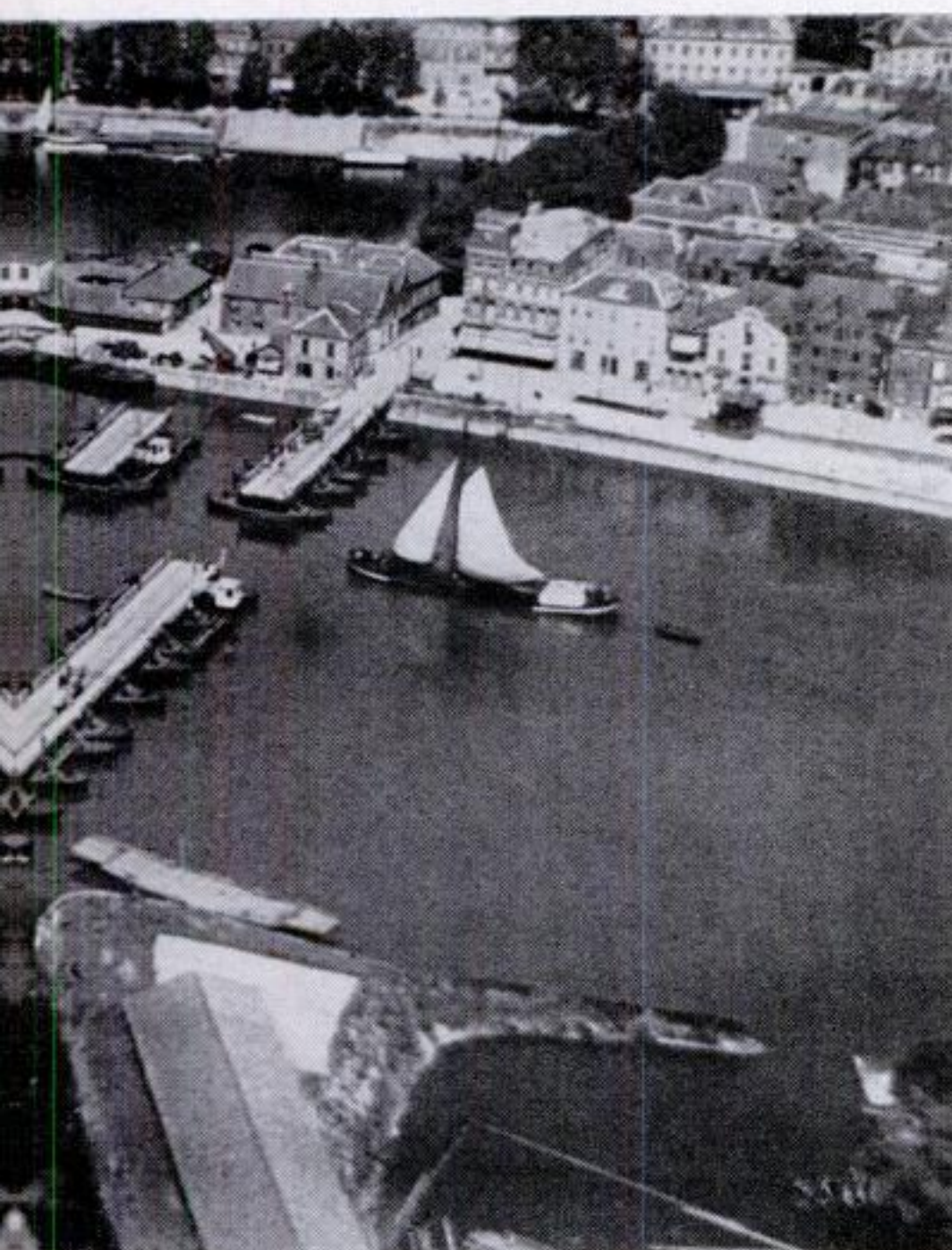
AT ARNHEM in the Netherlands the northern branch of the Rhine flows under a bridge of boats. It carries motor traffic



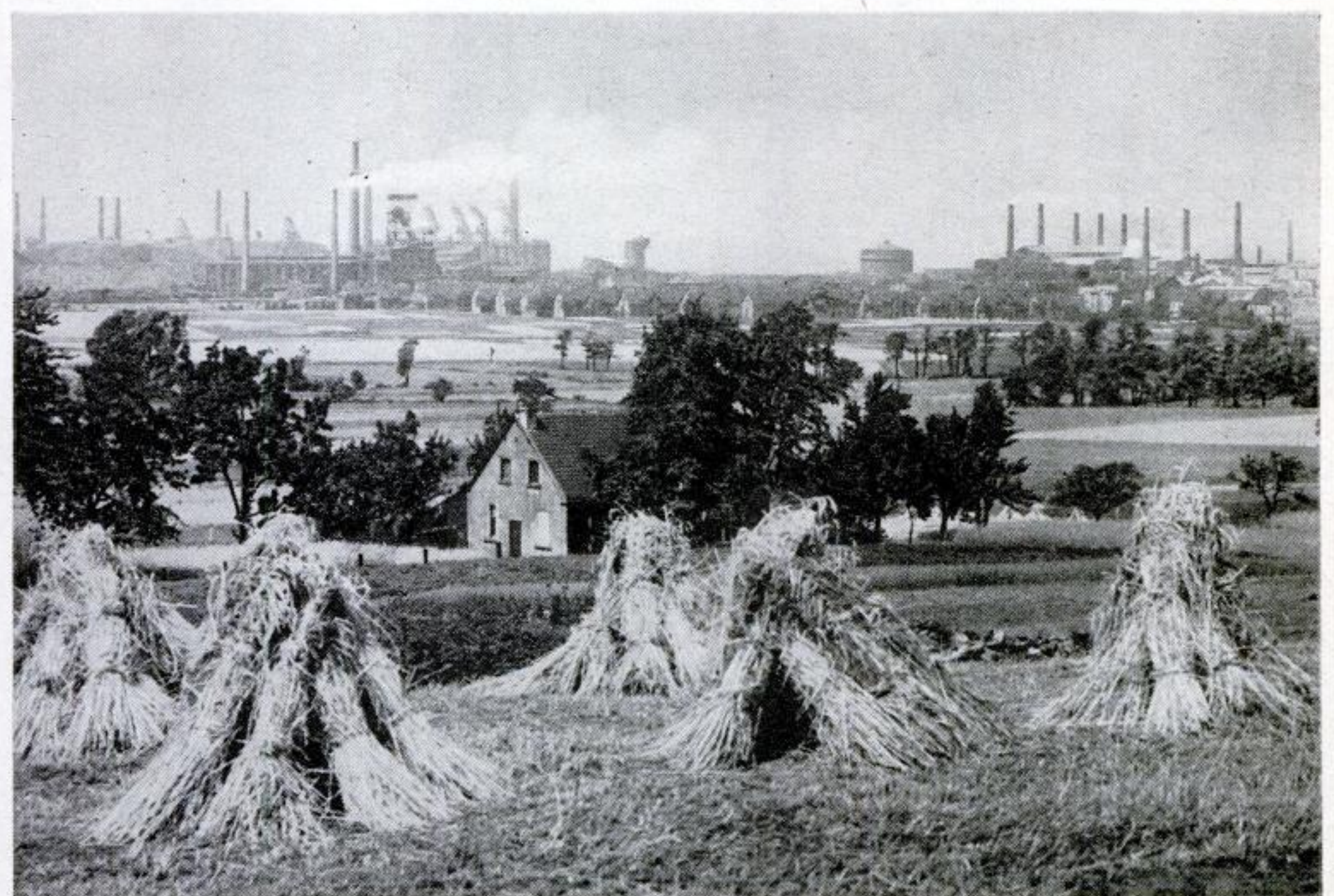
henzollern bridge. Yet oddly, though the cathedral was begun in 1248, it lay partly unfinished for six centuries, supposedly

haunted by its original architect, Meister von Rile, who was said to have sold his soul to the devil. The new part is mostly

at this end. The cathedral may have suffered from the fact that adjacent railway station was a major bombing target.



and is removed in the winter. This was one of the bridges for which the British paratroopers fought desperately and failed.



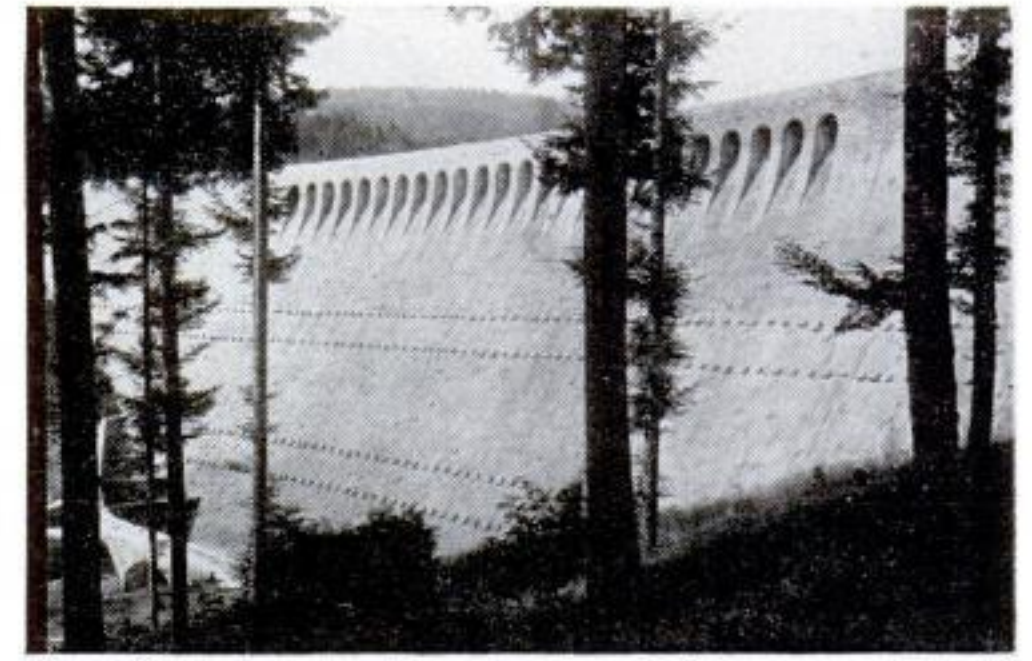
THE FACTORIES run almost continuously beyond the fields of grain along the confluence of the Rhine and the Ruhr rivers,

as here at Oberhausen, which is part of the Duisburg complex and the seat of the great Gutehoffnungs-Hutte foundry.



BISMARCK is barely recognizable peering with pouched stone eyes from his stone armor in this monument on the Rhine at

Cologne. By taking Alsace and Lorraine from France in the War of 1870, Bismarck made Rhine all-German once again.



ELECTRIC POWER DAM is on Rhine tributary, the Murg, near Baden Baden above Forbach. There are numerous such dams.

The River Has Fathered Germany's Best Culture

Nearly everything that people remember pleasantly about Germany came from the Rhineland. Even "*Ich weiss nicht was soll es bedeuten*" is Heine's version of how the Rhine boatmen felt when they heard the Lorelei (see next page), for he too was born on the Rhine, at Düsseldorf. Among the Germans whose lives began or were spent in the Rhineland were Luther, Gutenberg, Beethoven, Goethe, Engels, Dürer, Marx, Hegel, Schlegel, Schumann. The music and accent of these Germans is something quite different from the hate-howling gutturals of Hitler or the cold Prussian bark of Bismarck (left). It seems that German poetry and German love have rarely attached themselves to any other part of Germany, saving only near-by Bavaria and of course Austria.

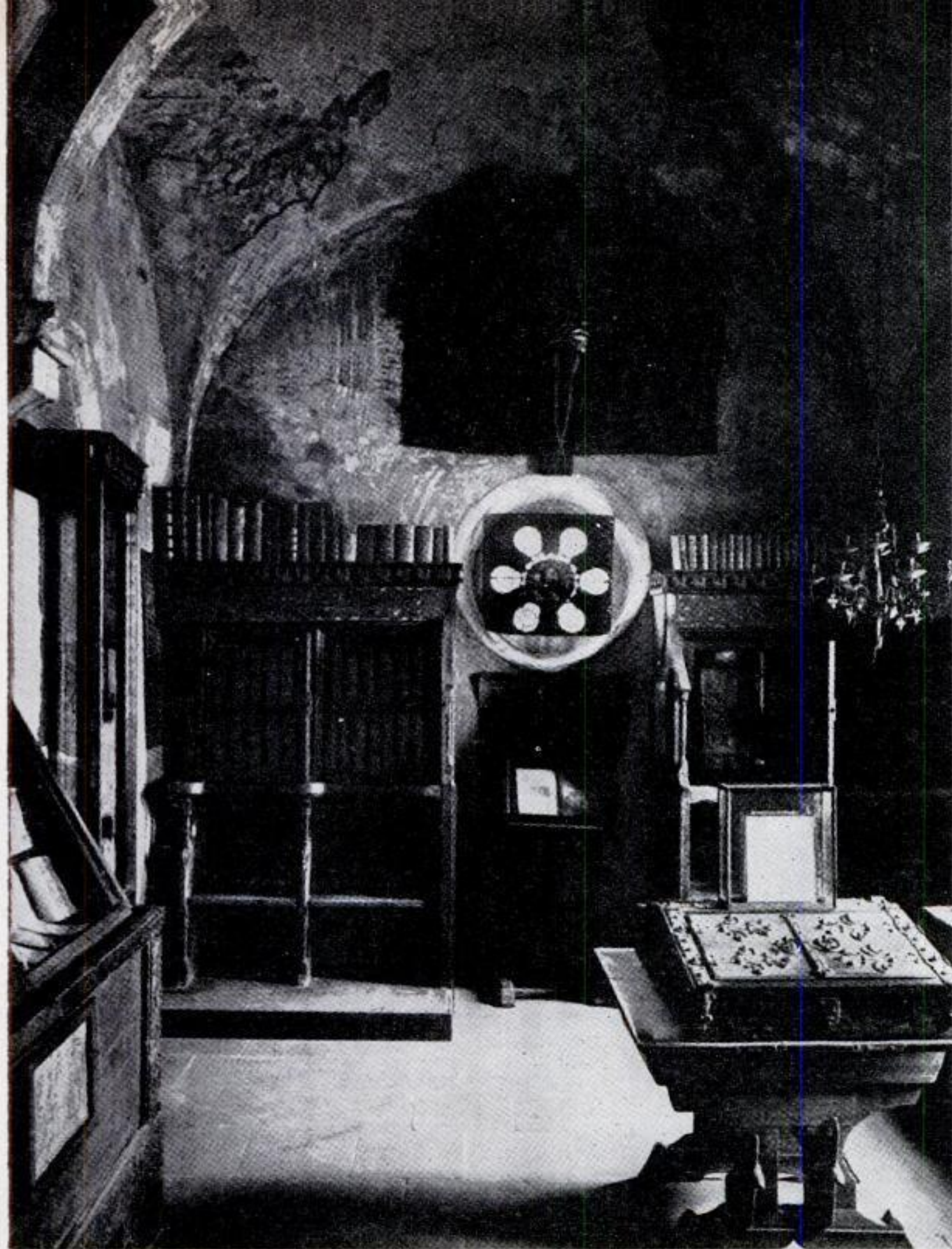
The political impotence of the Rhineland comes from the fact that it was very early broken up into hundreds of principalities, the chief of which were ruled by princes of the church, of Cologne, Trèves, Speyer, Strasbourg, Basel. Yet the Rhineland in the Middle Ages was the only thickly populated area of Germany and the wealthiest. It was the chief trade route between rich Italy and the Netherlands' wool industry. Here were and are Germany's small estates and peasant holdings, as opposed to the great landlords of eastern Germany. In 1806 Napoleon merged some 100 principalities, large and small, into the Confederation of the Rhine, thus beginning German unification.

The Rhineland is deeply Catholic and its castles are haunted with the legends of knights who went off to the Crusades and returned to find their lady-loves dead of grief.

Since 1850 the industrial revolution has revised the Rhineland's face. In 20 years Essen changed from a village to a metropolis under the Krupps. Cologne made good use of a lignite seam 24 miles long and three miles wide. Hitler built his great *Reichsautobahnen* (below) especially through such continuous factory areas as Duisburg-Ruhrort-Meiderich, which together form the world's largest river harbor (22,000,000 tons a year).



HITLER HIGHWAY leads here to industrial Duisburg's Kaiserberg Bridge over the Ruhr just before it reaches the Rhine.



MARTIN LUTHER'S STUDY in the Paulus Church in Worms now houses his manuscripts. At the Diet of Worms, in 1521, protestant Luther faced the Catholic Emperor Charles V and defended his "heresy."



BEETHOVEN was born in this neat house in Bonn in 1770, son of a hard-drinking tenor and a palace servant. He left here when he was 5, when he began to study the violin.

EIGHT HUNDRED YEARS AGO THESE FOUR DISSIMILAR EARLY ROMANESQUE PILLARS WERE BUILT ON SCHWARZRHEINDORF'S EXTRAORDINARY DOUBLE CHURCH ON RHINE'S RIGHT BANK





THE NIBELUNGEN LEGEND begins when the dwarf Alberich, of the demonic Nibelungs, steals the Golden ring of power from

the Rhine maidens. Later he loses it to the god Wotan who gives it to the giant Fafner who turns into dragon which is

slain by Siegfried who gives the ring to Brünnhilde, takes it back and dies with it, yielding it to the Rhine maidens.

Siegfried's Story Is the Most Famous of River's Weird and Dark Legends

The Rhine has bred great German Legends—of the Lorelei, Lohengrin. The greatest is that of the Nibelungen which was first written down between 1100 and 1200 A.D. Historically it is based on the overthrow of the Burgundian kingdom in 436 by the Huns, whose King Attila (Etzel in the legend) was called in by the Romans when the Burgundians revolted. Richard Wagner wrought the legend into his great Ring cycle of operas. The story Wagner tells (*above and below*) is murky and unsimple with supernatural myth, treachery, magic, deception, jealousy, revenge and the

cursed treasure which ends in the Rhine, its secret known only to the Rhine maidens.

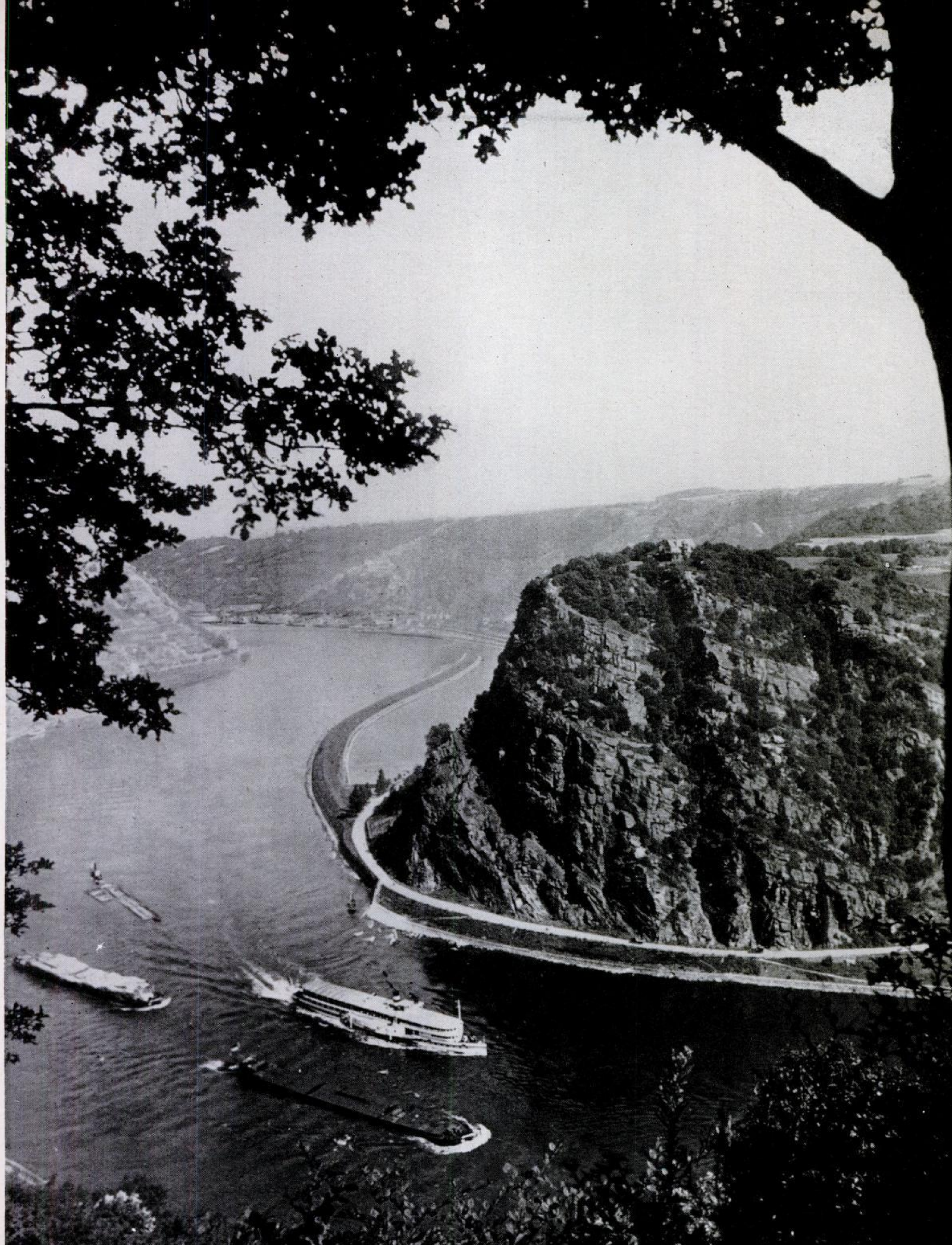
By Hitler and the Nazis, who worship Wagner's music, the Wagnerian statement of Siegfried's difficulties is crazily interpreted as a history of Hitler and his destiny. The final opera, *Götterdämmerung*, ends in the death of everybody and destruction by fire of Valhalla, the home of the gods. *Götterdämmerung* may incite the diseased inspiration of Hitler to a final funeral pyre for all Germany. Significantly, the Nibelungenlied ends, "As ever joy in sorrow ends and must end always."



AT THE BURGUNDIAN COURT of the Gibichungs, Siegfried is given a potion by Gutrune which makes him instantly forget his betrothed Brünnhilde in Iceland so that he will marry Gutrune.



THE RHINE MAIDENS rise from river to tell Siegfried on the shore to return the golden ring to the Rhine in order to save himself. When he laughs at them they foretell his imminent death.



The Rock Where the Lorelei Enticed River Men to Their Death
Rises 430 Feet out of the Treacherous Rhine near Oberwesel



U. S. generals came through test of the Normandy campaign as a tough, aggressive command team. In the front (left to right): Patton, Third Army; Bradley, 12th Army Group (First, Third

and Ninth Armies); Eisenhower; Hodges, First Army. In second row: First Army's Kean, Corlett, Collins, Gerow and 9th Air Force's Quesada. Rear: First Army's Allen, Thorson and Hart.

OUR ARMY IN WESTERN EUROPE

IT HAS BEATEN THE ENEMY'S BEST, BUT IT HAS LEARNED A FEW SHORTCOMINGS IN THE PROCESS

by HANSON W. BALDWIN

The Army of the U. S. has met in Western Europe most of the tests of battle save winter warfare, a new trial now at hand. It has met them on the whole with spectacular success. For the first time since the Civil War the American Army stands today the peer of any army in the combat efficiency of some of its best divisions, in much of its leadership, in its staff work, in some but not all of its tactics, in its weapons and equipment and in the art of supply.

In general its performance has been magnificent. But in particular there have been some serious deficiencies—a few of them startling.

The infantry, to which so much publicity has been devoted by the Army

in the past year in an effort to raise that arm's morale and to make it a desired branch of the service, is still an American weak spot, although the work of some crack outfits seems to belie this statement.

It used to be said in World War I that "artillery takes the ground; the infantry consolidates it." This never was literally true and it was even less true in the hedgerow war in Normandy (the period when the infantry was called upon for some of its hardest tasks), for artillery and air bombardment were never able to flush the enemy from their deep foxholes and dugouts. Infantry had to do the job, and our infantry had too little dash and aggressiveness and was too dependent upon massed artillery and air support.

A NOTE ON THE AUTHOR

Hanson W. Baldwin, military editor of the *New York Times* and one of America's foremost military critics, went to England and France last summer to observe the new U. S. Army in its greatest test. His conclusions concerning the quality of the Army and some of its departments are set down in this article.

Hanson Baldwin graduated from Annapolis in 1924, served three years with ships of the Atlantic Fleet. He resigned his commission in 1927 and in 1929 joined the *Times*. In 1942 he became the *Times's* military editor, has since traveled widely to observe our armed forces in training and in action.

The basic principles of our infantry training have probably been sound, but they have not always been thoroughly applied. We have been too slow to transfer the lessons of the battlefield to our training program. *Yank*, the Army magazine, has run a number of letters from returning veterans commenting that faulty methods of training which they underwent two or three years ago are still being taught to new replacements even though proved unsound on the battlefield. The indoctrination of infantry with the aggressive spirit and the molding of fine infantry morale still leaves something to be desired. More training in conjunction with tanks and planes is required. Perhaps too much dependence has been placed upon the artillery, too little upon infantry initiative. Cover, concealment, antisniper action, digging in, thorough reconnaissance and of course the tactics of small units cannot be too much stressed. This, like all wars, is a battalion war. It is being won by small units.

Infantry is perhaps the one absolutely indispensable arm, but it is not the "Queen of Battles." No one arm is. The close cooperation of all arms is essential to victory in this war.

The American artillery—towed and self-propelled—has been on the whole magnificent. By their own testimony the Germans have experienced on no other front such a smothering volume of field artillery and mortar fire as they have in France. They described it as "incredibly heavy," unlike anything which has taken place even in Russia. Time fire, in which the shells burst in the air, has often been particularly effective—especially when the Germans have been flushed out of their holes into the open.

The work of the "grasshopper" liaison planes for observation and direction of fire was outstanding. Divisional concentrations to prepare attacks—sometimes surprise concentrations in which many guns of different calibers and in widely differing positions figure their firing data so that hundreds of shells burst in a given area within a few seconds—have been one of the principal instruments of victory. But this is sometimes an expensive and wasteful method, though an effective one. Many of our shoots have been wild, and there has been too much of a tendency by divisional and small-unit commanders to place all responsibility upon the artillery and to call for concentrations of artillery fire needlessly, or when targets were uneconomical or not well defined. The result has been an enormous expenditure of artillery ammunition—one which only America could afford—an expenditure which in the first two months in France was far greater than expected in 155-mm. shells and 81-mm. mortar ammunition. The expenditure was so great that artillery ammunition had to be rationed at times.

Armor was used well

The armored units since the St. Lô breakthrough seem to have been very well handled. Before the breakthrough there were occasions when the small tank forces that were employed were used with far too much caution; the Germans then commented that "so far tank crews [American] do not show much enthusiasm for a fight between tanks. They respect antitank guns and dislike close-combat weapons."

This enemy opinion probably has since been revised, but until all armored-unit commanders come to regard tanks as expendable and acquire the thrusting, aggressive, hell-for-leather spirit of the old-time cavalryman our tank tactics must be adjudged too cautious. Early in the Normandy campaign a few snipers or antitank guns held up a column of tanks; the tanks left the roads and poked about among the hedgerows trying to discover from where the shots came. This is fatal; a tank's chief asset is its mobility (plus its immunity to small-arms fire). Tank commanders must learn to forget their flanks, to by-pass—once a breakthrough is made—enemy strongpoints and centers of resistance (leaving them to the infantry to be reduced later), to stick to the roads and to keep going. Tank warfare is in considerable measure a war of roads and modern war, a war of communications.

Air-ground cooperation was certainly more effective than in any previous campaign and our Air Forces' harassment of enemy land communication and supply routes was magnificent. The ground picture as well as the air picture was given to the fliers by ground liaison officers stationed at all airfields; Air Forces officers were at the front, riding in tanks or with forward observation posts, and at all division and corps headquarters. Our experience has been that fighter-bombers which get closer to the ground are more effective for close

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



Infantrymen (here patrolling Huertgen Forest of western Germany) reflect in their morale the U. S. national attitude toward war: a too-great desire to win by sheer expenditure of material. As a result, declares Mr. Baldwin, the infantry relies too much on supporting artillery and planes.



Supply is one of the U. S. Army's greatest achievements. Above: LSTs unload on the beach in Normandy. Below: U. S. soldiers fire a captured German 88-mm. gun. U. S. has greater mass of artillery but, Mr. Baldwin says, Germans have developed high-velocity guns to greater degree.



Give Berkshires
... to be sure!



Because their style and quality cannot be questioned ... because they are lovely enough to flatter the smartest legs... a gift of Berkshire rayon stockings is always sure to please.

In many of America's finest stores, Berkshires are the stockings that most women prefer.

Better give **Berkshire Stockings**

BERKSHIRE KNITTING MILLS • READING, PENNA.

**3 OUT OF 4 WOMEN INSIST
UPON THIS
BETTER QUALITY**



To be sure of a full measure of wholesome benefits they choose prune juice made from sun-sweetened fruit, especially cultivated by 6000 members of California Prune and Apricot Growers' Association.

That's a quality tip worth following. And a health tip, too. For a glass of Sunsweet prune juice a day provides three distinct helps everyone needs in keeping fit. Here they are:

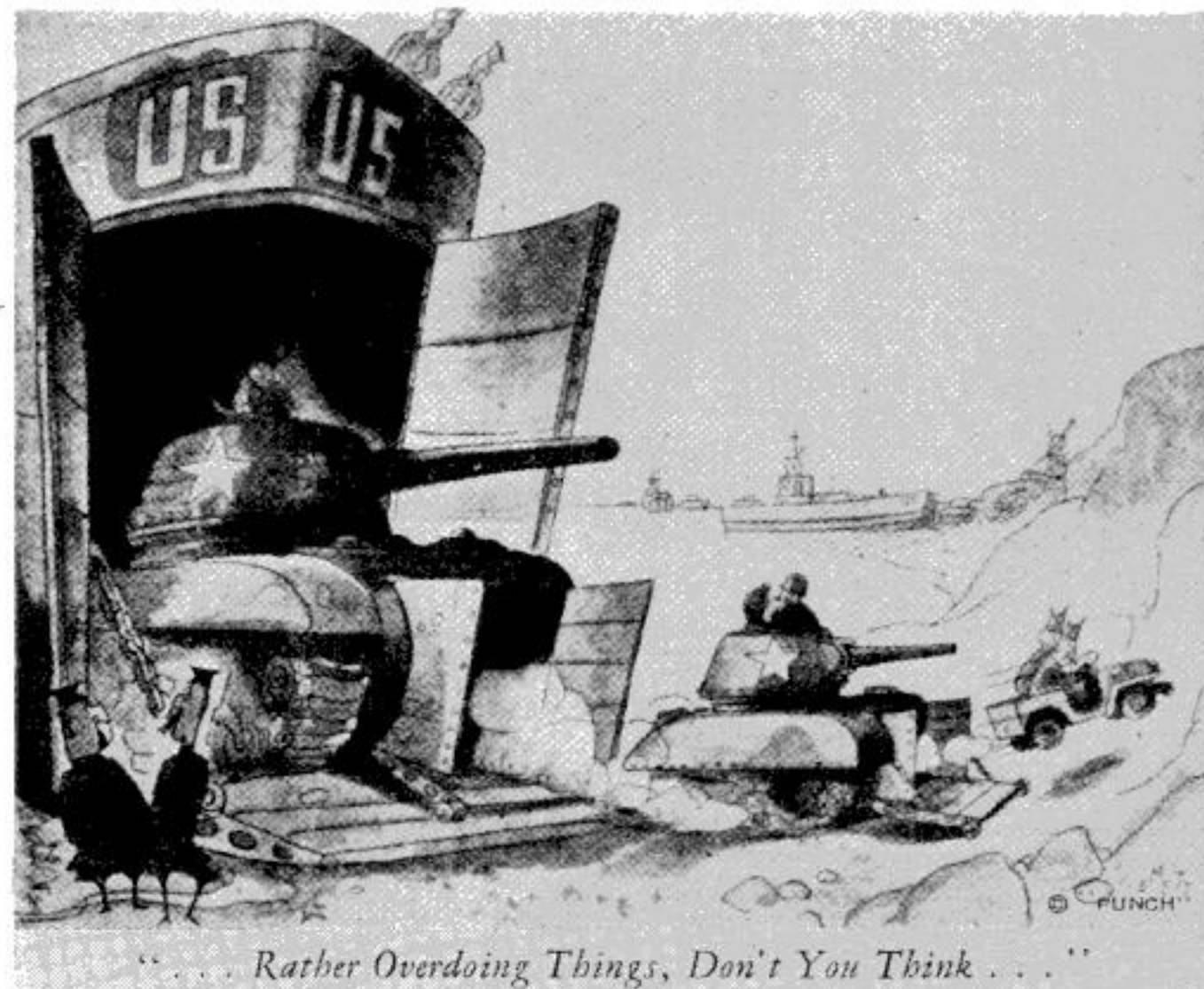
- 1st Help—Vitamins (b and g) for growth, energy
- 2nd Help—Minerals for resistance
- 3rd Help—A certain something for natural laxative effect

Tune in "What's YOUR Idea?"
Mutual Network, Mon., Wed.,
Fri. 11:45 A.M. (EWT)

For a Glass of 3-way Help

SUNSWEEET PRUNE JUICE

The Growers' Own Brand



Fearsome ingenuity of American supply system was the subject of cartoon in *Punch*. Big-jawed LSTs have been responsible for much of the Allied beach-supply victory.

OUR ARMY IN WESTERN EUROPE (continued)

front-line support than the high-flying, four-engined bombers. Both types of planes bombed our own troops on several occasions and the problem of marking our own front lines remains a very difficult one.

In France and in Holland airborne troops showed themselves an indispensable part of any army called modern. They are effective in cutting enemy communications, diverting enemy effort and disorganizing opposition, and they are some of the toughest fighters we have. But their proper employment is a tactical and supply problem of complex magnitude. Before they can achieve their greatest usefulness, the problem of more rapid operational and logistical planning must be solved and the problem of transportation and supply licked. Airborne troops are shackled to the airfields from which their transport planes take off, and airborne planning for a large-scale operation is not yet flexible enough to keep up with a fast-moving ground situation, as the Battle of France showed. Against a modern, well-equipped army operating in open country with a good communications network like that of Western Europe, the airborne troops must soon make contact with conventional ground forces or they are likely to be wiped out, as the Arnhem fight of the British "Red Devils" showed. Our sky troopers require, for greater effectiveness, a quick-release parachute harness (neither the present British model nor our own Air Forces model is satisfactory); a weapon for emergency use when in the parachute harness (the Colt .45 automatic pistol is now preferred) and a glider of larger capacity (probably the new 30-place Waco is the answer).

American antiaircraft was an effective weapon in France. In one 24-hour period, for instance, of an estimated 60 to 70 enemy planes over the First U. S. Army area, antiaircraft shot down 10 (10 actual wrecks were found) and 18 others were seen with parts falling off, smoking or rapidly losing altitude. It was estimated that one third of all German planes over the American sector—up until late July—had been destroyed or damaged by antiaircraft. This success was chiefly due to new directors—used also against the robot bombs in England—and fine fire-control methods and to the great volume of fire poured out against low-flying enemy planes by .50-cal., 37- and 40-mm. guns. American antiaircraft was also used in other than its primary role. It took up important antitank positions to beat off German tank attacks and was also utilized as field artillery. In both roles the new 90-mm. gun proved a fine weapon.

The work of other arms and services was, in general, good. Engineers have been splendid. Under fire and in emergencies they build bridges or repair roads with incredible speed. In rear areas when there is not much of an emergency there is some "gold-bricking." Military police are efficient at traffic control, but are often ineffective in the maintenance of discipline and frequently, as at Cherbourg, transgress the very regulations they are supposed to enforce.

In quantity the weapons and equipment of the American forces are unbeatable and Field Marshal Sir Bernard L. Montgomery's statement that the Allied armies that invaded France were probably the best-equipped armies ever to take the field applies in general to quality of weapons as well as to quantity.

Machine guns, small arms, field artillery, self-propelled guns, planes, tanks and particularly our automotive equipment are all good. The automotive equipment—especially the jeep and the two-and-a-half ton truck—is the best in the world. The quality of the enemy's equipment, however, was and is excellent; much of it is as good as our own; some of it is better.

It is in tanks, antitank guns and, to a lesser extent, in mines—particularly in the technique of mining—that the enemy has his clearest edge. The Sherman and the British Cromwell—particularly the Sherman—are excellent tanks, but the victories in France since July 25, won by superior numbers, do not negate the earlier judgment of our soldiers in the field that the German Panther and Tiger tanks, all things considered, are better all-round tanks than our own. The new model of the German 88-mm. and the long-barreled 75-mm. are lethal guns of great power, probably superior for tank and anti-tank use to Allied weapons, definitely superior to any Allied weapons of comparable weight and caliber.

The Germans are still very clever and forward-looking designers and technicians. Perhaps because of administrative weaknesses in the American Army they have often, even recently, beat us to the battlefield with new weapons or with improved models of old weapons. There is no lack of American inventive genius or design or production skill, but somewhere along the line between the design of a new model and battlefield use of that model there is far too much waste motion and delay in the Army's administrative processes.

Supply is our great success

The success of our operations in Western Europe has been fundamentally the success of our supply services. That success is not attributable to any one device, invention or system but to a combination of all of them and to the American genius for making machines and contraptions to do every type of job. Primarily and collectively it was due to our ability—ability which the enemy had underrated—to land, supply, build up and reinforce our armies in France *over open beaches*. No amphibious operation of such a scope in history had ever been supplied for a long period over open beaches. The Germans obviously did not believe it could be done and based their defense of the West upon the defense of the ports. That was one of Hitler's greatest errors. One million men were ashore in France within 20 days after D-day, virtually without benefit of the artificial ports of which so much has been made, and close to 3,000,000 within four months. There has been no such comparable feat of supply and reinforcement on record.

This whole, vast project was composed of many lesser epics, any one of them a major engineering, construction or supply job. A vast armada of specialized landing craft for every particular purpose was designed, constructed, modified for the invasion. Some were used as rocket ships and hurled vast barrages of explosives onto the land. Others were flak ships, others gunboats. The great ramp-bowed LSTs served a variety of purposes; they carried tanks, men, vehicles, tremendous cranes, wounded, prisoners. Some were even fitted with railroad tracks and became car ferries disgorging cars and locomotives upon the beaches of Normandy.

But this fleet was no more Buck Rogerish than the construction of the artificial ports or the laying of flexible oil pipe lines across France. The artificial ports were an English idea and much of the material was manufactured in Britain. They were in effect prefabricated harbors—blockships, concrete caissons and miles of tidal steel piling. More than a million tons of this equipment were towed from many of the ports of England for this job—one of the greatest towing jobs in history. Old Liberty ships and merchantmen and men-of-war were sunk at various selected points along the coast to form breakwaters and to make sheltered strips of beach along which the small landing craft could unload. The caissons and steel piling were placed in positions at two points—one off the American "Omaha" beach, the other off the British beach. The artificial ports were not entirely successful—the American one, except for the blockships, was wrecked in a storm—and there has been too much tendency to explain the success of our supply by the ports alone. But the mere fabrication and construction of these ports was a minor part of the major miracle.

Ashore, construction marched with the armies. The first airstrip in France was prepared by our highly efficient Air Forces engineers in about two days; a 3,600-yard fighter strip was built in three days. By D-plus-40 there were more than a score of strips.

Bridges, railroads, roads, parking areas, supply dumps, wharves and docking spaces grew like mushrooms. I saw the whole landscape of coastal Normandy change before my eyes. Between D-plus-

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



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OUR ARMY IN WESTERN EUROPE (continued)

II when I had last seen the Bay of the Seine invasion beaches and July 25 when I left France, bulldozers and earth movers had scraped away some of the 90- to 100-foot bluffs overlooking Omaha beach; well-graded roads had been carved through the fields; wire matting and "hards" had been prepared on the beaches; a swamp had been filled in, and whole networks of one- and two-way roads had been built; by-passes, one of them carved straight through the rubble of battered Isigny, and traffic circles had been established. Since then the "Red Ball" express highway system from Normandy to the front has become famous throughout France.

In Western Europe American engineers and American machines grasped the earth and changed the face of it.

For the first time since the Civil War, the U. S. has put into the field armies comparable in size with any other nation's. Unlike those in World War I they have been equipped, supplied and maintained almost entirely by American means. And the Army has proved its capacity to keep its troops supplied in a static situation such as that in Normandy and later—though with less success—even in such a fast-moving offensive as that which followed the St. Lô breakthrough. In August and early September the American armies probably moved farther and faster in a comparable period than any forces of similar size in this war. Supply difficulties helped to bog them down on the German frontier, but after such a drive this is understandable.

The officers have learned

America is fortunate in the leadership that has reached high rank after almost three years of war. In Western Europe there have been many failures of leadership as well as many successes, but most of those at the top had been proved and tried in the crucibles of other campaigns and measured up well in the supreme tests. Some division, numerous regimental and many battalion and company commanders failed and had to be relieved, some in the initial assault, some in the slow, grinding, bloody business of hedgerow war or in the assault upon the Westwall, some in the mobile fluid warfare that followed the St. Lô breakthrough. The combat units engaged in France directly reflected the quality of their leadership (this is true of all armies, but particularly true of the American Army); those with good leaders were good units.

General Eisenhower has set the tone and pattern for the whole operation in France. He was determined to make the campaign an Allied operation and his forces a fighting team. He succeeded by the strength of his winning personality and by his tactful frankness. His job has been far more difficult than that of Foch in the First World War; and he has handled it—with all the vexations and frictions incident to a war by allies—with consummate skill. General Bradley directed the First Army and later the 12th U. S. Army Group with the shrewd common sense and calm strength for which he is noted.

Too large a company of gallant men have written their names in the imperishable record of our military history to be cited here. Physical courage is not an exclusive characteristic of any nation, but Americans certainly do not lack it.

Physical courage, however, is only one of the many necessary attributes of successful leadership and is probably not as important an attribute as moral courage. Our successful leaders have that quality, but too many with undoubted physical bravery are yesmen in disguise. They lack the spine-stiffening intangible which makes leaders great. It may be training, it may be ambition, it may be a too-blind obedience or it may be the tendency of some American Army officers to play the "army game" the way it has always been played and to build up positions of personal prestige and power, little private empires, by "watching the number."

An officer twice wounded in France, once lightly at Cherbourg, once seriously at St. Lô, has remarked bitterly on yes-yesmen in the Army in a letter to this correspondent:

"At first I thought this [lack of moral courage and yes-yes tendency] to be true only in the States in training, but I have discovered it to be even worse in combat. Back home it came out mostly in eyewash. . . . I have now had the opportunity to see the results of this system destroy many fine fighting men on the battlefield. . . ."

Although this officer-correspondent passes over too lightly the absolute necessity in any military organization for a strict obedience of orders, he does point up an undoubted fault in leadership—the tendency of too many senior officers to resent juniors' suggestions, the perhaps subconscious tendency to welcome agreement and to emphasize unquestioning obedience at the expense of intelligent



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obedience. But the major fault in officer leadership in the Army is the lack of a sense of "responsibility down." Too many of our new officers do not sufficiently look out for their men. Many of them have a highly developed sense of privilege but no comparable sense of responsibility.

In general, the leadership in France from four-star generals to sergeants is far better than was the Army leadership of two years ago. There are still, however, too many yesmen, too many deficiencies in knowledge and the "habit of command" in junior officers and noncoms. These criticisms are particularly true of the noncombat services and rear areas. There is still too much deadwood in these branches.

Staff work planned the offensive

The staff work of the American Army has been generally good, in some instances superior, in a few weak. No operation probably was ever planned more carefully than the invasion of Normandy and the expansion of the Battle of Normandy into the Battle of France. The G-2 (Intelligence) estimates were initially overpessimistic; the G-3 (Operations) estimates seemed for a time optimistic, but the two errors canceled themselves out. The handling of the divisions and armies by the staff was in general good.

There were some weaknesses—most of them since remedied—in naval-ground and in ground-air cooperation. Staffs had a tendency to do too much paper work and some of our staffs were too slow for the quick pace of war.

But the greatest fault of our Army administratively is still the fault of waste—the red tape that clogs the wheels and the little, nonessential "empires" that ambitious officers or leaders build up. We rarely get along with one where two or three can be used. We are distinctly a luxurious army in the use of manpower, matériel, ammunition and food. In these respects the Army reflects the standards of the nation; we are used to plenty and to waste. The Army is definitely overstaffed and overmanned. An efficiency survey could probably reduce by 10 to 25% the number of officers and men employed in noncombat—and particularly in rear area—activities. Recently the headquarters of ETOUSA—European Theater of Operations, U. S. Army—was cut heavily, with increase rather than impairment of efficiency. Staffs and headquarters of tactical as well as of supply units are overmanned and particularly overofficered. There are far too many duplicating and over-lapping echelons of command. The 12th U. S. Army Group has a substantial number of general officers on its staff and enough personnel of all grades to form an understrength division. The American Army and SHAEF's command and headquarters personnel are occupying more than 150 hotels in Paris. Rear-area medical installations, visitors' bureaus, Air Forces activities, especially some of the administrative functions of the wing organization, and the supply and maintenance elements of the Air Forces are among the units with far more personnel than is actually needed for efficient operations. But the fault is a general one. It is probable that if the Army sloughed off its excess "fat," five to six more combat divisions might be formed out of this personnel.

This situation is induced in part by empire building and it too often encourages gold-bricking, or a search for rank instead of efficiency. An officer may be given a position which a noncom could fill, and then he may try to build up his position into a little empire of his own. When he has "X" officers and "X" enlisted men under him he is able to make a case for increased rank.

An anonymous officer poet expressed his resentment of this system in a sardonic parody which follows:

ECHELONS ON HIGH

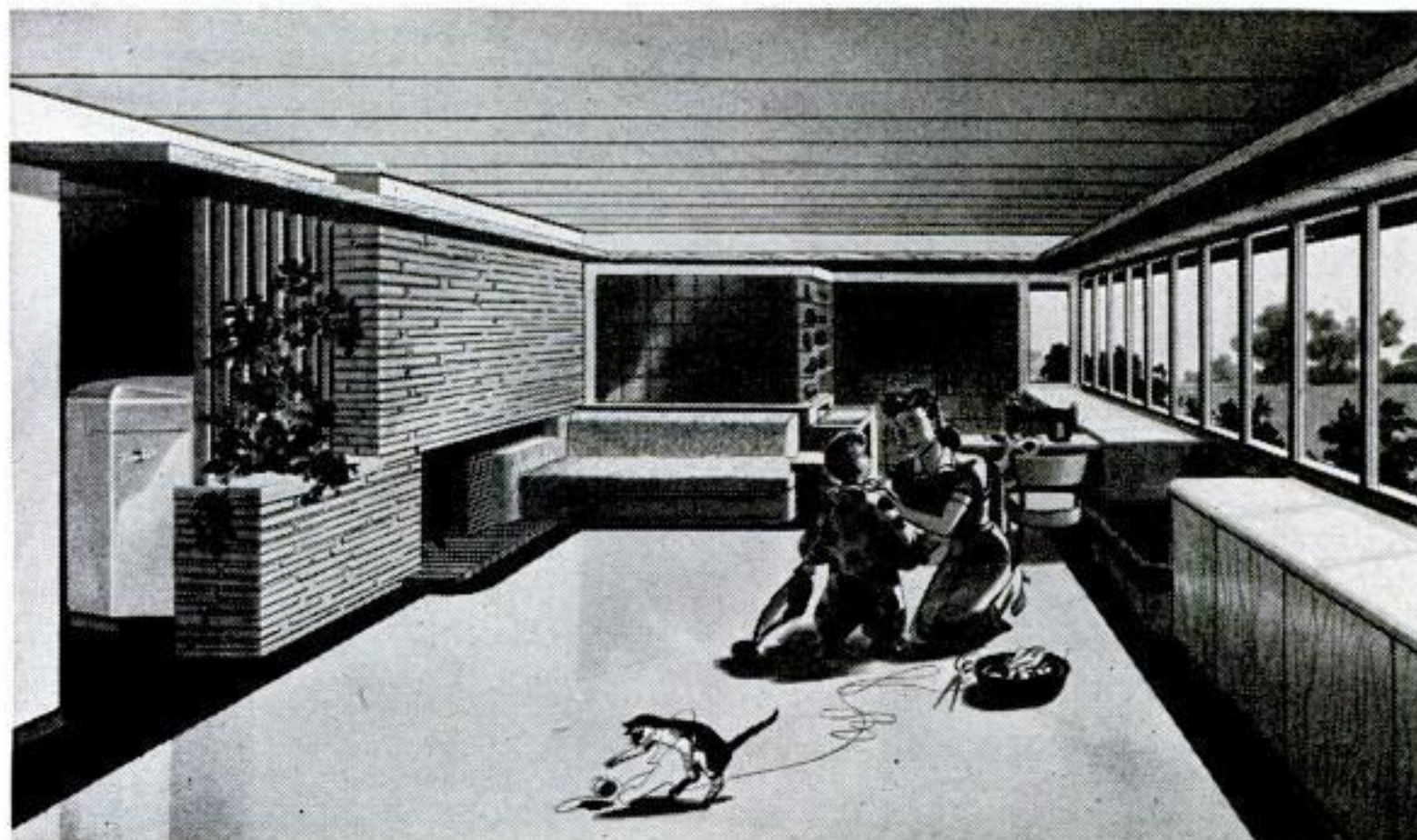
*Oh, we're the little people with the power
We're the minions of the echelons on high
We're the guardians of the gate
Of the powerful and great
And all that reaches them must pass us by.*

*And so when any matter comes before us
To determine what the military finds
We look on it with terror
For we must not make an error
So we hold it until we've made up our minds.*

*For an admiral can can us in a minute
Or a general return us to the pool
Or send us to the front
Where we'd have to bear the brunt
Of the vacillations of some other fool.*

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MODERN RANCH HOUSE FOR POSTWAR PLANNERS

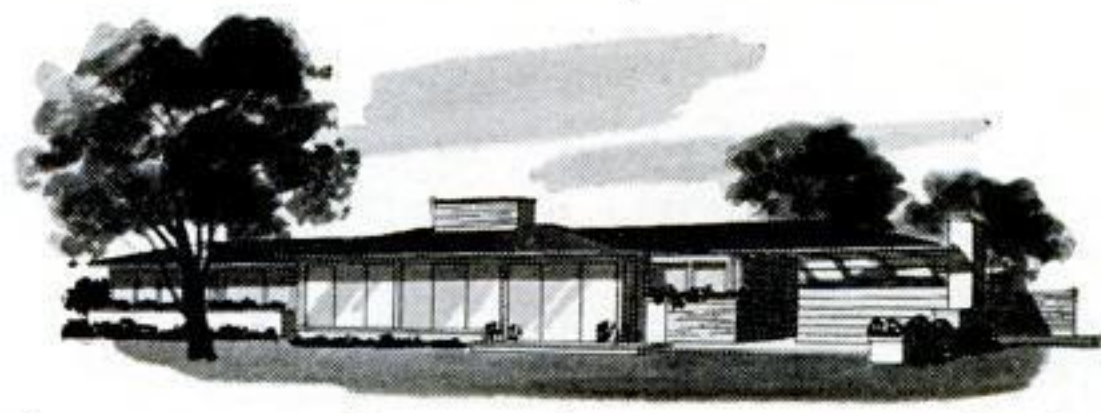


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OUR ARMY IN WESTERN EUROPE (continued)

And when one makes a real mistake it bounces,
And the issue does not long remain in doubt,
But with any sort of luck
We can always pass the buck
And there's no one in the world can find us out.

So we analyze each line and word and comma
And we send our letters back to be retyped;
And we call for conferences
Where we mend our little fences,
And it's only lower echelons are griped.

And the shadow's more important than the substance
And the form is more important than the end;
If we merely carp and edit
No one else will get the credit
While we make no mistakes we must defend.

Oh, we're the little people with the power
We're the minions of the echelons on high
We'll do nothing for the nation
That's not strictly regulation
So we never, never do... and never die!

Our tactics count on superiority

American tactics in France have been sound, less bold than they have seemed and based fundamentally upon an overwhelming numerical superiority in matériel. In the first two months—until the end of the hedgerow war—infantry was the dominant arm, but it was infantry which was not trained to or could not or would not advance without that advance being prefaced and supported by bombing and artillery fire in great volume. From the St. Lô breakthrough to the German frontier it has been the "tank," used in its generic sense, or, that is to say, mechanized weapons, which has been the dominant arm. Since then infantry has borne the brunt of the fighting. The breakthrough at St. Lô and the subsequent exploitation were vindication and justification for the armored school of tactics which held that once we employed mass tank attack (by two armored divisions at St. Lô) the enemy could not withstand it. Prior to the July 25 breakthrough no more than one combat command of an American armored division had been massed and used in one section of the front. Since St. Lô, we have used armored divisions—not even yet in the mass which a mechanized country like America might expect—in sizable numbers.

There is no doubt whatsoever that mechanized warfare is still in its infancy. In the air and on the ground the tactics and techniques now being used will soon be obsolete. If the nation is to keep its military science abreast of change we must rid ourselves of the "dead hand of tradition." We must gear our tactics to the machine. And that means boldness in concept and execution; it means experimentation and vision; it means abandonment of caution—not "Offensive brutale et a outrance" in the sense in which the French used the term but the offensive of bold swift strokes without too much fear for our flanks.

But it would be a mistake to conclude, as so many have done from the fighting in France, that the offensive has completely triumphed over the defensive. Far from proving the modern defensive weak, the hedgerow war in Normandy and the strong German defense on the Reich's frontiers have proved it strong. With only 45,000 to 70,000 men and with virtually no air cover or air support, the Germans in Normandy held back for a month American forces five to 10 times their numerical strength, seven times their tank strength, many times their artillery strength. The defensive, given even one fifth the firepower of the attackers on the ground and in the air, is still very, very strong. The victories won in France are little key to the relative strength of offense and defense in modern war. The Germans were finally overwhelmed in Normandy and will be again in Germany by tremendously superior forces which marshaled against them the greatest mass of matériel—guns, tanks, planes, trucks, weapons, equipment—yet used on a comparable front in this war.

The defensive is still strong, yet it is clear that the linear theory of defense is dead. Any ground defense today must be in great depth and must be based on the concept of counterattacks by mobile reserves. The plane and the robot bomb, the tank and the self-propelled gun, the truck and flexible oil pipe line laid cross-country as fast as an

CONTINUED ON PAGE 35

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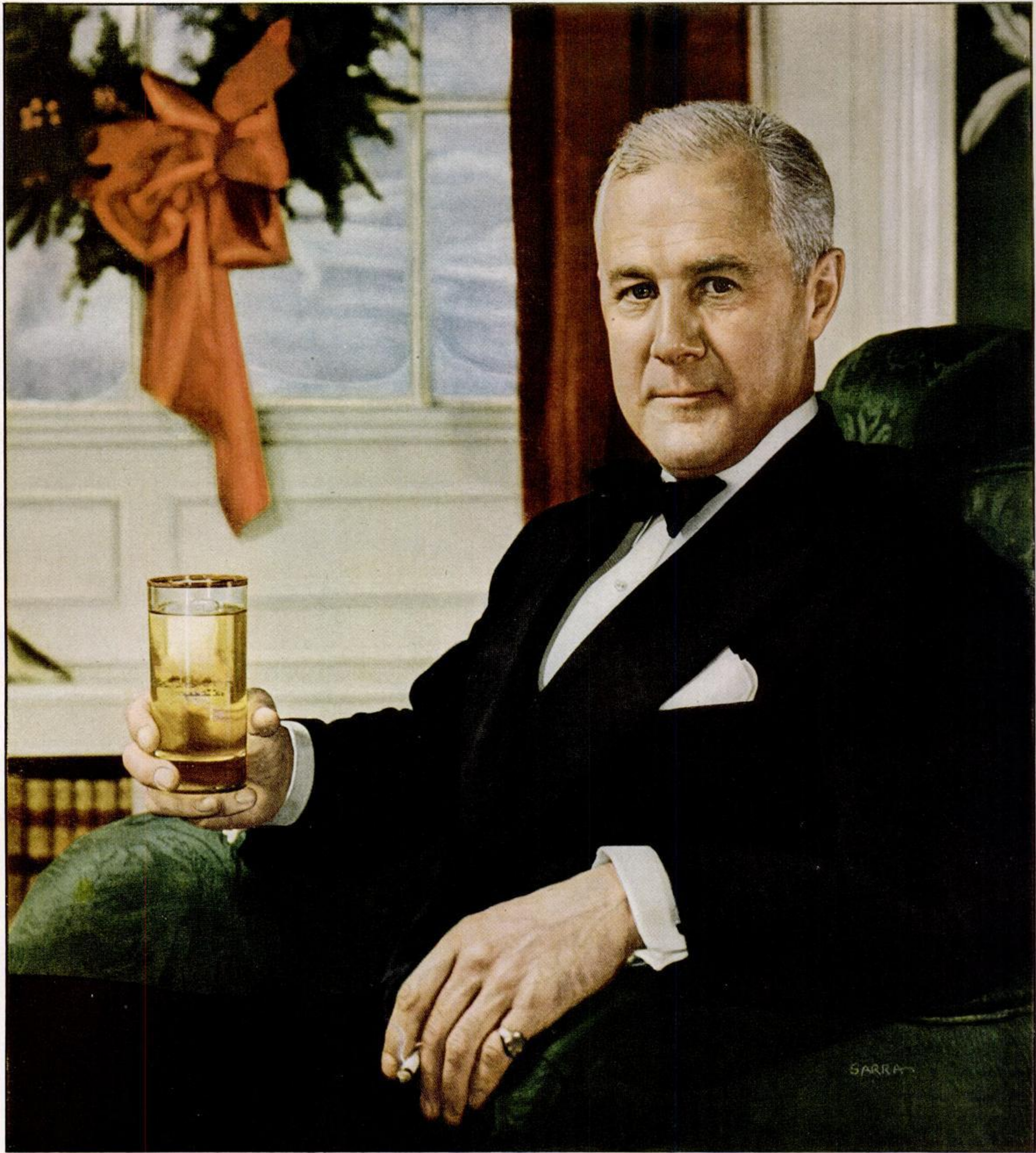
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OUR ARMY IN WESTERN EUROPE (continued)

army advances have put the accent upon mobility. Speed and surprise are still dominant factors in war.

In France there have been periods, notably during the hedgerow war, when there was far too much tendency to fight terrain instead of the enemy. Constantly the tankers would say, "This isn't good tank country." Or the infantry would point to the good defensive positions of the enemy or the artillery to the lack of observation. This observer has heard these same expressions applied to widely differing types of terrain—in North Africa, in Europe, in the Pacific. But modern infantry, artillery and mechanized weapons can be applied to any type of terrain, if properly used. There was also a tendency to allow the momentum of an attack to peter out. It must be kept moving. If the men stop and dig in and seek cover it is very difficult to get the attack rolling again.

The men don't really hate the Germans

The core of any army is its men. Despite the traditional American distaste for discipline and for the military life, Americans have rounded into good soldiers. They are probably more intelligent soldiers than those of any other army, better educated. But they are certainly less world-conscious.

The average GI's objective is still to get home. He has never had any great desire to fight in this war and the men who really hate the Germans are probably in the minority. Rangers, parachute troops and some of our veteran infantry and tank men are as tough and efficient and seasoned soldiers as any, but as a whole the American soldier is still too dependent on his luxuries—extra clothing and good food, Red Cross, etc.—and still hasn't as much heart in this war as the Russian or the Tommy, the German or the Jap. This is in turn a direct reflection of the attitude of the American public. The GI is wary of slogans; he's fighting mostly because he has to. This has been the Army's greatest handicap.

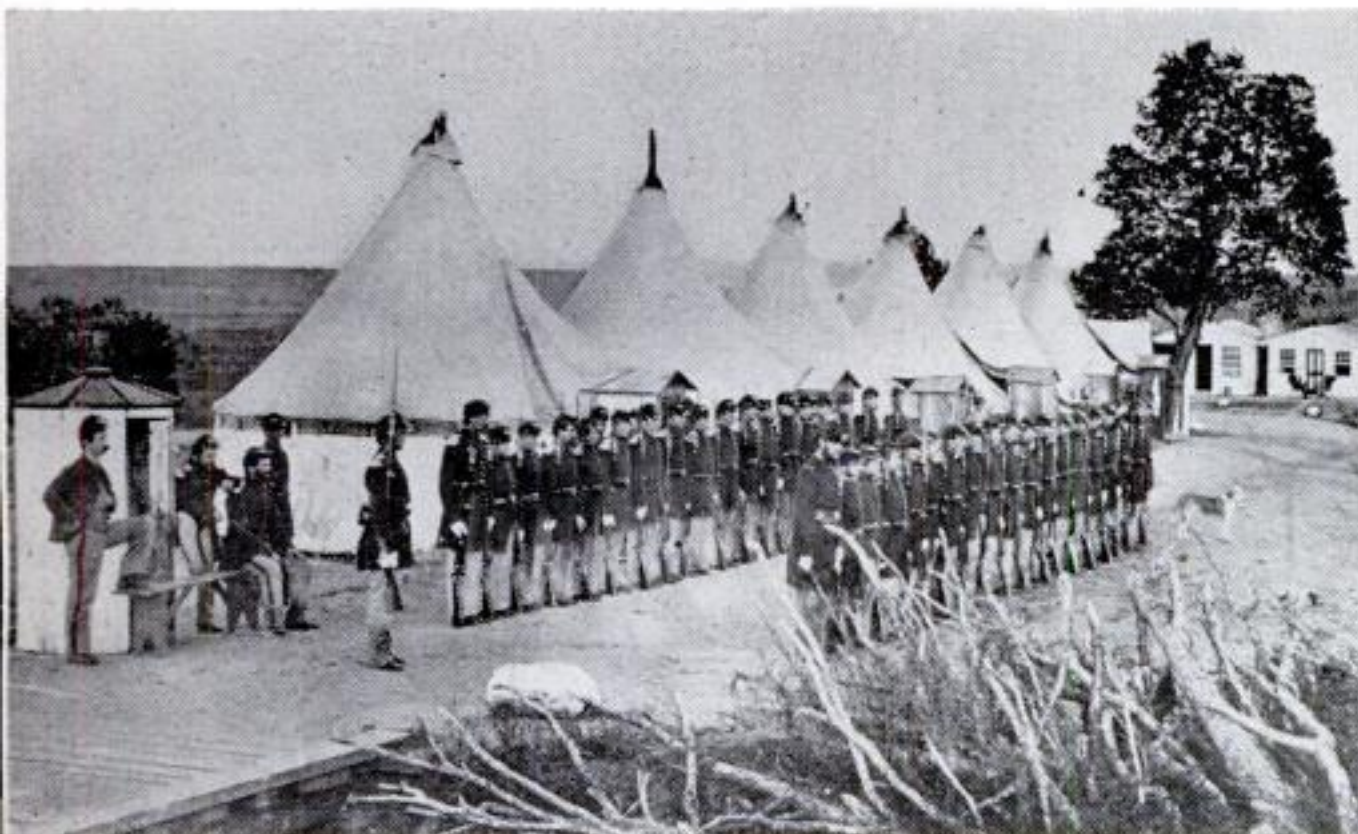
Nevertheless, the soldier's morale is far better than it was in North Africa and in Italy, and his lack of conviction about war aims does not prevent him from being a good soldier. His morale reflects the quality of his leadership; hence it is sometimes bad and sometimes good.

The American soldier as he is today is good but not superlative. He is at his best when handling machines, and it is upon machines—a superior quantity of machines—that his victory has been based.

But he could be a much better soldier if he had better leaders, particularly during his training periods. He could be a better soldier if his curiosity and eagerness for knowledge and discussion were satisfied adequately; if he developed a political consciousness as well as combat proficiency; and if the Army tried to inculcate in him ideals of character and standards of self-discipline as well as efficiency in battle.

Probably no war in which Americans have ever fought so enlisted the convictions of both sides as our Civil War. That is why it was the bloodiest to date of all our conflicts.

The next war—when it comes, and come it will—will be even more a war of machines than this one. But there is no guarantee that the industrial strength of America will ever again have such a tremendous ratio of superiority or that the U. S. will again have such powerful industrial allies as it has had in this war. Moral superiority as well as machine superiority is a task for which the nation of tomorrow must strive.



Civil war soldiers felt more strongly about what they were fighting for than modern U. S. soldiers. Because of this the Civil War was the bloodiest in all U. S. history.

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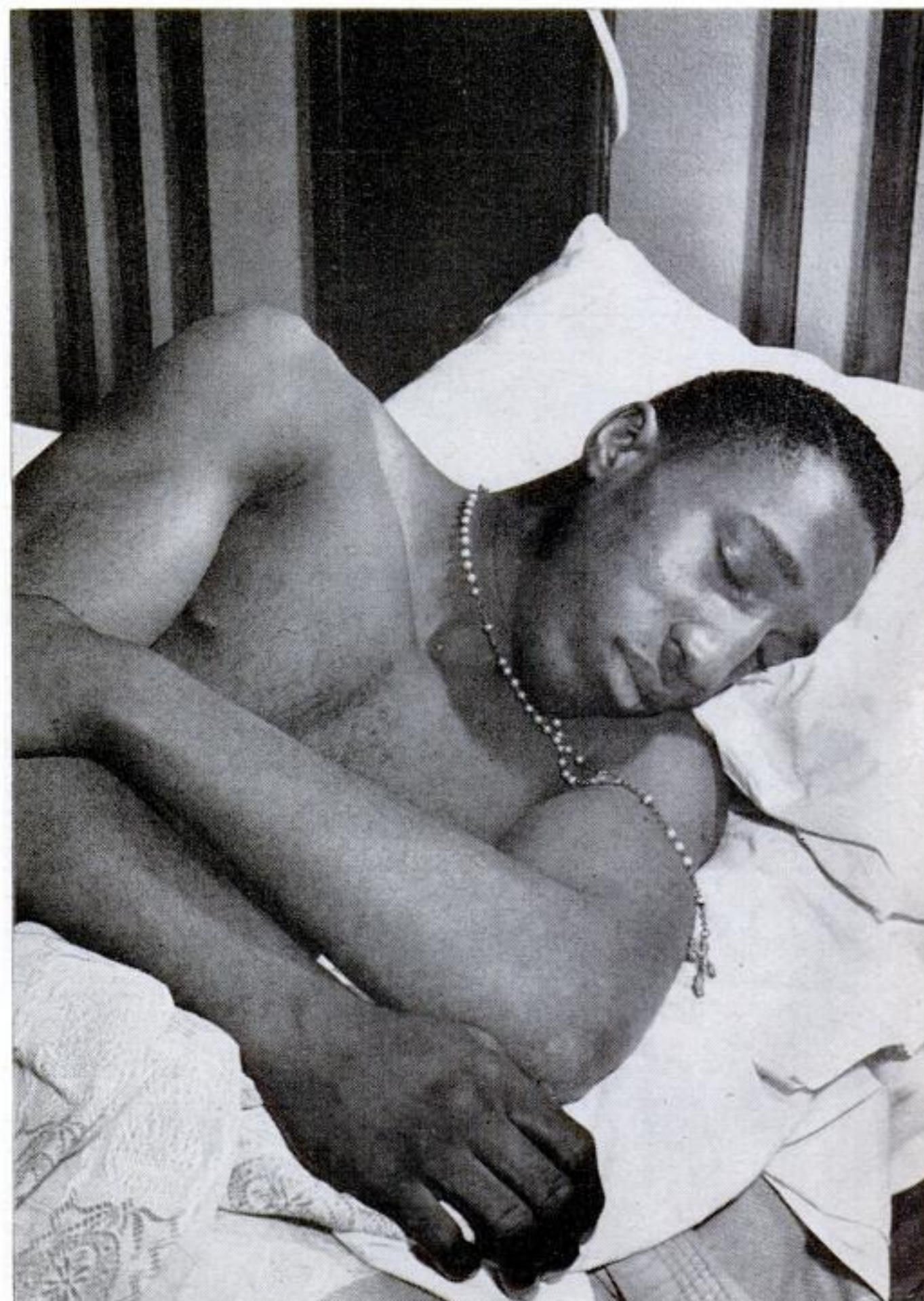
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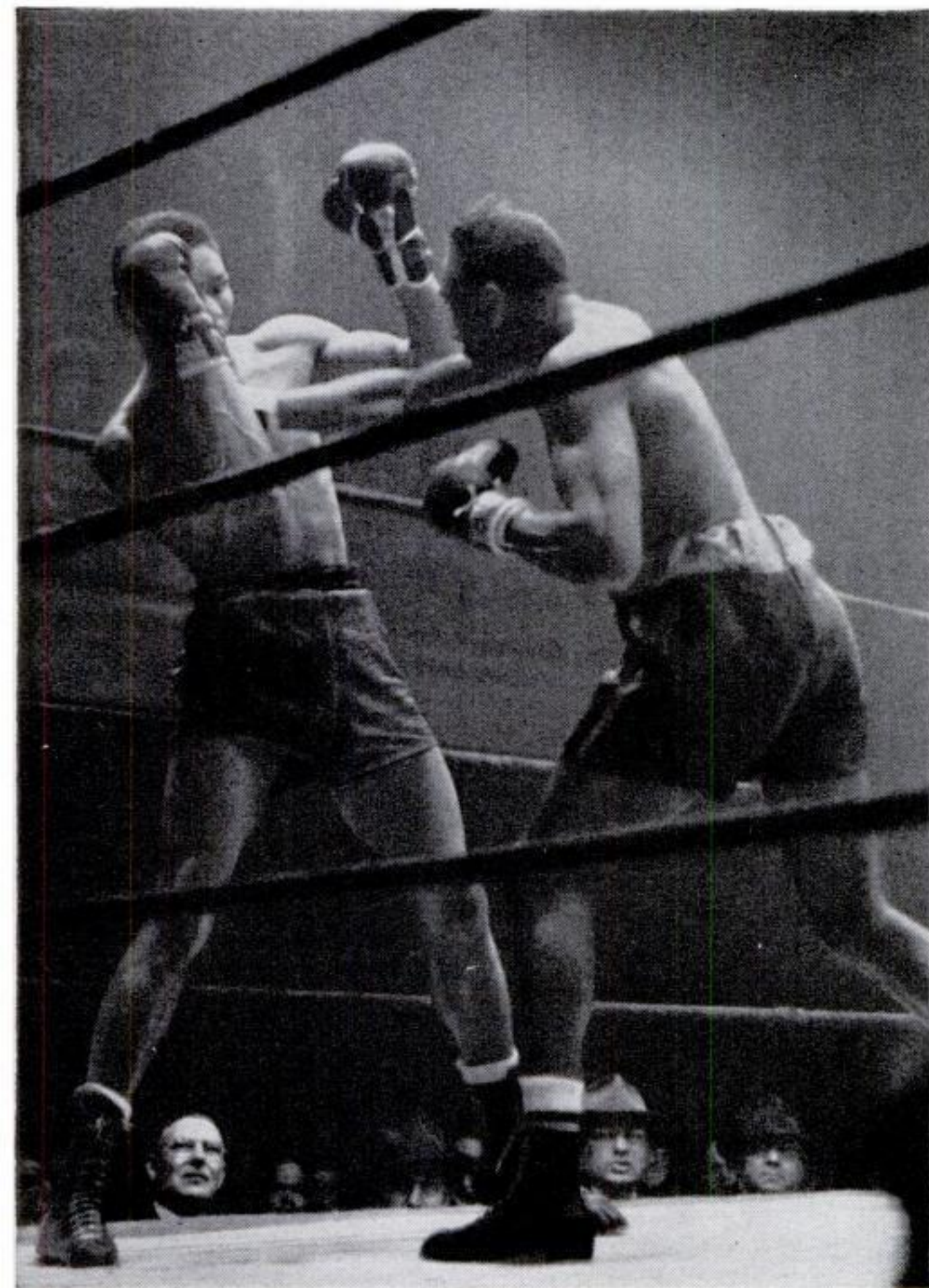
New Welterweight (continued)



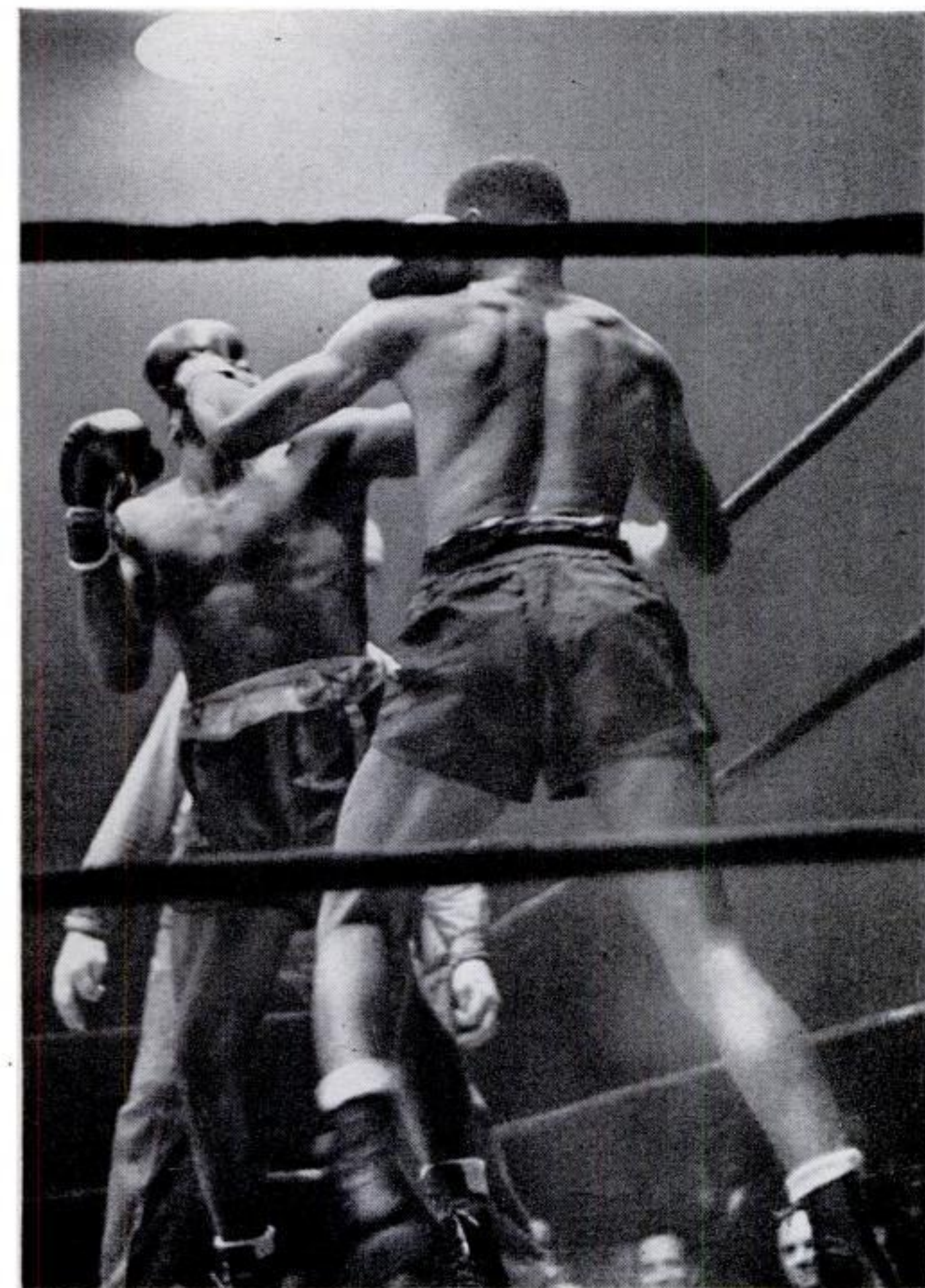
Before the fight Arnold weighs in, then has a steak. His manager, a Philadelphia doctor, watches Billy's health carefully, has brought him up slowly to his fighting peak.



After his meal Arnold gets three hours' nap. Because he goes to high school, he cannot travel far for any of his fights, must do his training before and after day's studies.



In the ring Arnold (right) feels out opponent with caution of Joe Louis, then cuts loose. Shown here is his bout with "Tiger" Wade in New York's St. Nicholas Arena.



The payoff is Arnold's left hook, which carries all his weight behind it. This "Sunday punch" finished Wade in second round of the bout, has knocked out 26 of 30 men.

REFRIGERATORS · RANGES

Gibson

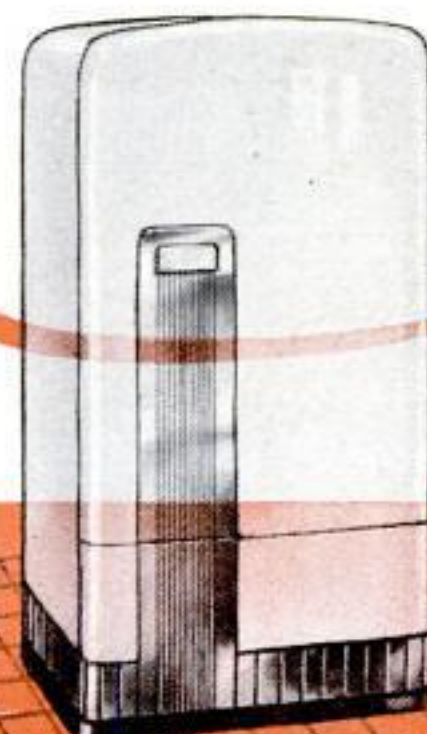
THE FREEZ'R SHELF REFRIGERATOR

...Thanks,

I ROASTED IT IN MY GIBSON ELECTRIC

THE FREEZ'R SHELF REFRIGERATOR

The Gibson Freez'r Shelf Refrigerator with in-built STRATA-ZONES—different layers of cold that reach clear across without obstructions—will make it easier for you to keep food, and more of it, including frozen foods, much longer—and with greater vitamin retention!



Welcome praise of a meal well cooked is the natural result of letting a Gibson Kookall automatic electric range *do your cooking for you!*

Thousands of Gibson owners who bought their Gibsons before war work stopped production are enjoying cooking advantages little short of miraculous.

And when the war is won Gibson will carry on with even finer features, still more surprising innovations to save your time, to keep your kitchen cool and clean, to make your foods *look* better, *taste* better and *be* better for you!

Your new Gibson Kookall electric range with Automatic Control will be almost human in the way it shoulders your cooking burdens—turns itself on and off, cooks complete meals even when you are elsewhere, saves current costs by using stored up heat, requires electricity for only about $\frac{1}{4}$ th of actual roasting and baking time! So remember to see the Gibson before you buy!

Gibson is now engaged in war production

GIBSON REFRIGERATOR COMPANY
GREENVILLE, MICHIGAN

Export Department, 201 N. Wells St., Chicago, Ill.
Canadian Distributors, Rogers Majestic, Ltd., Toronto

★ BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS ★

COMING! A NEW GIBSON HOME FREEZER

THE SLUMBER-PARTY GIRLS SPRAWL ON THE GYM FLOOR
WHISPERING, GIGGLING, GOSSIPING, BUT NOT SLEEPING



Life Goes to a Slumber Party

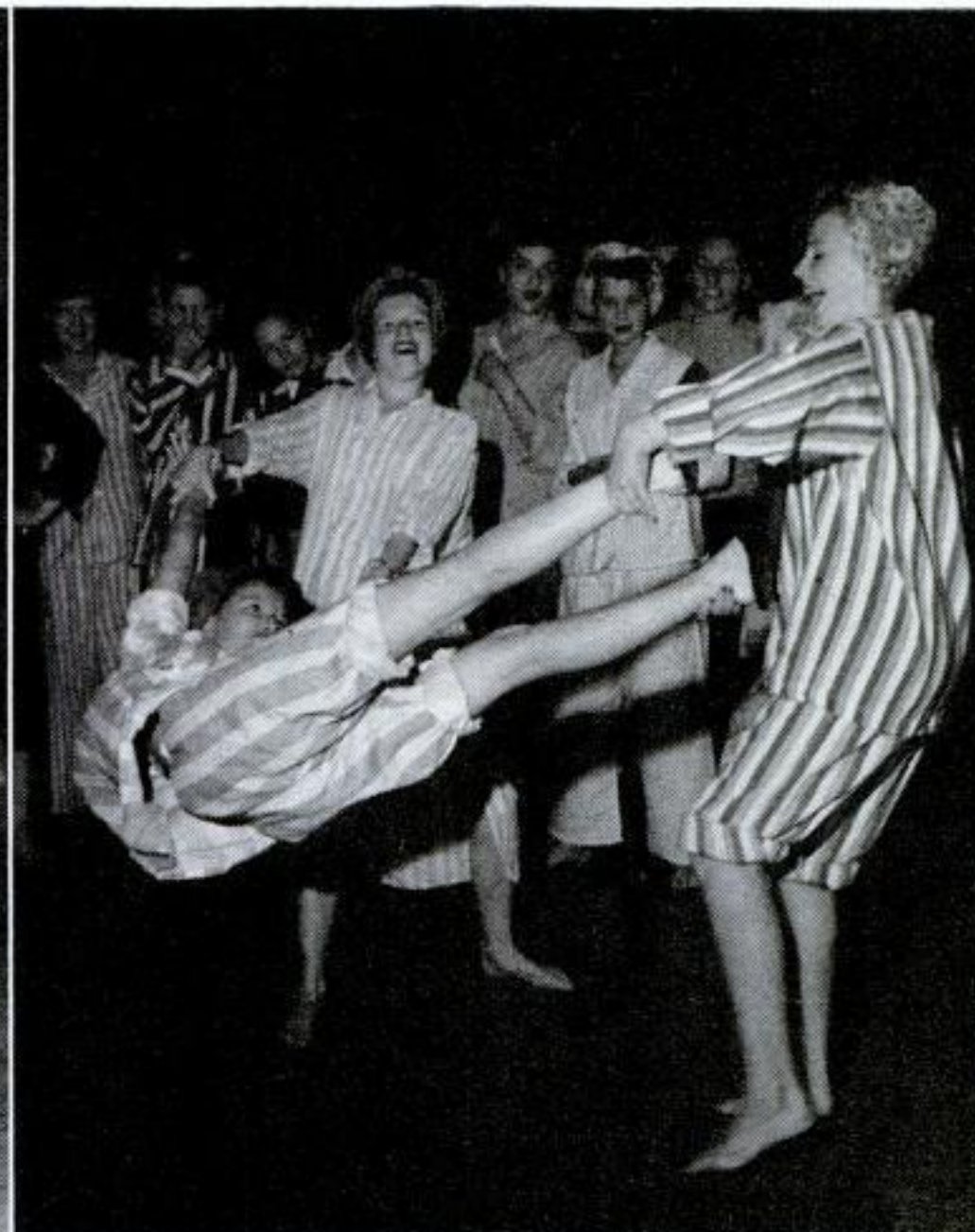
California schoolgirls conduct one on grand scale

As everyone knows, although no one knows quite why, young girls like to sleep at one another's homes. This peculiarity sometimes manifests itself in something called a "slumber party," in which numbers of girls in nightdress stretch out on somebody's parlor floor to drink hot cocoa, talk about boys, giggle, throw pillows, tell ghost stories and otherwise work themselves into a state of adolescent hysteria that forfends sleep. They feel terrible the next morning.

A few weeks ago this custom had its Götterdämmerung in a colossal sleeping bout at East Bakersfield High School, Bakersfield, Calif. The occasion was the football game between East Bakersfield and its hottest rival, West Bakersfield High. After a pre-game rally 300 girls, struggling under mattresses, blankets and pillows, began streaming to the high-school gymnasium and picking out advantageous sleeping spaces. Following a mass supper they climbed into trucks and were hauled off to the big game, played under floodlights, which East Bakersfield disappointingly lost, 21-6. Only momentarily unhappy, the girls trucked back to the gymnasium and for the next several hours proceeded to raise the merry hell recorded in these pictures.



At 3 a.m. the girls settled down after raiding the school kitchen. They talked drowsily and nibbled candy. For the most part they didn't bother with their usual nightly beauty routines.



A STRONG-ARMED PAIR DOES GRACEFUL BALANCING ACT TWO GIRLS SWING DARING FRIEND GAILY THROUGH SPACE WEARY LOOKING, LAST-GASPER TRY GAME OF LEAPFROG



IN BURLESQUE STRIPEASE, SOPHOMORES WRIGGLE AND PEEL DOWN TO THEIR SKIVVIES



A CHUBBY QUARTET DOES A NIGHTSHIRTED CANCAN, DROPPING GARTERS ALONG THE WAY

Remember This One?

FIREMAN: "When the fire broke out, did you get into the flames?"

MAN: "No, I got into my 'B.V.D.!'"



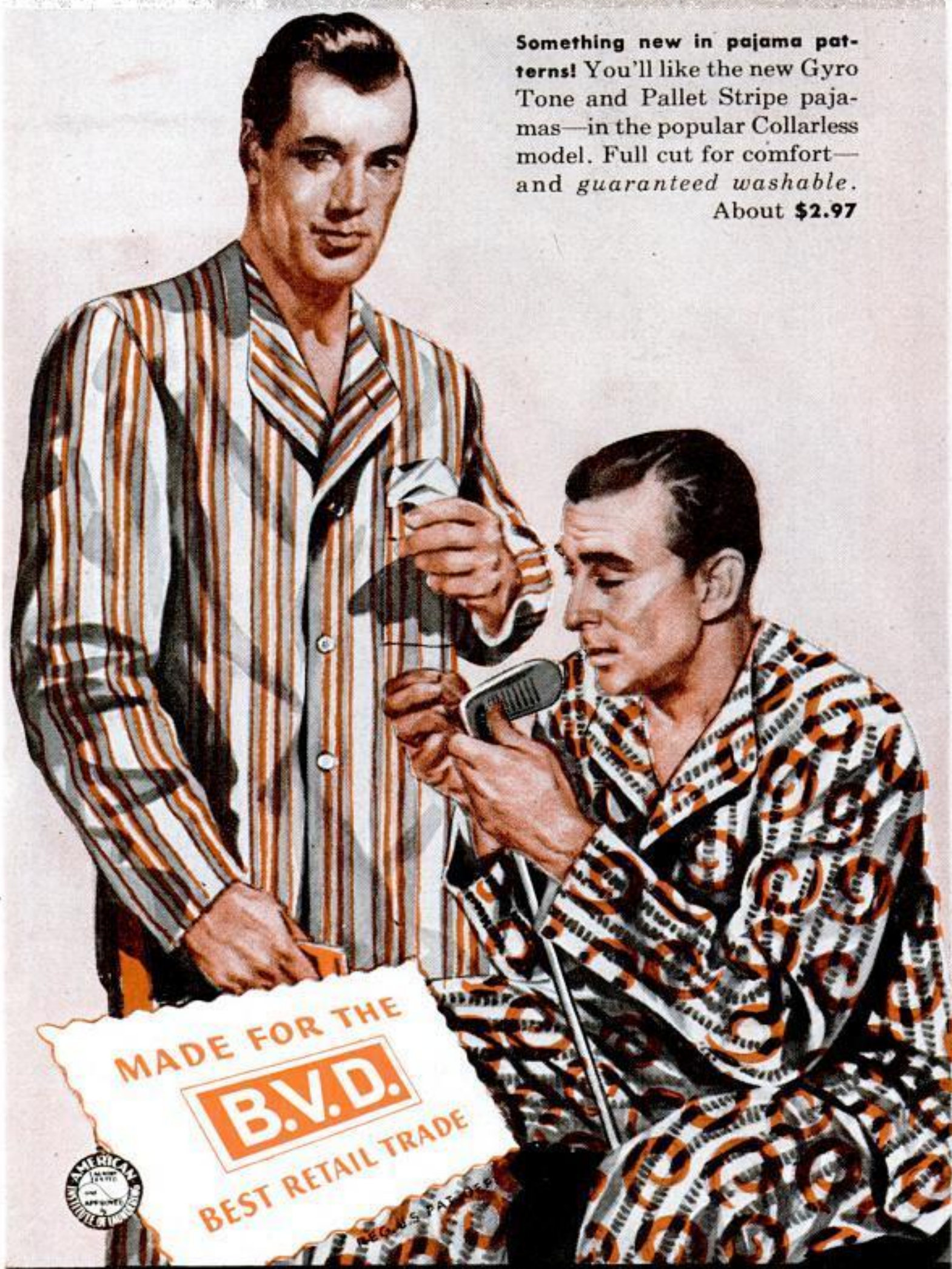
*B.V.D. IS A REGISTERED TRADE MARK

GIVE HIM A COLORFUL *B.V.D.

Pajama!

B.V.D. isn't just the brand name for the finest underwear you can buy—you'll find that dependable label on a whole line of smart pajamas and sport shirts! Any man on your Christmas list will enjoy the style-setting patterns and colors of the new B.V.D. pajamas. When you give B.V.D.—you **GIVE CHRISTMAS CHEER FOR ALL THE YEAR!**

Something new in pajama patterns! You'll like the new Gyro Tone and Pallet Stripe pajamas—in the popular Collarless model. Full cut for comfort—and *guaranteed washable*. About \$2.97



"Next to myself, I like B.V.D. best"

UNDERWEAR • PAJAMAS • SPORTSWEAR • SWIM TRUNKS

Life Goes to a Slumber Party (continued)



Pillow-slinging contest was the inevitable climax of the slumber party. The girl who fell on the floor was almost annihilated as spearheads advanced from all directions.



Screaming like Apaches, 300 wildly excited females let go with pillows during the free-for-all, centering attacks on nearest adversaries. Minor casualties were reported.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 105



In the British Manner

Striking new fashion by James Lobb of London, famous custom bootmaker—made to sell at nine guineas (\$38.17)—reproduced by Regal at just \$6.60.

Hundreds of thousands of Americans have now been to London—have seen swank British styles—particularly the inimitable smartness of Englishmen's shoes. Thousands, perhaps, have visited the noted Lobb establishment, near St. James' Castle—where the boots and shoes for British peerage have been custom-made for more than a century.

Now, will Americans expect such styling—such fine quality at home? Regal thinks so. And with an eye to adding another great shoe

fashion to its already exceptional line—Regal sought out Lobb of London for the outstanding style shown above. It was designed and hand-made in finest grain leather—rugged, long-wearing, superbly handsome!

Regal craftsmen took Lobb's originals—copied them in fine London grain leather, on the same last, in the same fine detailing, even to the full leather lining and the bellows tongue—then reproduced this great British bootmaker style by the thousands. Even shoe

experts are surprised at the amazing similarity—in detail, style and quality—between Lobb's \$38.17 original pair and the Regal Reproductions at just \$6.60.

Get bootmaker *style* and bootmaker *quality* with your next shoe coupon! And get the advantage of "Prescription Fitting"—exclusive with Regal—which measures both your feet in sitting, standing and stepping positions—assures you of an accurate fit.

BUY WAR BONDS TO HAVE AND TO HOLD

REGAL SHOES

SOLD ONLY IN 80 COMPANY-OWNED RETAIL STORES • PRINCIPAL CITIES • COAST TO COAST

• Stores in Atlanta; Baltimore; Birmingham; Boston (3); Brooklyn (9); Buffalo; Chicago (2); Cincinnati; Cleveland; Detroit (6); Hartford; Hollywood; Houston; Jersey City; Kansas City; Los Angeles (2); Milwaukee; New Haven; New York (26 stores in Greater New York); Norfolk; Paterson, New Jersey; Philadelphia (3); Pittsburgh; Portland, Oregon; Providence; Richmond; Rochester; St. Louis; San Francisco (2); Seattle; Springfield, Massachusetts; Syracuse; Tacoma; Washington, D. C. (2); Worcester.

FACTORY AND MAIL ORDER DEPARTMENT AT WHITMAN, MASS.

• WRITE FOR FREE ILLUSTRATED STYLE FOLDER "L-15"

"Special Gift"—2 words that mean fond thoughtfulness



2 words that mean smooth whiskey—"Walker's DeLuxe"



Like a kindly nature, the friendly smoothness of Walker's DeLuxe is "bred in the bone"—for this whiskey is smoothed by a special refinement in distilling. Then it is aged four full years—mellowed to a taste-delighting gentleness. That is why Walker's DeLuxe is a two-word synonym for whiskey smoothness.

Straight bourbon whiskey. 86 proof. This whiskey is 4 years old. Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill.



Pleasant excitement occurred when members of football team eluded night watchmen and scaled the walls. No slumber party is a real success without marauding boys.



Boys were repulsed as usual amid squeals and taunting cries. Here the triumphant defenders savor their hollow victory, wait anxiously and hopefully for second foray.

WHAT TO GIVE YOUR GAL FOR Xmas



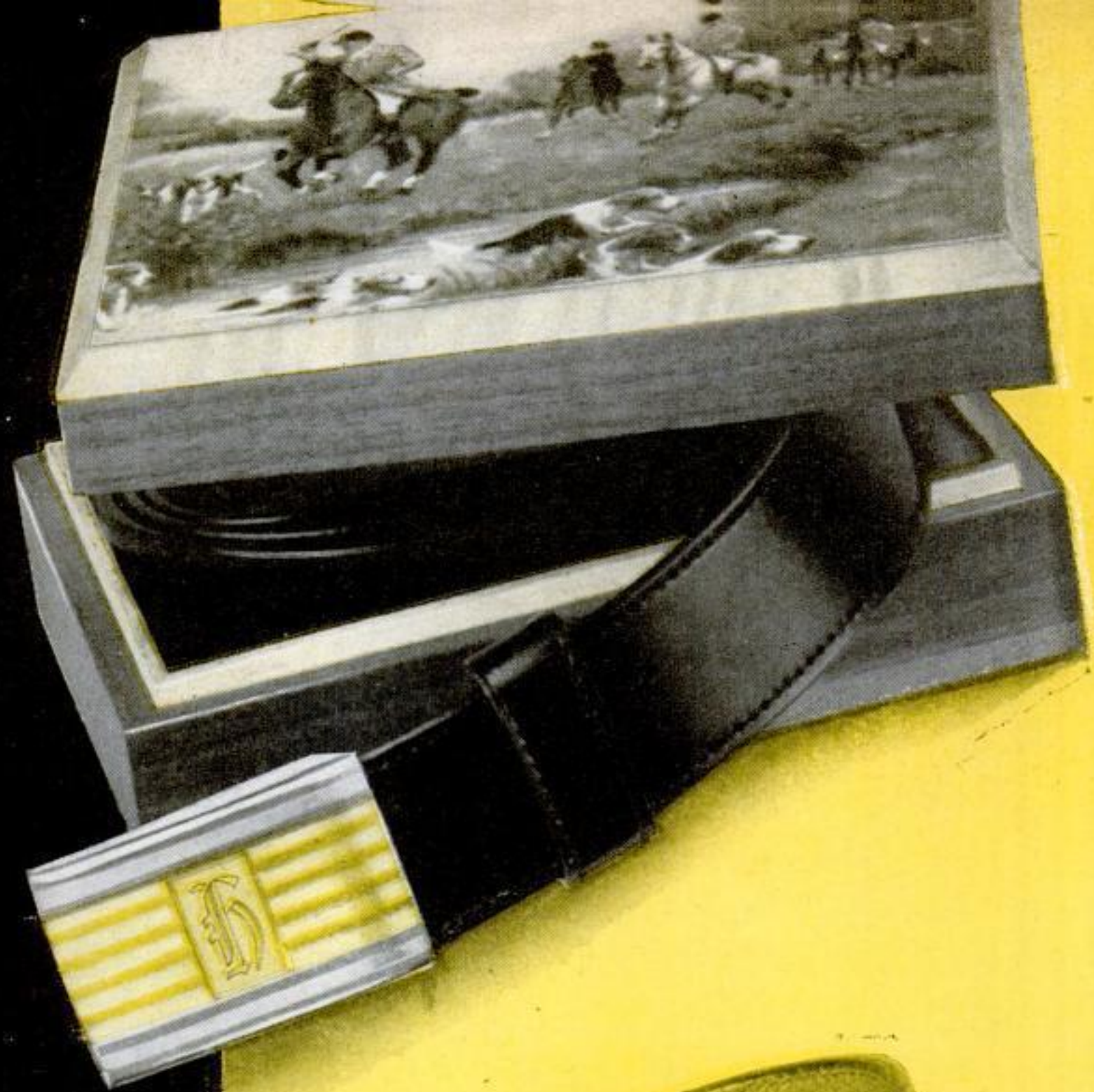
GIVE YOURSELF to your gal on Xmas Day — with a finer, smoother Barbasol Face—and see what happens without mistletoe. And incidentally, you'll be giving yourself one of the swellest gifts in the world—shaving comfort supreme—sweeter, faster shaves—superior protection for your skin in the rawest winter weather.



SMOOTH AND COOL as sailing on ice—that's a Barbasol shave—the genuine brushless way that changed the shaving habits of the nation. Try Barbasol and let your skin-soothed face tell you why more men shave with Barbasol than any other kind—here at home, and clear around the world!

In tubes and jars. Large size 25¢; giant size 50¢; family size 75¢.





A new leather . . . Genuine African Zebra. Sterling silver initial Buckle with gold inlay stripe . . . the set, \$7.



Belt of specially tanned Pigskin with smart Hickok initial Buckle, \$3.50.



Modern two-tone initial Buckle on handsome full grain leather Belt, \$3.



Finely sculptured Cameo Tie Chain and Collar Bar . . . with secure, Hickok patented grip . . . the set, \$2.50.

Plus Federal tax on Jewelry

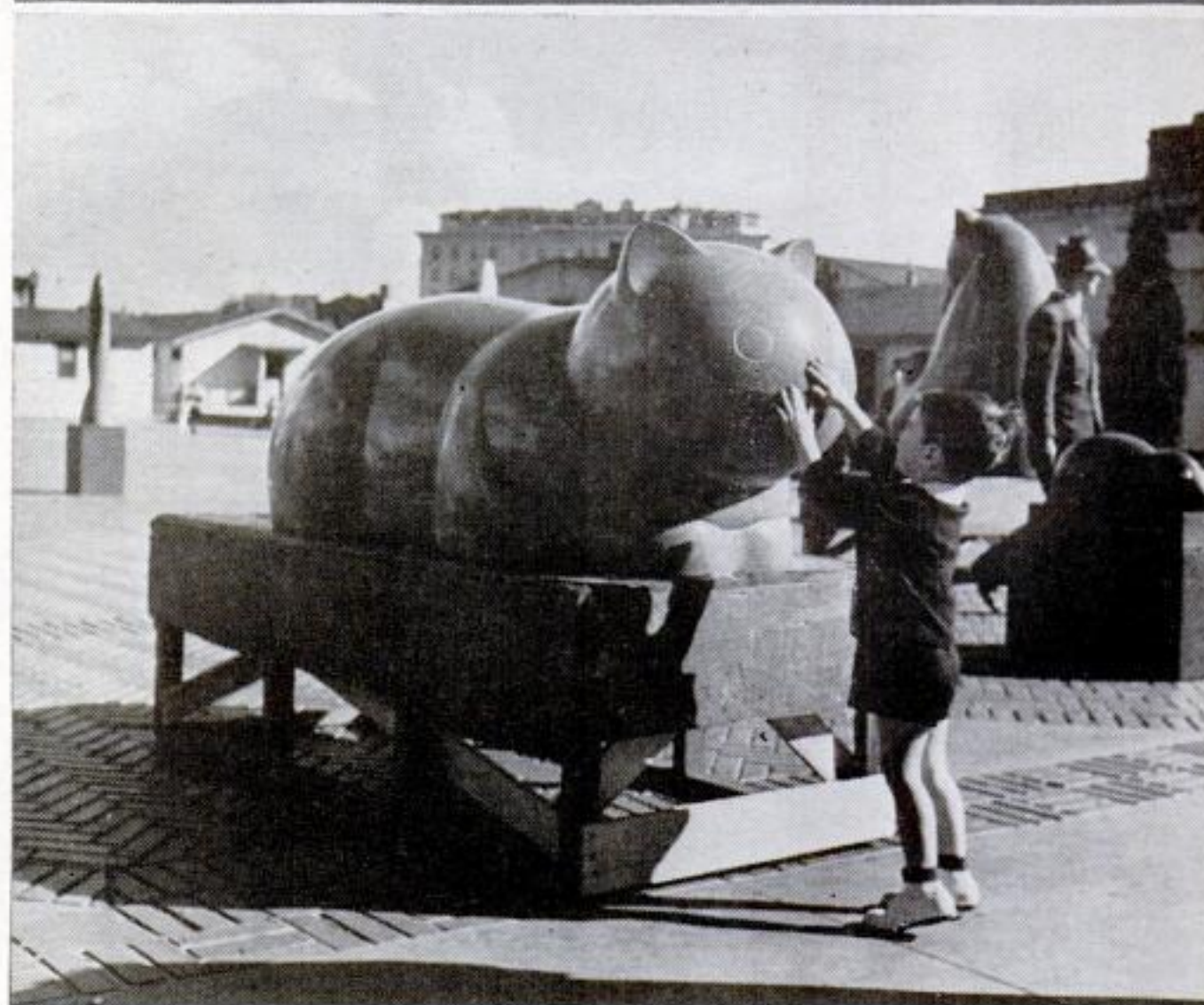
"Keep 'Em Smiling"
WITH 2 GIFTS IN 1

by

HICKOK

WHERE WAR WORK COMES FIRST
BELTS • BRACES • JEWELRY

LIFE'S MISCELLANY



HUGE CAT REMINDED CHILDREN OF "ALICE IN WONDERLAND" CHESHIRE CAT

SAN FRANCISCO'S SCULPTURED ZOO

A menagerie of sculptured mice, cats, bears, fish, and a rabbit is now filling the brick plaza opposite San Francisco's City Hall. They are works of art turned out from 1937 to 1940 for WPA by Beniamino Bufano, who seven years ago startled San Francisco with his 14-foot stainless-steel statue of Sun Yat-Sen. When Bufano got off the WPA art project in 1940, his stone animals were stored in a city warehouse. Recently city authorities agreed to Bufano's indignant demands that his sculpture be put on public exhibition.



CHILD FEELS EARS OF ENORMOUS MOUSE WHICH HAS STAINLESS-STEEL EYE

OUR SUGGESTION FOR CHRISTMAS FOSTER JACKET

*the
Chevy*



★ A gentleman's coat in top-grade weatherproofed capeskin, zipper front, quilted rayon lining, bi-swing back, belted all around, 2-in-1 patch pockets, stand-up collar with corduroy insert; 30" long.

Men's. \$22.95.

At leading men's stores

FOSTER BROS. Sportswear Co.
PHILADELPHIA • NEW YORK

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WATERPROOF

Waterproof, shockproof, anti-magnetic, radium dial and hands, unbreakable crystal, precision tested, sweep second hand.

No. 1T 121 15 jewels, stainless steel back \$39.75
No. 1T 212 17 jewels, stainless steel back \$42.50
No. 1T 330 17 jewels, all stainless steel case \$59.75

Prices Include All Federal Excise Taxes. Postage Prepaid. Mail Orders Promptly Filled.

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Time and Life Bldg., Rockefeller Center, New York 20, N. Y.

GLASER EVERBEST Preserves and Jellies

OLD FASHIONED TOMATO PRESERVES

This old-time conserve harks back to grandma's kitchen. To choice tomatoes we add sugar, spices and lemon peel for a luscious spread.

GLASER, CRANDELL CO.,
CHICAGO 8

If your grocer is temporarily out of this variety try the other delicious EVERBEST PRESERVES



LIFE'S MISCELLANY CONTINUED



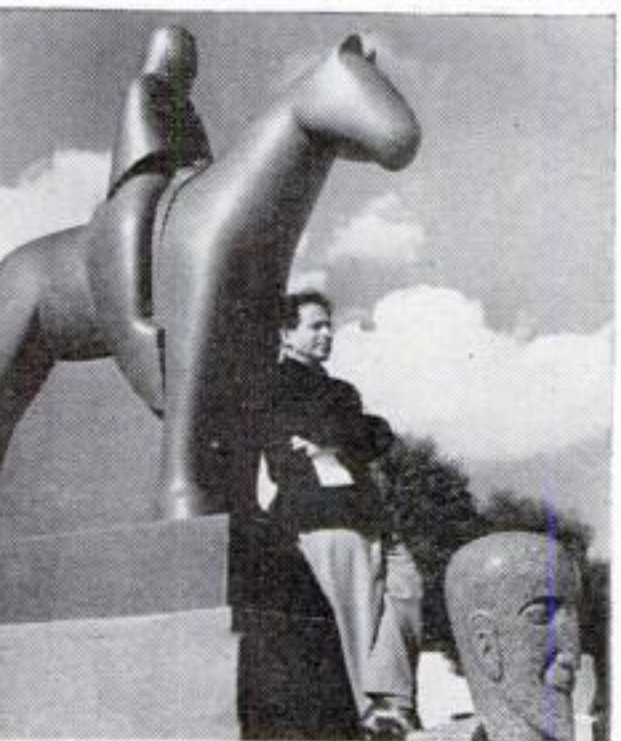
BULGE BEHIND CAT'S EAR IS MOUSE



BEAR AND CUBS ARE STREAMLINED



RABBIT PUZZLES MAN WITH CIGAR



BUFANO POSES WITH HIS SCULPTURE

Time, LIFE, Fortune and the Architectural Forum have been cooperating with the War Production Board ever since Jan., 1943, on the conservation of paper. During the year 1944 these four publications of the Time group are budgeted to use 73,000,000 pounds (1,450 freight carloads) less paper than in 1942. In view of resulting shortages of copies, please share your copy of LIFE with your friends.

Custom Grinding— ONE FEATURE OF COFFEE THAT'S 5 Ways Better!



1. NAME YOUR COFFEEPOT

Do you use a drip pot, percolator, vacuum pot, or plain old-fashioned coffee pot? No matter which, tell the coffee expert in your A&P store. In the special coffee mill, he will Custom Grind A&P Coffee to the precise fineness required. That's important, because correct grinding means better flavor in every cup!

2. PICK O' PLANTATIONS

Superb quality, sun-ripened coffee, is what A&P buyers select at the plantations. And that means richer, fuller flavor!

3. "FLAVOR-SAVER" ROASTED

The exclusive A&P roasters literally "hoard" flavor. At flavor peak off goes the heat—out rush the coffee beans, packed with goodness.



4. SOLD IN THE BEAN

You know A&P Coffees are fresh 'cause they're still in the roaster-fresh bean when you buy. Coffee that fresh has to be good!



5. RICHER IN YOUR CUP

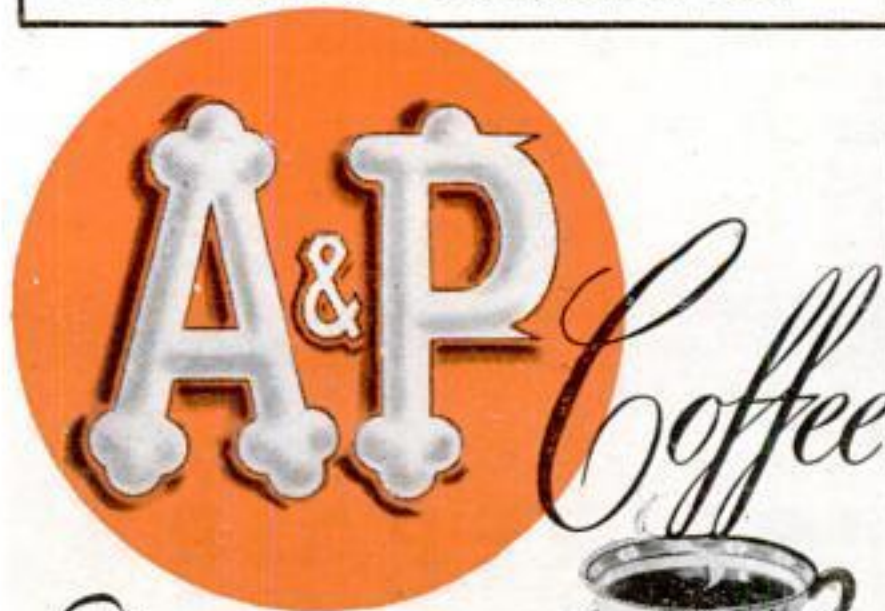
First cup to last, you'll love coffee that's five ways better. Change now to A&P Coffee—there's a blend to suit your taste.



FOR PERFECT DRIP COFFEE

Have your fresh bean coffee ground A&P DRIP grind—that's exactly right for a drip pot. Measure 2 level tablespoons of coffee for each cup into "dripper". Pour 1 cup of briskly boiling water, for each cup of coffee required, over coffee. Cover, and allow all of coffee to drip into pot. Remove "dripper", cover pot, serve at once.

IT'S TIME TO TURN TO A&P COFFEE
AMERICA'S FAVORITE



Sold Exclusively at all
A&P FOOD STORES

There is no finer coffee
in any package at any price

© 1944—The Great Atlantic & Pacific Tea Company



**"THEY NEED MORE THAN 'JOBS'
IF AMERICA IS TO GO AHEAD"**

SAYS
Bob Bowes

President and Founder Bowes "Seal Fast" Corp.
Pioneer in Safe Tire Repairs



● Battlefield danger is one thing—but our returning veterans face the too real danger of coming home to a static America where "jobs" are offered instead of decent opportunities.

SERVICE MEN DON'T NEED HELP...THEY HAVE THE STUFF TO HELP US!

We at Bowes "Seal Fast" Corporation have set up a plan that gives returned service men their chance to make America go ahead. It's no charitable, "job making" plan. And it won't do the *whole* job of getting America started back to a prosperous peace. But it **WILL** give some fighting men the chance to create jobs for others and in so doing, make Free Enterprise more than a theory. Write to us for details.

BOWES "SEAL FAST" CORPORATION, INDIANAPOLIS 7, INDIANA

BOWES



Dependable
**TIRE REPAIR
SYSTEM**

LIFE'S MISCELLANY

CONTINUED



RESCUE WORKER STANDS HALFWAY DOWN ENORMOUS CRATER GOUGED BY V-2

V-2 BLASTS AND SHAKES ENGLAND

After V-2 struck England Prime Minister Churchill observed, "The effects have not been significant." He pointed out that the V-2 rocket carried the same explosive charge as its flying-bomb predecessor (a ton), that V-2's blast was more intense but not so widespread. Jet-propelled, 30 ft. long and 4 ft. thick, V-2 approaches England 60 miles up in the stratosphere and descends at more than 900 mph, faster than sound, to strike without warning.



APPLES WERE SHAKEN FROM THEIR TREES WHEN V-2 EXPLODED IN AN ORCHARD

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**This is a fellow who lives
on a piece of paper.**

*Year after year he keeps that same friendly
smile and holds those dewy peas or sunny corn
in his arms.*

*He never speaks or moves, yet he is respected
by millions.*

*He is one of America's trusted trade-marks—an
institution in food, an honest guidepost
to buying.*

*He is the Green Giant on the label of our
corn and peas.*

The fine trade-marks of America are the aristocracy
of our commercial life . . . They take the can or box
or bottle they adorn away from its fellows . . .
They lend authenticity to the advertisement they
sign . . . They put familiarity on the shelves they
fill . . . They are a constant quality-challenge to
the people who put them on their products and a
guiding beacon to the hands and eyes of people
who buy those products . . . The good trade-mark
lives long and makes friends . . . The unworthy
brand dies soon—and alone.



GREEN GIANT BRAND PEAS
NIBLETS BRAND WHOLE KERNEL CORN
NIBLETS BRAND MEXICORN
DEL MAIZ BRAND CREAM STYLE CORN
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*Packed at the fleeting
moment of perfect flavor*

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